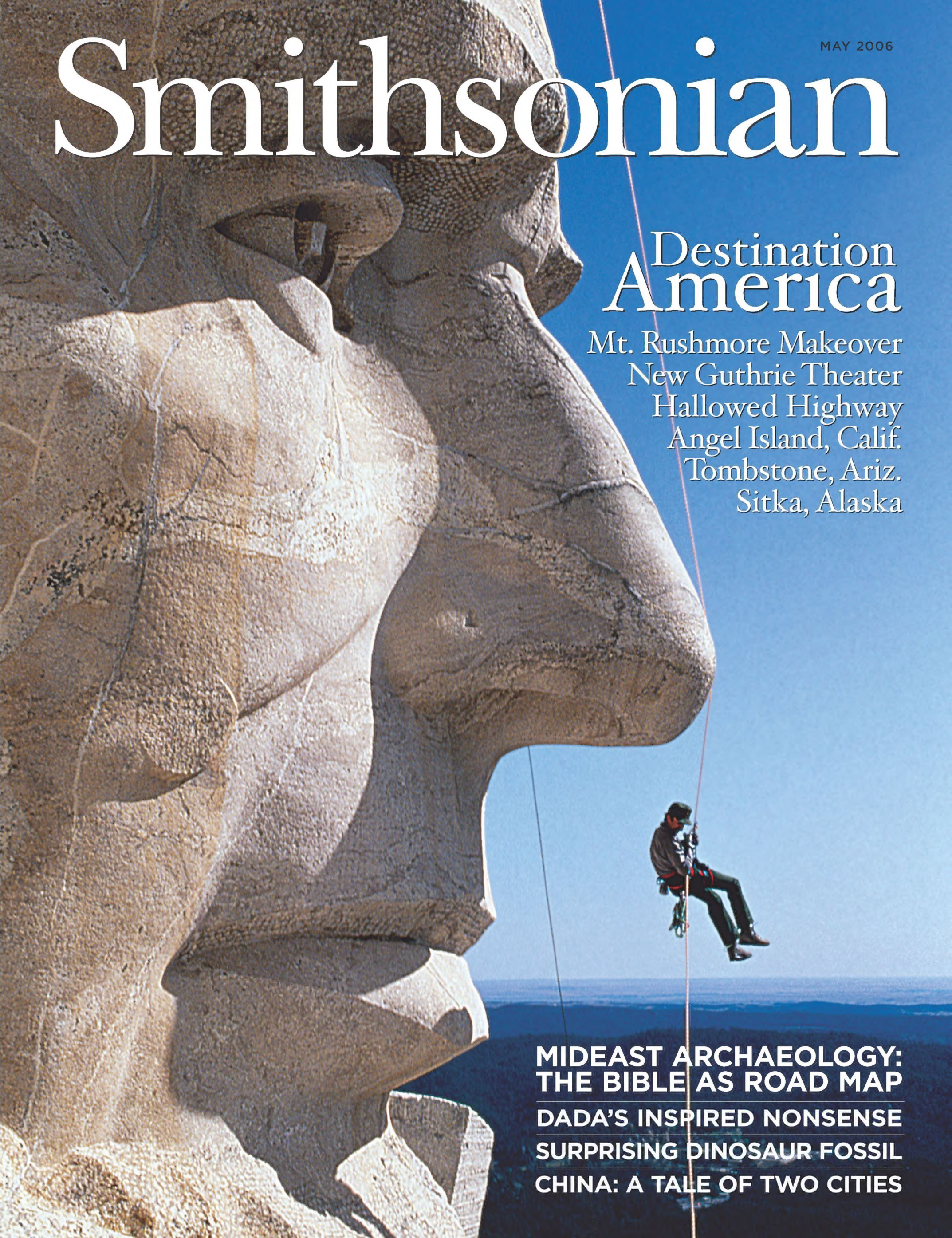
MAY 2006

Smithsonian

Destination America

Mt. Rushmore Makeover
New Guthrie Theater
Hallowed Highway
Angel Island, Calif.
Tombstone, Ariz.
Sitka, Alaska

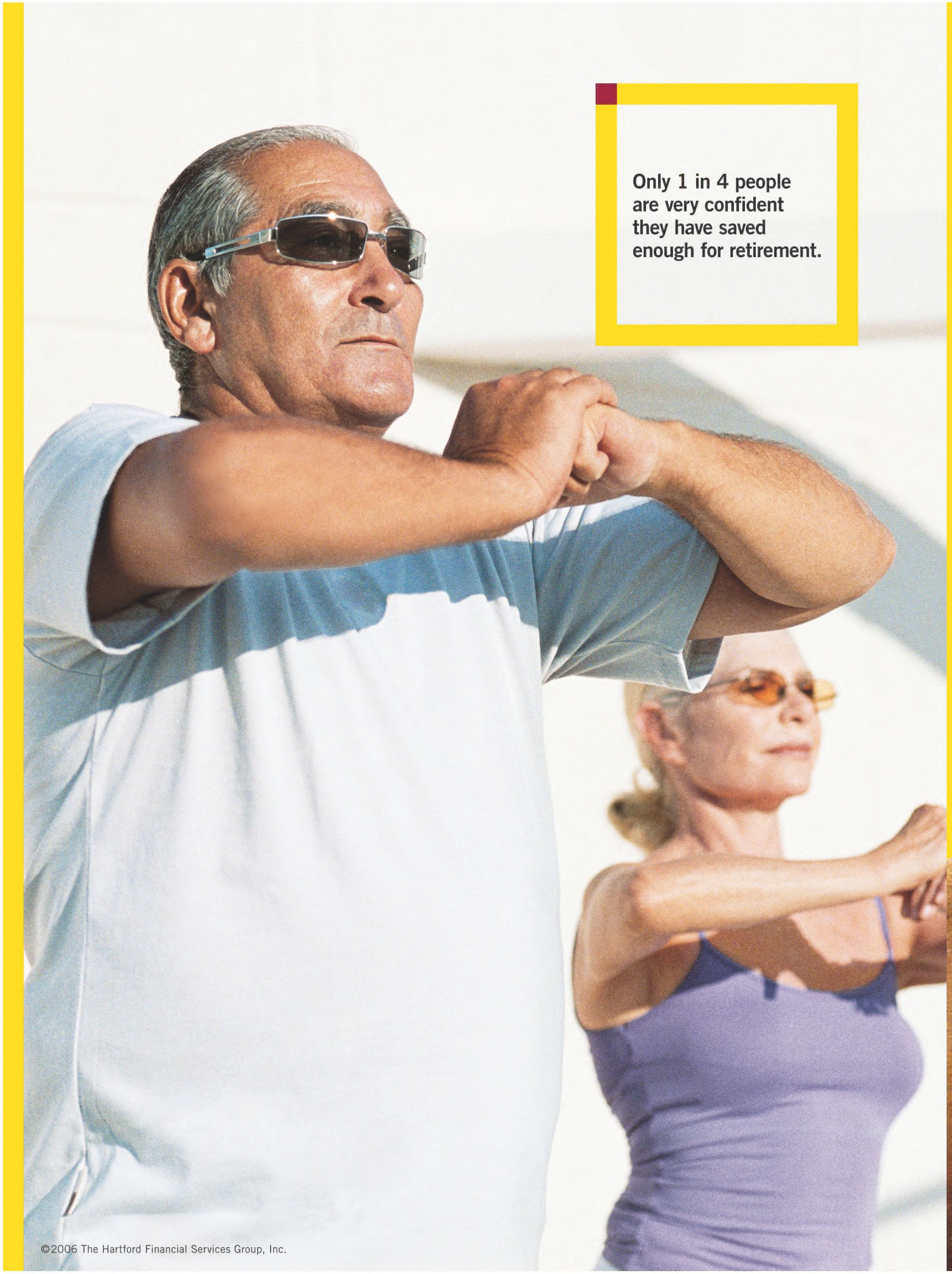


MIDEAST ARCHAEOLOGY: THE BIBLE AS ROAD MAP

DADA'S INSPIRED NONSENSE

SURPRISING DINOSAUR FOSSIL

CHINA: A TALE OF TWO CITIES



©2006 The Hartford Financial Services Group, Inc.

Be the one.

Prepare to live your future the way you always saw it.

With the latest investment products and solutions from The Hartford. Because you're not preparing to retire– you're preparing to live.

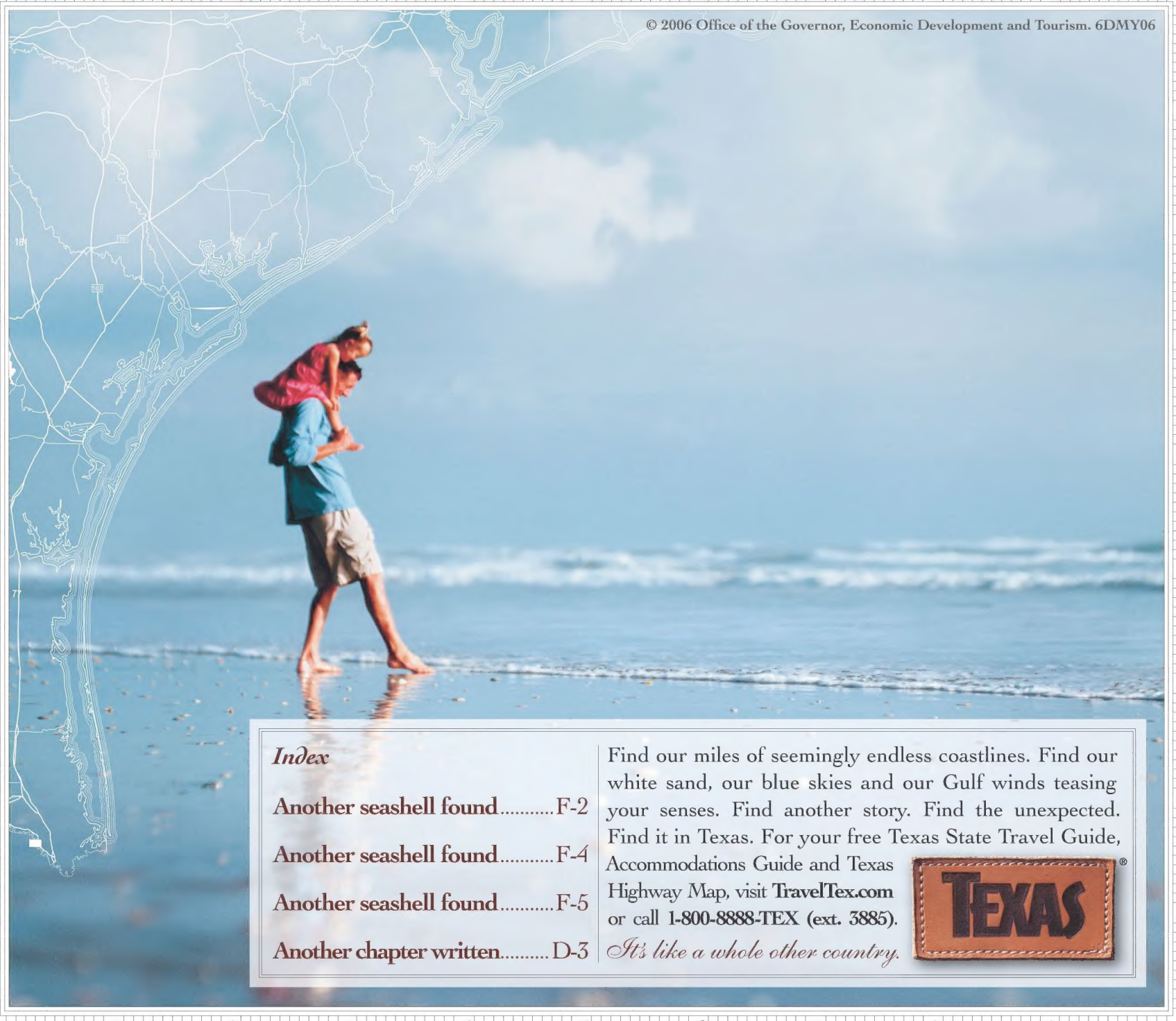
- **Mutual Funds**
- **Annuities**
- **Life Insurance**
- **401(k)**

Visit hartfordinvestor.com

THE HARTFORD

Prepare to Live℠

© 2006 Office of the Governor, Economic Development and Tourism. 6DMY06



Index

Another seashell found.....F-2

Another seashell found.....F-4

Another seashell found.....F-5

Another chapter written.....D-3

Find our miles of seemingly endless coastlines. Find our white sand, our blue skies and our Gulf winds teasing your senses. Find another story. Find the unexpected. Find it in Texas. For your free Texas State Travel Guide, Accommodations Guide and Texas Highway Map, visit **TravelTex.com** or call **1-800-8888-TEX (ext. 3885).**

It's like a whole other country.

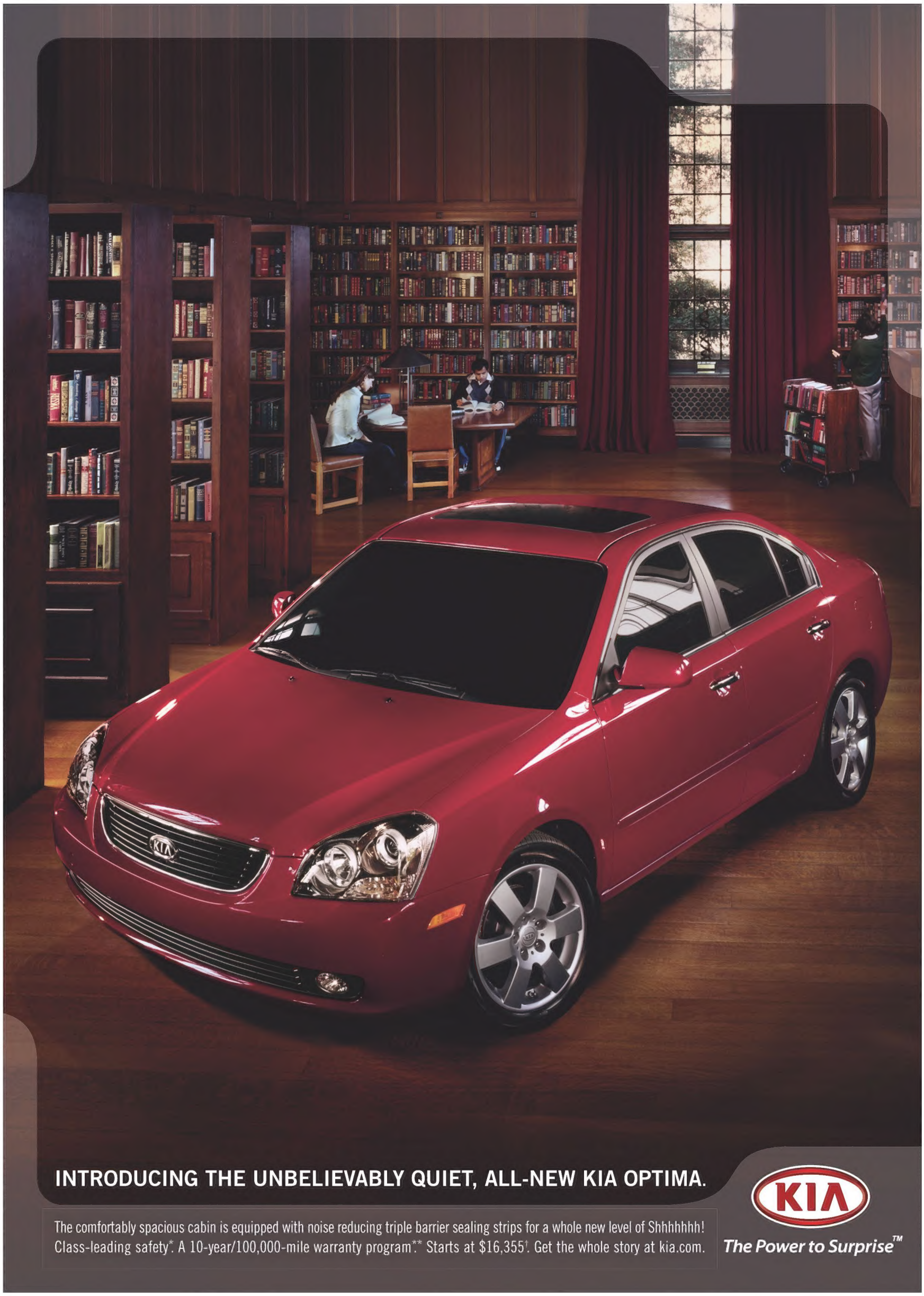
TEXAS®

www.TravelTex.com/F-2
www.TravelTex.com/F-4
www.TravelTex.com/F-5
www.TravelTex.com/D-3

FIND YOURSELF IN SAN ANTONIO

San Antonio's rich history is imbued with a unique cultural heritage, from modern masterpieces at world-class museums like the McNay to festive musical performances on the River Walk. The arts – fine and folk – blend together in a diverse and authentic culture. Go to SanAntonioVisit.com or call 1-800-THE ALAMO for a free visitors guide to the city, and find yourself in San Antonio.

sanantoniovisit.com



†Total MSRP for base model is $16,955, including $600 freight, excluding taxes, title, license, options and retailer charges. EX model shown with optional features costs extra. Actual prices set by retailer. *Based on comparison of 2006 models. **See retailer for limited powertrain warranty details or go to kia.com.

INTRODUCING THE UNBELIEVABLY QUIET, ALL-NEW KIA OPTIMA.

The comfortably spacious cabin is equipped with noise reducing triple barrier sealing strips for a whole new level of Shhhhhhh! Class-leading safety*. A 10-year/100,000-mile warranty program**. Starts at $16,355†. Get the whole story at kia.com.

KIA

The Power to Surprise™

Crosskeys in Antrim. One of thousands of out-of-the-way pubs that are well worth a trip. If you can find them. Call **1.800.SHAMROCK** or visit us at discoverireland.com for more information.

Your very own Ireland
Discover it at discoverireland.com

Smithsonian

MAY 2006 VOLUME 37, NUMBER 2

FEATURES

40 A TALE OF TWO CHINAS

Wenzhou, a manufacturing hub, is booming, while rust-belt Shenyang seems mired in the past. A visit to the two cities highlights the yawning gap between rich and poor in the world's most robust economy

BY STEPHEN GLAIN / PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK LEONG

50 DINOSAUR SHOCKER!

In a discovery that evokes the science fiction of *Jurassic Park*, a North Carolina paleontologist has found soft tissue in a 68-million-year-old *T. rex* bone

BY HELEN FIELDS

58 SHIFTING GROUND IN THE HOLY LAND

In Israel and the West Bank, archaeologists—and citizens—debate whether the Old Testament should be read as fact, fiction or something in between

BY JENNIFER WALLACE / PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT WALLIS

68 DADA

Out of the "civilized carnage" of World War I the irreverent art movement set the stage for modern art

BY PAUL TRACHTMAN

DESTINATION AMERICA 2006

78 Mount Rushmore
A fresh cleaning and a new, Native American director are changing the face of the South Dakota monument
BY TONY PERROTTET

84 Angel Island
Rich in history and natural beauty, the California state park is one of San Francisco's best-kept secrets
BY ROBERT F. HOWE

86 Hallowed Highway
From Gettysburg to Monticello, the 175-mile route traverses some of America's most storied landscapes
BY JOSHUA KURLANTZICK

92 Tombstone
In the Arizona town where Wyatt Earp blazed his guns at the O.K. Corral, residents celebrate the past by living it
BY PAUL TRACHTMAN / PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANIEL BORRIS

97 Minneapolis
The Guthrie Theater gets a new, $125 million venue
BY WENDY MITMAN CLARKE

98 Sitka
An inspiring mix of stunning scenery and rich artistic tradition defines this not-so-sleepy Alaskan seaport
BY JOSHUA BROCKMAN / PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN SMALE

THIS PAGE: A short ferry ride from San Francisco, scenic Angel Island (as seen from the Marin headlands) is a popular day-trip for Bay Area residents. Photograph by Robert Holmes / Corbis.

COVER: A National Park Service employee dangles beneath Lincoln's nose on Mount Rushmore. Photograph by Paul Horsted / Jupiter Images.

Smithsonian

MAY 2006 VOLUME 37, NUMBER 2

THIS PAGE: When Dada artists depicted the human form, it was usually mechanical (a 1918 sculpture by Sophie Taeuber made of turned, painted wood, bells and a brass ornament).

DEPARTMENTS

16 INDELIBLE IMAGES FEARING THE WORST

A photograph taken after the 1963 bombing of a Birmingham, Alabama, Baptist church—only recently published—captures a family's gathering grief

BY DIANE MCWHORTER

22 DIGS COPERNICUS UNEARTHED

Archaeologists believe they've finally found the grave of the man who redefined our universe

BY ANDREW CURRY

25 THE OBJECT AT HAND
WAR AND REMEMBRANCE

In a tribute to Native American Vietnam veterans, an Indian artist continues a time-honored tradition

BY OWEN EDWARDS

28 POINTS OF INTEREST
FORGING ITS OWN FUTURE

The smiths at Tennessee's National Ornamental Metal Museum "mend everything but broken hearts"

BY MATT DELLINGER

102 PRESENCE OF MIND DIRTY LITTLE SECRET

To many African-American slaves during the Revolutionary War, the British were seen more as liberators than oppressors

BY SIMON SCHAMA

8 EDITOR'S NOTE ROCKY ROADS

12 FROM THE SECRETARY THE MAESTRO

14 LETTERS

20 WILD THINGS

31 AROUND THE MALL

36 THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

112 THE LAST PAGE THE FAREWELL STATE

VISIT SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE ON-LINE:
For further reading about our story topics, more images from our photographers, listings of events and exhibitions at the museums, info about Smithsonian Journeys Educational Travel, or to join our readers' panel, go to www.smithsonianmag.com

PHOTO BY MARLEN PEREZ / KUNSTGEWERBESAMMLUNG IM MUSEUM BELLERIVE, MUSEUM FÜR GESTALTUNG, ZÜRICH

HIGHLANDER

For Your Newfound Freedom

Make the most of it with Toyota Highlander's available V6, smooth ride and incredible versatility. Plus a set of five standard safety features called the Star Safety System,™ exclusively from Toyota. And now there's a Highlander Hybrid, with the best fuel efficiency of any mid-size SUV.* Find your freedom at toyota.com

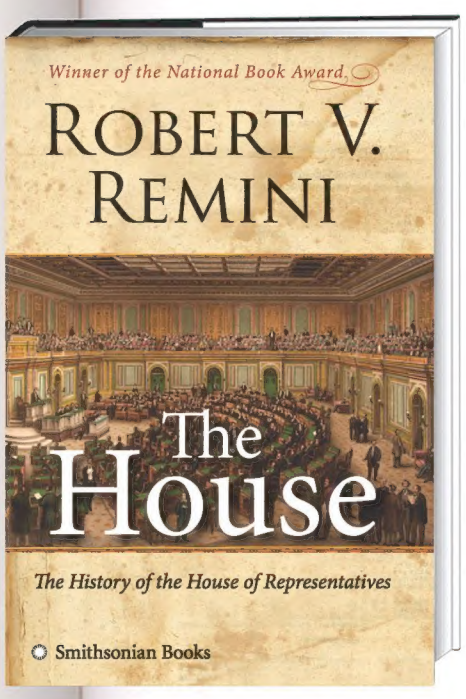
*Based on 2006 EPA-estimated mpg ratings. Actual mileage may vary. Vehicle shown with available equipment.

©2005 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

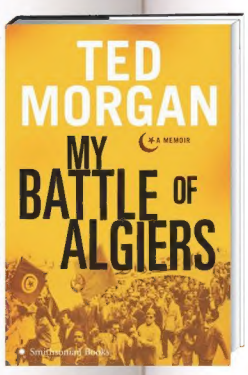
TOYOTA | *moving forward*

Smithsonian Books

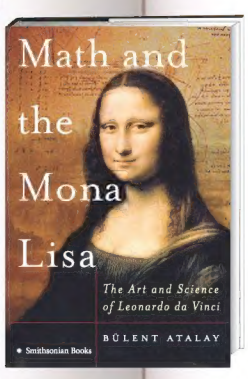
PRESENTING THIS MONTH'S NEWEST SELECTIONS


Winner of the National Book Award
ROBERT V. REMINI
The House
The History of the House of Representatives
Smithsonian Books

The first narrative look at the "People's House."
A sweeping look at more than 200 years of democracy in action by National Book Award-winning author Robert V. Remini. Published in conjunction with the Library of Congress, this is the official history of the U.S. House of Representatives.



"This memoir is a prose map of the ruin of war, a love song for a ruined city and a damaged people, and an anthem to youth, sex and vigor. War enriches no one. But Morgan's book will."
—*The Washington Post*



New in paperback
"A delightful romp… bringing together art, architecture, science and mathematics under the umbrella of Leonardo's genius."
—William D. Phillips, winner of the 1997 Nobel Prize in Physics

Collins
An Imprint of HarperCollins*Publishers*
www.harpercollins.com
Available at www.SmithsonianStore.com, by calling 800-322-0344, or wherever books are sold.

Smithsonian www.smithsonianmag.com

EDITOR
Carey Winfrey

ART DIRECTOR
Brian Noyes

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Terence Monmaney

MANAGING EDITOR
Sally Scott Maran

SENIOR EDITORS
Diane M. Bolz
Kathleen M. Burke
T. A. Frail
Laura Helmuth

SENIOR PHOTO EDITOR
Bonnie Stutski

COPY CHIEF
Karen Larkins

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
Alison C. McLean

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Lyn Garrity
Bruce Hathaway
Marian Smith Holmes
Lucinda Moore
Beth Py-Lieberman

COPY EDITOR
Rebecca Maksel

ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR
Erik K. Washam

PHOTO EDITOR
Molly Roberts

ASSISTANT EDITORS
E. Anne Bolen
Helen Starkweather
Chai N. Woodham

ASSOCIATE PHOTO EDITOR
Brendan McCabe

PHOTO DEPARTMENT MANAGER
Carrie D. Shea Schilling

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR
Andrea Georgiou

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Amy Crawford
Courtney Jordan
Michelle L. Strange

READER SERVICES
Karla A. Henry
Carolyn McGhee

INTERN
Jennifer Drapkin

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
MRC 951, Washington, D.C. 20013-7012
(202) 275-2000

SUBSCRIPTIONS:
(800) 766-2149
P.O. Box 420312
Palm Coast, FL 32142-0312
www.smithsonianmag.com
Outside the United States:
(386) 447-2721

Sorry, but SMITHSONIAN cannot assume responsibility for unsolicited materials.

SMITHSONIAN BUSINESS VENTURES
Gary M. Beer, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER
Jeanny Kim, VICE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER, MEDIA SERVICES

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
Adolfo Marzol, CHAIRMAN
Gary M. Beer, Sheila Burke, John R. Dailey, Frank A. Daniels, Jr., Alice Maroni, M. Ronald Ruskin, Donald J. Steiner, Anthony Welters, Deborah A. Widener

PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER
Thomas Ott

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT
James A. Babcock

GENERAL MANAGER
Alan Chu

ADVERTISING
Thomas M. Huber, ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Marilyn Cruz, ADVERTISING SERVICES MANAGER
ACCOUNT MANAGERS
NEW YORK: Matthew Barash, Gayle Lambert, Meryle Lowenthal, Jill Reid Mullan SOUTHWEST: Carol Orr, Jan Horner, Jerri McGee MIDWEST: Bill Milligan, Mark Rosenbaum DETROIT: Colleen Maiorana, Julie Bergesen, Sean Stevenson WEST COAST: Gary Thompson, Martha Quigley, Ben Sarmiento, Cheryl Smith HAWAII: Audrey Higuchi CANADA: Richard Brown, Cindy Ratych FLORIDA: Colleen Schoch CARIBBEAN / CENTRAL AMERICA: Al Nadal MEXICO / SOUTH AMERICA: Cristina Fierros, Patricia Echenique EUROPE: Ken Melville

ADVERTISING ASSISTANTS
Melissa Alvarez, Nytangia Leitzsey, Nelson Quiñones

MARKETING
L. Dennett Robertson, DIRECTOR
Adam Roth, MANAGER
Christine L. Staley, MANAGER

RESEARCH
Renée Mitchell, DIRECTOR
Marilyn Resciniti, MANAGER
Neal Charles, JUNIOR RESEARCH ANALYST

CONSUMER MARKETING
Lisa Dunham, CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
Elizabeth M. Hopkins, PLANNING DIRECTOR
Andrea Sole, FULFILLMENT DIRECTOR
Donald G. Dodd, FORECAST MANAGER
Suzanne L. Eng, PURCHASING MANAGER
Lori Paldino, DIRECT MAIL MANAGER
Nancy Timko, GIFT MANAGER
John O'Hare, MEMBERSHIP SERVICES COORDINATOR
Alexandria Lopez, RENEWALS AND BILLING COORDINATOR
Miriam Johnson, RENEWALS AND GIFT DIRECTOR
Chloe A. Nathan, ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

DIRECTOR OF PARTNERSHIP PROGRAMS
Christine Hoisington

PRODUCTION
Sarah Kingsley, DIRECTOR OF MANUFACTURING
Greg Williams, DIRECTOR
Katherine Balch, PRODUCTION MANAGER
Rachel L. Gilmore, DIGITAL PREPRESS COORDINATOR
David Sterling, PREPRESS MANAGER
Rahsaan J. Jackson, DIGITAL COLOR ANALYST
Frank Matthew Hale II, ASSISTANT PREPRESS MANAGER

BUSINESS OFFICE
Myrian Mora, EXECUTIVE ADMINISTRATOR
Michael Pollock, ADVERTISING SYSTEMS MANAGER
Jeff Campagna, ACCOUNTANT

HUMAN RESOURCES
Dana S. Moreland, DIRECTOR
Teshia R. Williams, HUMAN RESOURCES GENERALIST
Eric J. Ruffin, OFFICE MANAGER

WEB DEVELOPMENT
Michelle A. McMahon, DIRECTOR
Thea Joselow, WEB DEVELOPER
Matthew Lemieux, WEB DEVELOPER

MAIN ADVERTISING OFFICE:
420 Lexington Avenue, Suite 2335
New York, NY 10170
(212) 916-1300

ADVERTISEMENT

Smithsonian
MEMBERS' CHOICE TOURS Journeys

Literary Ireland
11 days from $3,395

The rugged coast and patchwork landscapes of Ireland inspired a culture of myths and storytelling that gave birth to a long tradition of world-renowned writers. Discover unparalleled insights into Ireland's literary giants from Yeats to Joyce to McCourt on this insider tour through the cities and countryside where these celebrated wordsmiths lived, wrote and found their own inspiration.

- Airfare included
- Luxury accommodations
- Smithsonian Study Leader

Call **1-800-654-2048** or
visit smithsonianjourneysmc.org

Smithsonian Institution

To learn about all of our global destinations, call 1-800-654-2048 today.

EUROPE • THE AMERICAS • AUSTRALIA • AFRICA

EDITOR'S NOTE

ROCKY ROADS

NOT FOR THE FAINTHEARTED

BY CAREY WINFREY

EVEN THOUGH the subject that Jennifer Wallace teaches at Cambridge University is English literature, she has long been fascinated by archaeology and what she calls "the need that people have for concrete objects to lend a sense of reality to both history and stories." Wallace, who wrote our piece about a debate over sites described in the Bible ("Shifting Ground in the Holy Land," p. 58), also appreciates the way archaeologists "use their imaginations to concoct a whole world based on a few fragments or bones."

ROBERT WALLIS

Wallace (with Adam Zertal): Abraham's tomb "seems to epitomize the conflict itself."

In Hebron, on the West Bank, Wallace visited the supposed tomb of Abraham, whom both Palestinians and Israelis claim as a founding ancestor. While most archaeologists say the tomb probably wasn't Abraham's, Wallace notes that "it is still sacred to both peoples; built over one side of the tomb is a mosque, over the other, a synagogue." A series of checkpoints prevent Palestinians from entering the synagogue and Israelis from entering the mosque. Says Wallace: "This combination of a temple and a demilitarized zone seems to epitomize the conflict itself."

WHEN TONY PERROTTET climbed Mount Rushmore for our story about the monument and its new Native American superintendent ("Mt. Rushmore," p. 78), he was accompanied by members of a barbershop quartet performing at the monument's light and sound show. "When we finally got on top of George Washington's head," says Perrottet, "they all got down on one knee and started harmonizing on some patriotic songs—'This Is My Country,' etc. It was quite something and I felt less like I was in Alfred Hitchcock's *North by Northwest* than a Robert Altman film, or one by Fellini."

Perrottet, a writer who lives in New York City, is interested in the national parks in the West, particularly how Native American perspectives are being restored to the region's history, a theme he explored in previous SMITHSONIAN articles about Yellowstone and Custer's last stand. At Mount Rushmore, he says, "it was quite poignant following the trail the workers used in the 1930s. Everyone was very chatty at the beginning, but we grew quite somber as we passed the nails and pipes left by the workers who carved the mountain. The sheer difficulty of the undertaking became suddenly tangible."

Smithsonian magazine PHOTO CONTEST

THE TOP 50 FINALISTS in our annual photo contest have been chosen. To see their photographs, go to www.smithsonianmag.com. We plan to publish the winning entries and some of our favorite runners-up in the August issue.

Smithsonian Institution

SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Lawrence M. Small

BOARD OF REGENTS

The Chief Justice of the United States

Vice President of the United States, Richard B. Cheney

Hon. Thad Cochran
Hon. Bill Frist, M.D.
Hon. Patrick J. Leahy
Hon. Xavier Becerra
Hon. Sam Johnson
Hon. Ralph Regula
Mr. Eli Broad
Ms. Anne d'Harnoncourt
Dr. Manuel L. Ibáñez
Dr. Shirley Ann Jackson
Mr. Robert P. Kogod
Dr. Walter E. Massey
Mr. Roger W. Sant
Mr. Alan G. Spoon
Ms. Patricia Q. Stonesifer

SMITHSONIAN NATIONAL BOARD

Mrs. Patricia Frost, CHAIR
Mrs. Jane B. Eisner, Mrs. Elizabeth S. MacMillan, Mr. Henry R. Muñoz III, VICE CHAIRS

NATIONAL BOARD: Mrs. Claudia Ream Allen, Mr. Kenneth E. Behring, Mrs. Peggy Paulson Burnet, Mr. L. Hardwick Caldwell III, Mr. Richard O. Campbell, Mr. Pete Claussen, Dr. Wilmer S. Cody, Mrs. Margaret Collins,* Mr. James F. Dicke II, Mr. George A. Didden III, Mr. Robert G. Donnelley, Mrs. Sakurako D. Fisher, Mr. Bradford M. Freeman, Mr. Michael R. Haverty, Mr. Richard W. Herbst, Mr. John E. Herzog, Ms. Irene Y. Hirano, Mr. Steven G. Hoch, Mrs. Judy Huret, Mr. Richard D. Kinder, Mrs. Dorothy G. Lemelson, Mr. Peter H. Lunder, Mr. Frank Martucci, Mr. Edgar M. Masinter, Ms. Amy Sarah McCombs, Mr. Chris E. McNeil, Jr., Mr. Augustus C. Miller, Mr. Howard P. Milstein, Mr. Charles H. Moore, Mr. Paul L. Peck, Mr. S. Davis Phillips, Ms. Susan Lynch Ruddy, Mr. Richard T. Schlosberg III, Hon. Rodney E. Slater, Mrs. Helen Spaulding, Mrs. Beatrice R. Taylor

HONORARY MEMBERS: Mr. Robert McC. Adams, Mr. William S. Anderson, Hon. Max N. Berry, Mr. Richard P. Cooley, Mr. Frank A. Daniels, Jr., Mr. Charles D. Dickey, Jr., Mr. Alfred C. Glassell, Jr., Mr. I. Michael Heyman, Mr. James M. Kemper, Jr., Mrs. Jean B. Mahoney, Justice Sandra D. O'Connor, Mr. Francis C. Rooney, Jr., Mr. Wilbur L. Ross, Jr., Mr. Lloyd G. Schermer, Hon. Frank A. Weil, Mrs. Gay F. Wray

* Ex-Officio

SEATTLE'S BEST COFFEE

We never rest in our quest to bring you the smoothest coffee possible. Maybe it's time we switch to decaf.

SMOOTH COFFEEHOUSE COFFEE

FIND IT WHERE YOU BUY GROCERIES

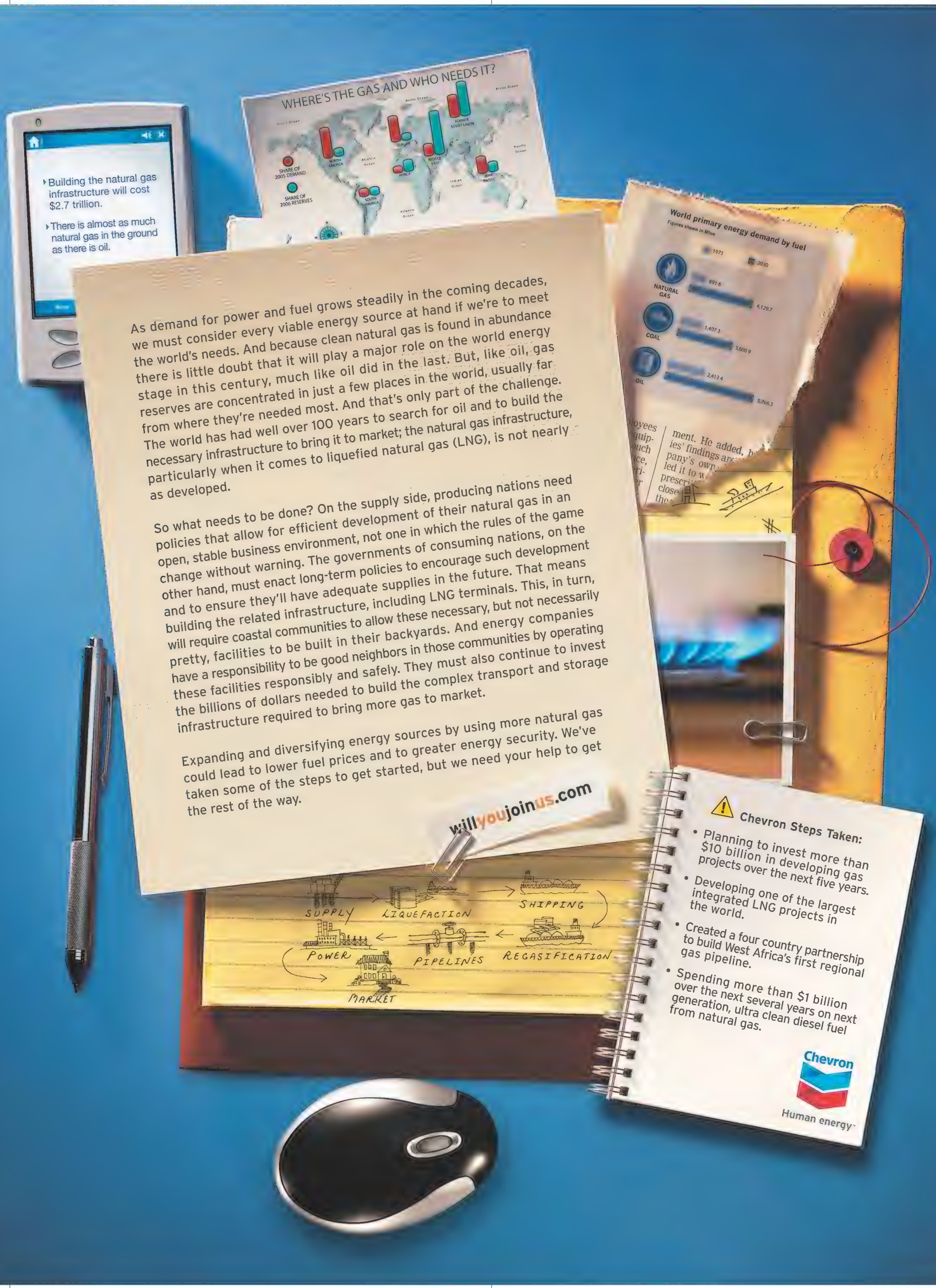
©2006 NYASC. All rights reserved

Russia, Iran and Qatar have 58% of the world's natural gas reserves.

The U.S. has 3%.

So what does that mean for us?

CHEVRON is a registered trademark of Chevron Corporation. The "CHEVRON HALLMARK" and "HUMAN ENERGY" are trademarks of Chevron Corporation. ©2008 Chevron Corporation. All rights reserved.

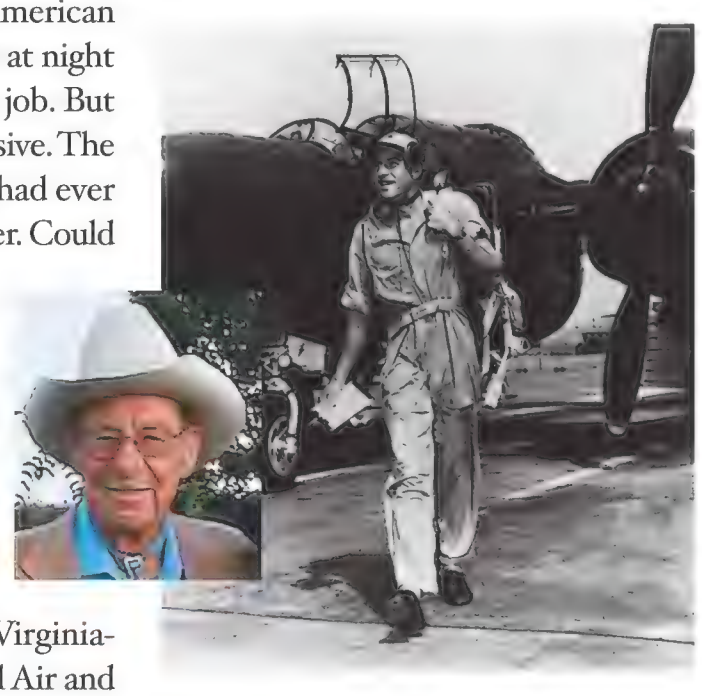

Building the natural gas infrastructure will cost $2.7 trillion.
There is almost as much natural gas in the ground as there is oil.
WHERE'S THE GAS AND WHO NEEDS IT?
SHARE OF 2005 DEMAND
SHARE OF 2006 RESERVES
NORTH AMERICA
SOUTH AMERICA
EUROPE
AFRICA
MIDDLE EAST
FORMER SOVIET UNION
ASIA PACIFIC
World primary energy demand by fuel
Figures shown in Mtoe
1971
2030
NATURAL GAS
891.6
4,129.7
COAL
1,407.3
3,600.9
OIL
2,413.4
5,766.3
As demand for power and fuel grows steadily in the coming decades, we must consider every viable energy source at hand if we're to meet the world's needs. And because clean natural gas is found in abundance there is little doubt that it will play a major role on the world energy stage in this century, much like oil did in the last. But, like oil, gas reserves are concentrated in just a few places in the world, usually far from where they're needed most. And that's only part of the challenge. The world has had well over 100 years to search for oil and to build the necessary infrastructure to bring it to market; the natural gas infrastructure, particularly when it comes to liquefied natural gas (LNG), is not nearly as developed.
So what needs to be done? On the supply side, producing nations need policies that allow for efficient development of their natural gas in an open, stable business environment, not one in which the rules of the game change without warning. The governments of consuming nations, on the other hand, must enact long-term policies to encourage such development and to ensure they'll have adequate supplies in the future. That means building the related infrastructure, including LNG terminals. This, in turn, will require coastal communities to allow these necessary, but not necessarily pretty, facilities to be built in their backyards. And energy companies have a responsibility to be good neighbors in those communities by operating these facilities responsibly and safely. They must also continue to invest the billions of dollars needed to build the complex transport and storage infrastructure required to bring more gas to market.
Expanding and diversifying energy sources by using more natural gas could lead to lower fuel prices and to greater energy security. We've taken some of the steps to get started, but we need your help to get the rest of the way.
willyoujoinus.com
SUPPLY
LIQUEFACTION
SHIPPING
POWER
PIPELINES
REGASIFICATION
MARKET
Chevron Steps Taken:
• Planning to invest more than $10 billion in developing gas projects over the next five years.
• Developing one of the largest integrated LNG projects in the world.
• Created a four country partnership to build West Africa's first regional gas pipeline.
• Spending more than $1 billion over the next several years on next generation, ultra clean diesel fuel from natural gas.
Chevron
Human energy™

The Maestro

A legendary test pilot celebrates his 95th birthday—
and reminds us why we restore and preserve historic aircraft

FOR SURVIVING the very high death rate among test pilots, John Myers thanks good fortune. On the other hand, it was his extraordinary flying skills that led to his nickname, "Maestro." He graduated from Stanford University with a political science major in 1933 and from Harvard Law in 1936. But his passion was for airplanes. At Stanford, he taught himself how to fly. He learned so well that he became Northrop's chief test pilot in World War II, a job that took him to the South Pacific in 1944.

The U.S. Army Air Forces were in desperate need of a night fighter in both Europe and the Pacific. A brand-new aircraft called the P-61 Black Widow, the first American aircraft designed to destroy other planes at night and in bad weather, seemed right for the job. But after flying it, many pilots were apprehensive. The Black Widow was unlike anything they had ever flown. It was the size of a medium bomber. Could it really perform like a fighter? The answer was yes, and John Myers traveled to the South Pacific to prove it. And to demonstrate to pilots how to fly the Black Widow. It was there that his skills earned him the Maestro moniker.



Myers (today and c. 1943) says the Black Widow is his all-time favorite plane.

Next month, he will celebrate his 95th birthday with friends and colleagues at the Udvar-Hazy Center, the Virginia-based companion facility to the National Air and Space Museum (NASM). Since opening next to Dulles airport in December 2003, the center has attracted more than three million visitors. A newly preserved P-61 Black Widow will also be part of the festivities.

Getting the P-61 to the party has been a major endeavor. When the war ended, the Army Air Forces canceled further production of the plane. (But John Myers loved it so much he later bought one for himself.) Like so many of the aircraft in the NASM collections, the Smithsonian's P-61 is one of only a very few in existence. In fact, this one never saw combat. It was used to fly into and measure turbulent thunderstorms. That was, however, over 50 years ago. The plane sat in storage at a Smithsonian facility until this year, when it was painstakingly made suitable for public display pending a complete restoration.

Once returned to glory, of course we needed a place to showcase the Black Widow. The Udvar-Hazy Center's ten-story-high, 986-foot-long aviation hangar was made to order. The P-61 will join the more than 120 historic aircraft already on display there both on the ground and hanging from the hangar's arched trusses. The center also exhibits spacecraft, including the Space Shuttle *Enterprise*, in the adjacent McDonnell Space Hangar. Another 100 or more aircraft are still on their way. Advances in aviation and aerospace are some of our nation's proudest achievements, and there is no better way to tell that story than displaying these aircraft and spacecraft.

The Smithsonian is now preparing for what we call Phase Two—a new wing at Udvar-Hazy that will increase the size of the center to approximately 760,000 square feet and provide space for three major additions. There will be a collections storage facility, as well as an archives and collections processing facility where we can take better care of, and make more accessible, one of the world's most important aviation and aerospace collections. And finally, there will also be a restoration hangar big enough to allow simultaneous work on as many as four large aircraft. Perhaps the best part of the restoration hangar is that visitors can be educated and inspired by observing—from raised walkways—the technicians and specialists as they bring these important aircraft back to tiptop condition. We are well on our way to raising the funds needed for Phase Two, but construction cannot begin until the project is fully funded. (For information on contributing, visit www.nasm.si.edu/giving.) Meanwhile, Maestro Myers, we salute you.

Lawrence M. Small
SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

D.A. PETERSON; JOHN W. MYERS PHOTOS AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH COLLECTION. ARCHIVES DIVISION, NATIONAL AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION (NASM 9A03914); JOHN MYERS COLLECTION

XM® Satellite Radio*, heated leather seats and available navigation system. Feel free to show it off. The Accord EX V-6.
HONDA
honda.com 1-800-33-Honda *Required XM subscription sold separately after three trial months.
The XM name is a registered trademark of XM Satellite Radio Inc. ©2005 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

LETTERS

Readers respond to the March issue:

DOGGONE

"Bone Voyage," featuring Toni Anzenberger's photographs of his dog, Pecorino, at European landmarks, unleashed dozens of letters. "In troubling times, photos such as these provide a welcome lift to both spirit and heart," wrote Louise Roos of Monmouth, Illinois. Peter Fowler of Oakland, California, questioned the dog's unlikely name: "Italian cheese? Looks like ham to me." And Jennifer C. Miller of Las Vegas, Nevada, says she yearned for "a dog's life . . . that *dog's life."*

WETLAND WORRIES

AS A LIFELONG Florida resident, I have seen much of our state ruined by greed, poor planning and overdevelopment ("Everglades"). Here in Brevard County, the Indian River Lagoon—one of the nation's most biologically diverse estuaries—has become polluted. Its fisheries have been adversely affected. Our dolphins get skin tumors. Economic growth is always seen as progress, but for our wetlands and estuary sites, it is death.

ALICE J. DAVIS
INDIAN HARBOUR BEACH, FLORIDA

THE EVERGLADES restoration plan now under way does not give "agricultural and residential water users priority over the ecosystem," as stated in a caption. In fact, a legally binding agreement signed on January 9, 2002, mandates that federal funding for the project is released only after adequate water resources are first reserved for the needs of nature.

DAVID B. STRUHS
FLORIDA ENVIRONMENTAL SECRETARY, 1999-2003
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

RUINED MEMORIAL?

I WONDER IF it might not have served a nobler purpose if the Church of Our Lady in Dresden had been left in ruins ("Crowning Glory"). As a college student I was transfixed by the

sight of the destroyed church; the devastation of that glorious structure conveyed the horror of World War II in a way no photograph or museum exhibit ever could. The image is seared in my memory as a reminder of what we must never let happen again. It is important to preserve living memorials to World War II. It is too easy to forget the lessons of war when we erase all physical evidence of its destructive power.

JENNIFER MINEAR
GLEN ALLEN, VIRGINIA

AS I LEARNED during a bicycle tour through Dresden, the gold cross atop the cathedral's spire was fabricated in England by a British silversmith, Alan Smith, whose father, Frank, flew a Lancaster in the bombing of Dresden in February 1945. Fifty-five years after the destruction, the Duke of Kent presented the new cross and orb to the city in 2000. A crane lifted it into place in June 2004.

J. M. KENEIPP
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

UTAH'S COWBOY CURATOR

WALDO WILCOX deserves credit for the preservation of Fremont sites on his land ("Secrets of the Range Creek Ranch"), particularly in the context of Utah's long tradition of illegal pothunting. On my first day of fieldwork as a Forest Service archaeologist in 1974, I was sent to look at an 80-acre public parcel in central Utah that was going to be part of a land exchange. The large Fremont village that I found there stopped the transaction. The site had been illegally excavated. I visited frequently to keep track of its condition and once found a man digging in a pit house. Back then, it was difficult to convince anyone in law enforcement that a crime was being committed. That attitude has since changed.

DAVID GILLIO
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

BY THE BOOK

ALTHOUGH I AGREE with textbook author Joy Hakim that there is potential for an "exciting embrace" of religion and science, I must disagree with two of her statements ("Joy of Science"). She says "science is about things that are provable." As a graduate student in biology, I have not been trained to think about science like that. Science is about things that are observable. Scientific truths are simply those supported by the facts until disproved by new and better data. One can disprove something in science, but rarely if ever prove something. Hakim also states that "most scientists have a snotty contempt for an awful lot of our population," implying there is a default opinion about the faithful. I believe most scientists simply don't like the hijacking of science classes to teach something inherently unscientific—faith.

JOSH BOYCE
MOSCOW, IDAHO

Editor's note: A letter in April's column by the grandson of a barber in Greeley, Colorado, who in the 1950s may have cut the hair of jihadist theorist Sayyid Qutb, omitted the author's name. He is Chris Pedersen of Bedford, New Hampshire. We regret the error.

Please send letters to LettersEd@si.edu or to **Letters, Smithsonian, MRC 951, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013.** Include a telephone number and address. Letters may be edited for clarity or space. Because of the high volume of mail we receive, we cannot respond to all letters. Send queries about the Smithsonian Institution to info@si.edu or to VIARC, Public Inquiry Mail Service, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013.

Investments, like relationships, can be much more rewarding when you commit to them for the long term. Which is why Edward Jones advises clients to stick with investment strategies that have proven themselves over time. To find the Edward Jones office nearest you, call 1-800-ED-JONES or visit www.edwardjones.com. Member SIPC.

Edward Jones®

MAKING SENSE OF INVESTING

FEARING THE WORST

A CHURCH IS BOMBED. A DAUGHTER IS MISSING. A REDISCOVERED PHOTOGRAPH RECALLS ONE OF THE MOST HEART-WRENCHING EPISODES OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS ERA **BY DIANE McWHORTER**

IT IS A MOMENT that divides before and after. Less than 24 hours earlier, the two sisters at the center of the photograph were worrying over house curtains. Now they fear that the 11-year-old daughter and only child of Maxine Pippen McNair (center, right) lies across the street, buried in the rubble of what had been the ladies' lounge of the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Alabama.

Sunday, September 15, 1963, was the most sensational day yet in a city historically embarrassed by dubious superlatives; Birmingham, which called itself the "City of Churches," was also known as the most segregated city in America. Maxine's daughter, Denise McNair, and three friends had been primping for their role in Youth Day services when dynamite planted by Ku Klux Klansmen blasted them into history.

When the photograph was taken, the family knew only that Denise was missing. It is not clear whether Maxine McNair's uncle Flozzell Pippen (barely visible in the background) had yet found Denise's shoe amid the chunks of church wall. The Pippens were standing under the awning of the family dry-cleaning business, the Social Cleaners, where the previous May, Maxine's sister Juanita Pippen Jones (center, left) had been rudely confronted by an officer of the Birmingham police K-9 Corps. On that day, the culmination of a month-long nonviolent campaign Martin Luther King Jr. had been waging in Birmingham, school-age demonstrators faced down fire hoses and police dogs and inspired President Kennedy to introduce federal legislation outlawing segregation.

Neither Denise nor the other murdered girls

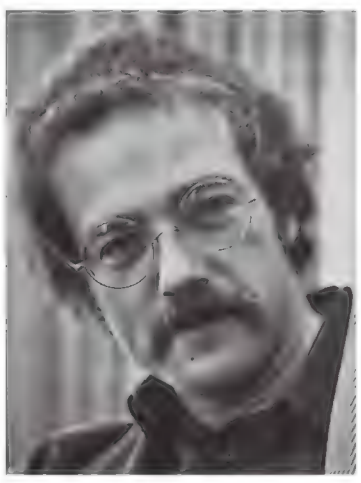
A family's terrible gathering grief (from left, Clara Pippen, Lynn Jones, Juanita Pippen Jones consoling Maxine Pippen McNair, and an unidentified man).

"I feel sorry for them," Maxine McNair (right, with sister Juanita) says of the bombers. Photographer Vernon Merritt (below, in 1969) "believed in the cause," says an ex-wife.

had been among the thousands of young people who had marched that spring. Although the "children's miracle," as their triumph came to be known, had been launched from the centrally located sanctuary of Sixteenth Street Baptist, the proud bourgeois congregation had not actively supported King's crusade. Denise's parents—schoolteachers like her aunt Juanita—had shielded her from the indignities of second-class citizenship, vaguely explaining that "a *few* white people don't like colored children, but . . . *most* white people like all children."

The newly hired *Birmingham News* photographer who captured the family's gathering grief was Vernon Merritt III, 22, an Alabama native whose father, a businessman active in state politics, vocally detested the civil rights movement. Most of Merritt's colleagues on the *News* saw the cataclysmic events of 1963 as "just an assignment," recalled another photographer, Ed Jones. But Merritt "really believed in the cause," says Pam Blecha, who was married to him at the time. "He thought it was the real deal." A few months after the church bombing, Merritt landed in *Time*—as the subject of a story—after a county sheriff assaulted him with a cattle prod for boarding a bus to photograph the black children integrating the public schools of Notasulga.

Merritt spent less than a year at the *News*, and later shot for the Black Star agency, *Newsweek* and *Life*. He covered Vietnam (and was temporarily paralyzed from sniper fire), the 1968 Memphis garbage strike that turned out to be King's last stand, the miniskirt and the pig that played Arnold on "Green Acres." *Life* assigned him to Neil Armstrong's family at Cape Kennedy when Apollo 11 lifted off to the moon. His classic portrait of Coretta Scott King still sells as a poster.



Merritt's divergent pursuits after *Life* folded as a weekly in 1972 included the founding of *Equus*, a glossy magazine for the horsey set, and sailing. On the morning of August 17, 2000, his sailing companion and third wife, Linda Stanley, found him in their Old Lyme, Connecticut, backyard, dead of a gunshot wound to the chest. She said he accidentally fell on the .22 rifle he had taken out to dispatch the groundhogs colonizing their property. He was 59.

This photograph was not published until last February, nearly 43 years after it was taken. Alex Cohn, a journalism student interning at the *News*, found the image among thousands of negatives stashed in the paper's photography equipment room. Some had been put in envelopes labeled "Keep: Do not Sell"—a measure to keep out of national circulation material that might stoke Birmingham's reputation as the Johannesburg of America.

Juanita Jones, now 75, said that seeing the photograph four decades after the fact made "the anger boil up in me again, that anyone could be that evil and that lowdown." Her daughter, Lynn (the 10-year-old girl with her back to the camera), was supposed to have gone to Sunday school that day with her inseparable cousin Denise. "No, ma'am, I don't remember all that stuff," she told me from her home in Southern California. "I tried to block it out."

Maxine McNair, 77, has two grown daughters, both born after Denise died. Of the church bombers, she says, "I don't hate them. I feel sorry for them." Her husband, Chris McNair, the owner of a photography studio, became the city's first black representative in the state legislature and was a longtime Jefferson County commissioner. Until he retired from politics in 2001, he avoided public discussion of Denise "because people would say—and *did* say—I was using it to advance my own cause." As this issue of SMITHSONIAN went to press, McNair, 80, was facing trial on charges that he accepted bribes from a sewer contractor while in office. His lawyer, Doug Jones, is the former U.S. attorney who won convictions in 2001 and 2002 against the last two surviving Klansmen who bombed the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church. A third man, Robert Chambliss, had been convicted in 1977, and he died in prison in 1985. Last October, the city finally commemorated the four Sixteenth Street dead with plaques in City Hall. Denise's childhood friend Condoleezza Rice presided over the unveiling.

DIANE MCWHORTER wrote Carry Me Home, *a book about the church bombing.*

CHRIS MCNAIR; RALPH CRANE / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES; P. 16, 17 VERNON MERRITT / BIRMINGHAM NEWS

dunes have a colour here, *brilliant as gold.*
skies have a colour here, *deeper than ink.*
valour has a colour here, *on the faces of men.*
beauty has a colour here, *in the swaying of skirts.*
incredible india, *infinite rainbows.*

ny@itonyc.com www.incredibleindia.org 1-800-953-9399

Wild Things

- LIFE AS WE KNOW IT -

WHAT'S UP? Sharks rarely swim deeper than 10,000 feet • Worldwide, erosion spoils an Indiana-size 37,000 square miles of cropland yearly

CRUISE TO THE NEW WORLD?

Long ago, as many of us learned in school, some Asian peoples likely walked across the Bering Strait land bridge to North America. But some archaeologists believe that the first emigrants came by sea more than 20,000 years ago, when the land route was blocked by ice. Now Jon Erlandson, an archaeologist from the University of Oregon, suggests those pioneers set off in boats into a Pacific kelp forest and then followed a "kelp highway" stretching from Japan up the west coast of Asia, east to Alaska and down to South America. Along the way, people would have caught fish, sea cows, otters and seabirds, and their passage would have been eased by the surf-subduing seaweeds.

NOT DEAD YET

Visiting a meat market in Laos last year, scientists came across a strange bushy-tailed rodent that they thought was a new species. But now paleontologists at the Carnegie Museum of Natural History in Pittsburgh say the truth is even stranger: the nocturnal animal known to Laotians as the kha-nyou (right) is a type of rodent that scientists thought had been extinct for 11 million years.

THE SMART SET

Orangutans living in isolated groups share so many distinctive learned behaviors—from the sounds they make to how they eat—that primatologists say such groups have their own cultures. Now Carel van Schaik of the University of Zurich, who studies orangutans in Sumatra and Borneo, finds that the more time members of a group spend together, the richer each orangutan's repertoire of behaviors, apparently because they have lots of opportunities to learn from one another. His conclusion? "Culture makes you smart."

TIME TO EAT

Hummingbirds dart from flower to flower, draining each blossom of its nectar. But new research suggests they're not just zooming around recklessly—they're on a tight schedule. Flowers refill with nectar every few hours, so hummingbirds would be smart to remember where and when they've already eaten. Researchers working at a field station in Alberta, Canada, filled eight flower-shaped feeders with a shot of sugar water every 10 or 20 minutes. Rufous hummingbirds bellied up to each feeder at about the time it was refilled, showing they could keep track of eight different food sources—a useful skill for fueling such buzzing exuberance.

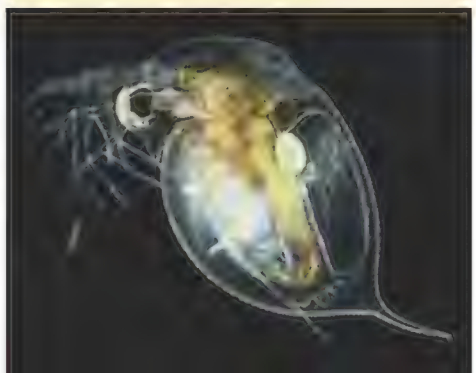
Observed

NAMES: *Daphnia pulex*, or water flea.

ONCE NOTED FOR: Reproducing both sexually and asexually.

NOW NOTED FOR: Providing evidence that sex is better.

THIS WAS IN DOUBT? Yes. Sexual reproduction costs lots of energy, and an individual that engages in it—unlike one that clones itself—passes along only half of its genes. Scientists have long wondered why organisms bother. A new study by Indiana University biologists shows that asexual *D. pulex* populations accumulate harmful genetic mutations four times faster than their sexual counterparts—strongly suggesting that combining one's DNA with a partner's, rather than simply replicating it, is a more efficient way to clean the gene pool.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: RICHARD HERRMANN / SEAPICS.COM; COURTESY MARK A. KLINGLER; P D.N. HEBERT / UNIVERSITY OF GUELPH; TOM VEZO; GERRY ELLIS / MINDEN PICTURES

HYUNDAI
Drive your way

Respects your values, pampers your soul.

Incredibly well equipped for $27,495. The all-new Azera provides all the indulgence you could ever want. Consider some of the highlights: a 263-horsepower V6, Electronic Stability Control, 8 airbags, more interior space than a BMW 760i, and America's Best Warranty.™* It's an indulgence that appeals to your senses as well as your common sense. **thenewAZERA.com**

A Hyundai like you've never seen before.

A Z E R A

Safety belts should always be worn. *Hyundai Advantage. See dealer for LIMITED WARRANTY details. 2006 Azera Limited shown. Model shown with available Ultimate Package priced higher. MSRP includes freight but excludes taxes, title, license, and options. Dealer price may vary. Hyundai and Hyundai model names are registered trademarks of Hyundai Motor America. All rights reserved. ©2006 Hyundai Motor America.

COPERNICUS UNEARTHED

ARCHAEOLOGISTS BELIEVE THEY HAVE FOUND THE REMAINS OF THE 16TH-CENTURY ASTRONOMER WHO REVOLUTIONIZED OUR VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE **BY ANDREW CURRY**

NICOLAUS COPERNICUS was the first to demonstrate that the earth orbited the sun, upsetting the prevailing notion that the earth was the center of the cosmos. But the Polish astronomer died in obscurity in 1543 and was buried in an unmarked grave. Five centuries later, archaeologists say they have located his long-sought resting place, under the marble floor tiles of a church.

In a sense, the search for Copernicus' grave always led down the narrow cobblestone road into Frombork, a sleepy Polish town of about 2,500 on the Baltic coast where Copernicus lived and worked. The Frombork Cathedral, atop one of the region's few hills, has red brick walls and a simple design. Towers built into the surrounding defensive walls, testaments to centuries of border conflicts, rise almost as high as the church, commanding a view of the town below, the Baltic Sea and sometimes a sliver of Russia ten miles to the north. A Communist-era sign with rusting planetary orbs proclaims Frombork's former resident.

Mikolaj Kopernik (he later used the Latinized version of his name) was born in 1473 in Torun, in eastern Poland, to a comfortable merchant family. When his father died ten years later, the boy's uncle, a bishop, oversaw his wide-ranging education, sending him to elite universities in Krakow, Bologna and Padua to prepare him for a career in the church.

In 1503, after establishing himself as a respected astronomer, Copernicus returned to Poland to work for his uncle, who found him a job as a church administrator and lawyer in Frombork. (Then, as now, it was easier to study astronomy as a hobby than to make a living at it.) From his rooms in a brick tower a few hundred feet from the cathedral's front door, he collected rents, oversaw the region's defenses and practiced medicine. He spent his spare time translating poetry from Greek into Latin, suggesting currency reforms, painting—and revising humanity's sense of its place in the universe.

A 30-year project, *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*, or *On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Spheres*, was Copernicus' response to the unwieldy mathematics used since the days of the ancient Greeks to explain the motion of the sun, moon and five known planets (Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn). Astronomers had worked from the assumption that the earth was the center of the universe, forcing them to draw convoluted orbits for the planets, which even had to reverse directions for the theory to be consistent with their observed trajectories. Once Copernicus put the sun at the center of the picture and adjusted the mathematics, the planetary orbits became regular, smooth and elegant. His inspiration came early, but the cautious scholar took half a lifetime to check his figures before publishing them in 1543, the year he died at age 70. "The scorn which I had to fear on account of the newness and absurdity of my opinion," he admitted in the book's preface, "almost drove me to abandon a work already undertaken."

Researchers followed a hunch that Copernicus (inset) might have been buried near an altar he favored.

PAUL ALMASY / CORBIS; STANFELLOWS.COM

e l e v a t e what's next

What if everyone settled for average? What if nobody raised the bar? What if everyone decided to let someone else figure it out? At ConocoPhillips, we're not only finding new sources of natural gas, we're developing new technologies to solve the demanding increase in global energy needs. By investing in Russia's oil and natural gas reserves, the world's second largest, we're helping ensure global energy production for decades to come. Turning "what ifs" into "what's next" is just another way we elevate.

ConocoPhillips
e l e v a t e

conocophillips.com

© 2005. ConocoPhillips. All rights reserved.

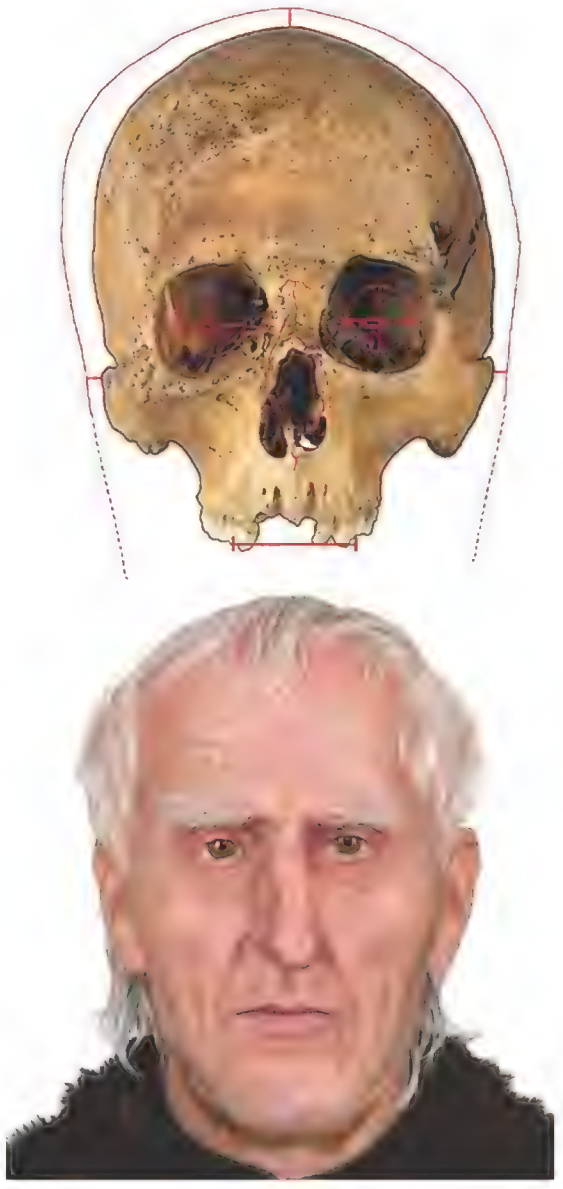
"I just thought we'd dig year after year and never find him."

True to his prediction, his contemporaries found his massive logical leap "patently absurd," says Owen Gingerich, professor emeritus of astronomy and the history of science at the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics and author of *The Book Nobody Read: Chasing the Revolutions of Nicolaus Copernicus*. "It would take several generations to sink in. Very few scholars saw it as a real description of the universe." His book remained obscure for decades. The Catholic Church censored *Coelestium* in 1616 only after Galileo drew their attention to it.

Copernicus' death wasn't even noted in the cathedral's records. "We know when Copernicus died only because somebody replaced him" as canon of the Frombork Cathedral, says Jerzy Gassowski, an archaeologist at the Pultusk School of Humanities in central Poland. In 2004, Frombork's bishop approached Gassowski and proposed a new search for the scientist. At least four other excavation teams, the first digging as early as 1802, had looked in vain for Copernicus' body. A ground-penetrating radar survey showed more than 100 possible graves underneath the cathedral's gray-and-black marble tiles. "I wasn't enthusiastic," Gassowski recalls. "I just thought we'd dig year after year and never find him."

But the bishop, Jacek Jezierski, was more optimistic, thanks to a historian's hunch that Copernicus might be buried near the altar where he prayed every day. The excavation was complicated. Digging had to stop several times a day for masses, concerts, weddings and funerals. When the workers lifted the cathedral's marble floor tiles to dig a square pit about ten feet on a side, they found loose, shifting sand. The bass note vibrations of the cathedral's organ twice caused the pit's sand walls to collapse.

Two weeks of exploratory digging in August 2004 turned up three skeletons. Two were too young, and the other had been buried in a labeled coffin. Then,



A skull fragment (top) analyzed by a Warsaw crime lab yielded a computer rendition (above) that seemed to look like Copernicus at the time of his death.

last summer, the archaeologists uncovered parts of more than a dozen bodies. Some were encased in coffins, others had been wrapped in shrouds long since decayed; most had been damaged or mixed up over the centuries.

In August, Pultusk archaeologist Beata Jurkiewicz carefully lifted a skull from the bottom of the pit. Forensic anthropologist Karol Piasecki said the skull, which lacked a jawbone, was that of a roughly 70-year-old male. "It was an amazing moment, but I'm a skeptical person," says Jurkiewicz.

The researchers sent the partial skull to the Warsaw police department's main crime lab, where police artist Dariusz Zajdel did a forensic reconstruction, the same technique police use to flesh out and help identify decomposed murder victims. From detailed measurements of the shape of the skull and its grooves and deformations, Zajdel used a computer program to create a portrait of a severe old man with a long face, a nose that had been broken decades before his death and a scar above his right eye. Subtract 30 years, and the likeness Zajdel created bears a strong resemblance to the surviving portraits of a middle-aged Copernicus, all based on a much copied self-portrait that has been lost. It was enough for Gassowski and Jurkiewicz. "When I found out who it was, I called him Nicky and treated him like my best buddy," Zajdel says.

Still, doubts linger. "There's a high probability it's Copernicus, but to be sure we have to make a DNA test," Gassowski says. The scientists would like to compare the skull fragment's DNA with that of a descendant—but the bachelor academic had no known children. The next best chance is to test DNA from the bones of Copernicus' uncle, Lucas Waczenrode, who was buried in the same cathedral.

Alas, Waczenrode's burial site is also lost to history. Locating his body underneath the cathedral floor could take years—if it's even there. In the final days of World War II, Soviet soldiers burned most of Frombork and looted the church as they marched toward Germany, and the cathedral's crypts would have been a prime target for treasure hunters. (More than 60 years later, Frombork's old town square is still in ruins.) Researchers plan to study church archives as well as interview Frombork residents who remember the war years to get a better fix on where Copernicus' uncle might be buried.

The Polish team's professional reserve—their insistence on verifying every possibility—is in keeping with the cautious nature of their quarry. In the search for a man who solved one of science's great puzzles, perhaps it's fitting that they want no mystery to remain.

ANDREW CURRY is a Fulbright Journalism Fellow in Berlin, Germany.

CENTRAL FORENSIC LABORATORY OF POLISH NATIONAL POLICE HQ / EPA / CORBIS (2)

WAR AND REMEMBRANCE

AN INDIAN ARTIST'S TRADITIONAL TRIBUTE HONORS NATIVE AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO SERVED IN VIETNAM **BY OWEN EDWARDS**

After the Indian Wars ended on the Great Plains and in the Black Hills at the end of the 19th century, tribal nations were dispersed, uprooted or confined to reservations, sovereign in name but severed from tradition. In that long twilight, the battle feats of the Oglala, Apache, Shoshone, Cheyenne, Crow and scores of other tribes were memorialized in their lore, as well as in what are known as honoring songs. And in art.

The Plains Indians painted memorials to battles on their tepees, some of which were recorded in photographs made by the likes of Frank Fiske and Edward Curtis. But as no-

[*Beadwork tableau, 2002*
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN]

madic life gave way to settlements, and remembrances and memorials dwindled, Indians donned uniforms as soldiers in America's wars. Though the Navajo code talkers of World War II may be the most storied, Native Americans have served with distinction in all of America's overseas conflicts.

As a child in the 1950s, artist Emil Her Many Horses, today a curator at the Smithsonian's National Museum of the American Indian, saw a photograph of a Plains Indian tepee, its flaps painted to resemble an American flag. "For me, it depicted this new role of Indian warriors in the military," he recalls. "It inspired me to do something more contemporary, dedicated to the Native American veterans of the Vietnam War."

In 2001, Her Many Horses, an artist trained both in traditional beadwork and in doll-making, began the creation of a commemorative tableau featuring miniature figures of Vietnam-era veterans and the tribal women who welcomed them home with ceremonies. Even today, these rituals are not much changed from the days when warriors returned from the Little Big Horn.

Her Many Horses, a member of the Oglala Lakota Sioux of the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, began attending tribal powwows as a boy. He admired the hand-adorned outfits worn by tribal dancers, but since he couldn't afford to buy these traditional garments, he decided to make his own. As a teenager, he studied on South Dakota's Rosebud Sioux Reservation with renowned bead artist Alice Fish, as well as with other women whose work she influenced. From them, he learned the geometric patterns and colors that typify the distinctive style of Rosebud artists. "Fortunately, these ladies tolerated me," he says, smiling.

It was around this time, in the mid-1960s, that Indian soldiers began returning from tours of duty in Vietnam to be met by honoring ceremonies. Charles Pablo, a veteran who lived up to his Indian name, Takuni Kokipe Sni (Afraid of Nothing), was Her Many Horses' uncle; Pablo completed three tours in Vietnam. Several decades later, in 2001, the artist drew on memories of Pablo, who died in 1994, when he created a tableau using animal hide and glass beads that included eight 11-inch-tall dolls and a 30-inch-tall tepee decorated with miniature helicopters. Her Many Horses incorporated the aircraft because, he says, "I've been told that Vietnam was called the helicopter war."

The artist showed the work for the first time the following year, at the Northern Plains Tribal Arts Show in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Though it won first place, the reactions that meant the most to him, he says, were those he witnessed from visitors to the exhibition. One man returned repeatedly to look at the dolls. He finally revealed that he was a Korean War veteran, allowing that to stand as sufficient reason for his intense contemplation of the work.

Later that year, Her Many Horses' colleagues at the American Indian Museum suggested that the tableau should be included in the permanent collection as a contemporary example of an art form that dates back hundreds of years. "I'm 51, so I didn't go to Vietnam," he says. "To have a scene of valor painted on the side of your tepee, you had to have served and done battle." With his tableau, the artist has created an enduring variation on the traditional honoring ceremony.

OWEN EDWARDS is executive editor of Edutopia, *a magazine about education.*

The artist's uncle, a Vietnam veteran, lived up to his name: Afraid of Nothing.

In his work, artist Emil Her Many Horses (foreground, below, at opening ceremonies for the Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian, 2004) addresses a traditional theme: honoring Native American warriors. In the past, paintings of battlefield exploits embellished tepees (above, an 1892 example from the Sioux).

DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY, WESTERN HISTORY COLLECTION NS-388; WALTER LARRIMORE / NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, S.I.; P. 25 ERNEST AMOROSO / NMAI, S. I.

C320360 © 2006 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association-College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF), 730 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017

YES, WE'RE AN 800LB GORILLA,

BUT WE'RE YOUR 800LB GORILLA.

That's right. We may be large, but our focus is sharp. You see, as a $360 billion financial services group with a lengthy nonprofit heritage, we exist to serve those who serve others. And for more than 85 years, we have done just that. Today, TIAA-CREF continues that charge by helping to provide long-term financial solutions specifically created for people in the academic, medical, cultural and research fields whose chosen careers advance the greater good. People like teachers, nurses, scientists, coaches, hospital staff, and millions of others. We appreciate the inherent value their lifework has on the rest of us – so we thought it might be nice to throw our financial weight around on their behalf.

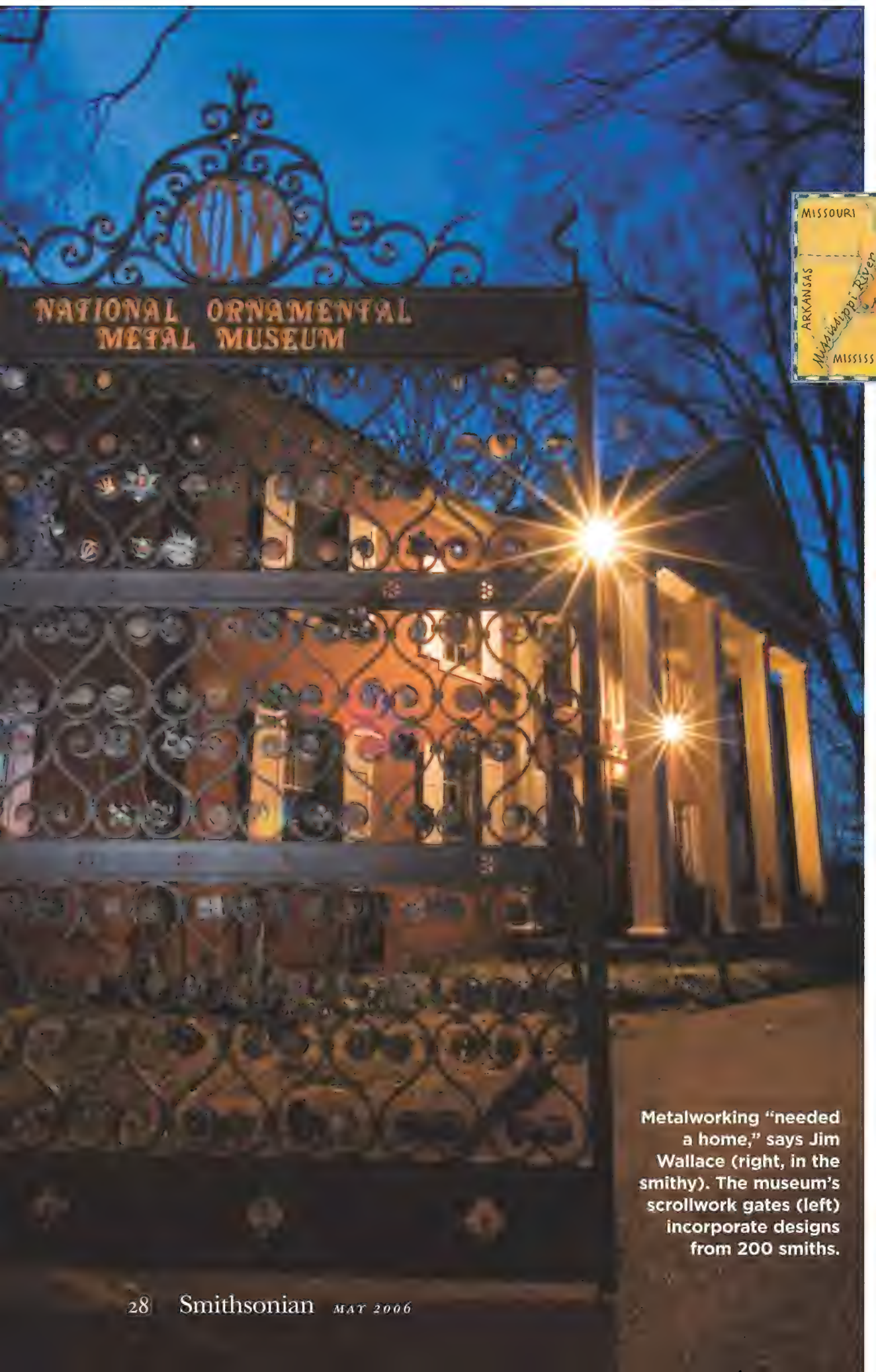
To find out how we can serve your retirement, visit tiaa-cref.org/greatergood.

TIAA CREF

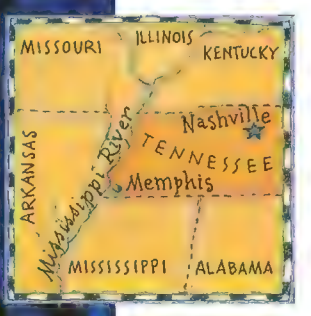
FINANCIAL SERVICES FOR THE GREATER GOOD®

FORGING ITS OWN FUTURE

DEDICATED METALSMITHS HELP A MEMPHIS MUSEUM REVIVE A LOST AMERICAN ART FORM **BY MATT DELLINGER**



Metalworking "needed a home," says Jim Wallace (right, in the smithy). The museum's scrollwork gates (left) incorporate designs from 200 smiths.



FROM THE GAZEBO at the National Ornamental Metal Museum, high on a bluff south of downtown Memphis, the world resembles nothing so much as a mural by Thomas Hart Benton. Day and night, barges steer through a wide bend of the Mississippi, while freight trains and Interstate 55 traffic rattle the steel truss bridges to and from Arkansas. The gazebo is a nice spot for a sunset wedding or a glass of whiskey after a day pounding steel.

Forged-steel gates, painted black with gold-leaf trim and dappled with hundreds of rosettes, open to the museum grounds, a riverside oasis shaded by century-old oak trees and strewn with sculpture, some of it peculiar—a metal yellow flower, eight feet tall; a cast-aluminum lion holding out a paw; and a green-and-yellow fence piece shaped like a row of cornstalks.

The gallery, which is inside a 1930s brick building with a white portico, recently displayed exquisitely crafted chastity contraptions, an exhibition titled "Impenetrable Devices." This is uncharacteristically avant-garde. The 3,000 items in the museum's permanent collection tend more

MAP: ELIZABETH WOLF; ALL PHOTOS: MARK CARROLL

AIR BAGS SAVE LIVES. ALL-WHEEL DRIVE SAVES AIR BAGS. IT'S WHAT MAKES A SUBARU, A SUBARU.

2006 AWD SUBARU B9 TRIBECA™

At Subaru, we believe the best accidents are the ones you avoid. Which is why the 2006 All-Wheel Drive Subaru B9 Tribeca relies on more than just air bags to save lives. It also has standard features like road-hugging all-wheel drive, a 250-horsepower boxer engine for balance, and Vehicle Dynamics Control. Because while we're proud the B9 Tribeca received the highest rating in all government crash tests,* we'd prefer it if our air bags didn't get much real-world use. To learn more about the Subaru B9 Tribeca, visit subaru.com.

*Government star ratings are part of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's (NHTSA) New Car Assessment Program (NCAP). See safercar.gov for more details. The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in backseat.

Think. Feel. Drive.™

SUBARU®

toward decorative copper vases, silver jewelry, gothic boxes and wrought-iron crucifixes.

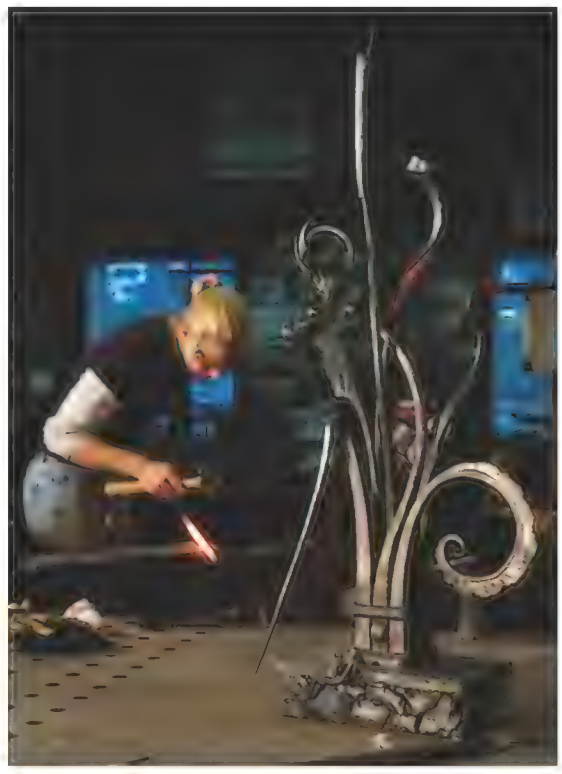
The smithy, the heart of the place, is across the lawn from the gallery. Here metalsmiths in safety glasses and leather aprons work amid blasts of heat and earsplitting noise. Along the back wall, coal hearths fire metal to glowing red-hot and white. Two green, refrigerator-size power hammers dominate the center of the room. An array of chisels, anvils, electric buffers and other tools clutter the sooty worktables. Cigarette butts and metal shavings litter the concrete floor. Jim Wallace, the museum's first and only director, can usually be found in the thick of it all, hammering at an anvil or cutting or grinding steel.

Wallace, 58, is tall and white haired, with a bushy white mustache and soot-stained jeans. Nearly 30 years ago when the three-acre site, formerly the home of the U.S. Marine Hospital, was just grass stubble and derelict buildings, the city leased the property—a dollar a year—to a group of metalworkers who wanted to start a museum. Wallace, then a blacksmith in Colorado, was recruited to head it. He says his main qualification for the director's job was gullibility. "The board had approached several people," he recalls, "but they were all museum professionals, so they knew better. I had a young family, and I figured I'll come here and work two years, save enough money and move to Montana." He shrugs. "It didn't work out that way."

Wallace moved his family into a ramshackle duplex on the property and started converting an abandoned nurses' dormitory into exhibition space, doing much of the painting, plumbing, wiring and bricklaying himself. "There were snakes in the gallery," recalls sculptor John Medwedeff, who was an intern at the museum during its fledgling years. "The phone would cut out. Four visitors on a Saturday was a big deal."

Wallace's three sons grew up on the property, and all learned metalworking. One of them, Jed, still works nights in the smithy—fueled by hot tea that he drinks from porcelain cups—sometimes till four in the morning.

For three days, the metalsmiths vow to fix "anything but cats, cars and broken hearts."



"Hard work, sweat and labor" made a metalworker out of her, says museum artist-in-residence Margaret Goodman.

Next door to the smithy is the foundry, where steel is melted and poured into molds. (Iron used to be the craft's main raw material, but these days it's steel.) Here and in the smithy, museum staffers teach classes on basic forging and casting. They also undertake commissions, such as trophies for Memphis' premier barbecue festival (cleavers, mounted on wooden pedestals, surrounded by small metal pigs) and a sterling coffee and tea service for the USS *Tennessee*, a nuclear submarine. When Graceland's front gates needed an overhaul, they were trucked here for restoration.

Every October, the museum sponsors a kind of metalworking orgy called Repair Days. A hundred or so metal artists from around the country volunteer for three days to fix whatever anybody brings in—antique earrings, candelabras, dysfunctional door hinges, bed frames, dented steamer trunks. "Anything but cats, cars and broken hearts," is the museum's motto. Or, as Wallace puts it, "from absolute trash to a Paul Revere chocolate pitcher." Repair fees go to the museum; the artists get venison stew and beer.

At last year's Repair Days, Rick Smith, head of the blacksmithing program at Southern Illinois University, fashioned a new antler out of casting wax for a pot-metal deer. Nearby, Medwedeff melted the end of a pen-size rod with a blowtorch, then applied its molten tip to the broken edges of a metal mare's leg like Crazy Glue. A Kansas University teaching assistant looked on as undergraduate Amelia Fader repaired a wedding ring. "'Just fix it like it's for your mother, not the pope,'" Fader says she was advised.

As the museum has grown—it now gets some 30,000 visitors annually—so too has the art of decorative metalworking. Demand for it declined during the Great Depression and World War II, when money and metal were scarce, and again during the rise of Modernism, which emphasized clean, unadorned style. But it rebounded in the 1970s when Southern Illinois established a blacksmithing degree program and a major metalworking text was published, the first in decades. In 1974 the Artists' Blacksmith Association of North America listed 150 members; today it has more than 4,000.

Younger smiths see themselves more as artists than artisans, but the museum embraces both. "It's all metal," says Wallace. "You use the same principles. We speak the same language at the core level."

He is working on converting the last dilapidated building on the grounds into a library for metalworking sources. He says that once it opens next year, he'll retire in Arkansas, where he'll spend "more time standing in front of an anvil and less running things." Not that he has regrets. "Metalwork needed to have one place to call home," he says, "and this is the place."

MATT DELLINGER lives in Brooklyn, New York, and works for the New Yorker.

MARK CARROLL

"I'm the bad guy," jokes gangsta rap pioneer Ice-T (at February's press event in New York City).

CHIP EAST / REUTERS / CORBIS

IS HIP-HOP ALREADY HISTORY?

YO! A VINTAGE TURNTABLE IS ONE THING. BUT A NEW SMITHSONIAN HISTORY INITIATIVE TO COLLECT HIP-HOP ARTIFACTS RAISES QUESTIONS ABOUT THE REBEL MUSIC'S CRUDE, EVEN VIOLENT SIDE

WHETHER THE SMITHSONIAN WILL get jiggy is an open question, but the Institution has launched a new initiative to research hip-hop, the once outlaw street music that over three decades has grown into the driving force behind a multi-billion-dollar entertainment and fashion industry.

The National Museum of American History announced the artifact-collecting effort at a February event in New York City attended by such luminaries as recording impresario Russell Simmons, rapper Ice-T, break dancer Crazy Legs and hip-hop founders Afrika Bambaataa, Kool Herc and Grandmaster Flash. Among the first donated items were a vintage boombox from Fab 5 Freddy (host of the bygone "Yo! MTV Raps"), a turntable from Flash and two graffitied jackets from Bambaataa.

The announcement has prompted jokes—the satirical newspaper *The Onion* wondered if the museum's exhibit will include a "nine-room wing displaying bullets removed

from two decades of rappers"—as well as earnest debate. "There's going to be a lot of arguing over the collection over time," says Nelson George, author of the 1999 book *Hip Hop America*, "because there are all these agendas about what hip-hop is, what represents hip-hop, and a regional component as well. This is the beginning of a long dialogue."

Hip-hop's detractors say they worry about enshrining gangsta rap, which often glamorizes violence and crime and denigrates women. Curator Marvette Perez, who is spearheading the project, says the initiative must indeed address the cruder side of hip-hop. George and others agree that a full treatment is warranted. "If you're going to do hip-hop, you've got to do hip-hop," he says, arguing that its history shouldn't be sanitized. "It's important, not because it's fun all the time but because it embodies all the challenges of African-American youth culture."

The initiative, called "Hip-Hop Won't Stop: The Beat, the Rhymes, the Life," was suggested by former LaFace Records CEO Mark Shimmel, now of Mark Shimmel Music, who says it's "the only idea I've ever had that everybody loved." Perez says hip-hop has been "a lot more influential than I actually ever thought, in terms of people's memories [of it] and connections [to it]. And we want to do something that brings together all of that."

After 30 years, rap (Grandmaster Flash's donated turntable) gets new respect.

Hip-hop veterans welcome the scholarly interest. "We started it, and it continues through ups and downs," says Kool Herc, who declines to give his age. "But the boundaries hip-hip crossed over to bring all these cultures together, that never happened before. Young kids can relate to their parents right now. Kids born into hip-hop don't have no color. That never happened till now." Simmons, 48, who co-founded the label Def Jam Records, says the exposure will teach the next generation that its sound, which a lot of younger listeners might associate with commercial efforts to market cars and clothes, has a proud history of social protest.

For that matter, some observers say a hip-hop exhibition might help the museum's street cred. Says Benjamin Chavis, former chief executive of the NAACP and now the CEO of Simmons' Hip-Hop Summit Action Network: "I predict more than the normal long lines of young people flocking to the Smithsonian." *—NADIRA A. HIRA*

KIWI QUESTION

At the time of this printing, the National Zoo couldn't yet say for certain whether the kiwi chick born there in February—the first in more than 30 years—is a boy or a girl. Geneticists have tested the bird's DNA, but they're only 70 percent confident it's a female because kiwis belong to the most ancient group of birds, the 60-million-year-old ratites, and their genetic material differs from that of modern birds. Zoo experts may just have to wait and see if the animal lays an egg. Found only in New Zealand, the kiwi is flightless and nocturnal. All five species are threatened or endangered, victims of animals introduced to the island nation—including dogs, cats, ferrets and stoats—which kill 95 percent of wild kiwi chicks. The National Zoo's hatchling, a North Island brown kiwi, can be seen via webcam at nationalzoo.si.edu/Animals/Birds. *—JENNIFER DRAPKIN*

Kiwis (the Zoo's hatchling) are increasingly rare in the wild.

SCOTT GRIES / GETTY IMAGES; JESSIE COHEN / NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK, S. I.

SAY WA™

This is the sound of taste buds dancing.

Discover Washington State at experiencewa.com or call 1.800.544.1800.

© 2006 Washington State Tourism Office

Evil Tines

The fork, devilish and maligned, was the last of the utensils to arrive at the table

IN THE 11TH CENTURY, a Byzantine princess ate her sweetmeats with a forbidden object: a two-tined gold fork. At the time, the Church so opposed forks that after she succumbed to the plague, a Franciscan theologian called her untimely death "a just punishment from God."

The knife and the spoon have a venerable history, but the fork, associated with Satanism and hedonism, became widely used only in the past 200 years. Or so one gathers during a visit with the curators of "Feeding Desire," a new exhibition about the evolution of dining utensils, which opens this month at the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum in New York City. "The idea is that if you were a good Christian—eating gruel and meat—you wouldn't indulge in anything that called for a fork," says curator Sarah Coffin, leader of the most comprehensive museum survey of American and European flatware. "It's impossible now to think about the controversy that a piece of flatware could stir up, but the Church really saw the fork as an evil implement."

Although the reason for the fork's obloquy remains unknown, it eventually gained acceptance in Italy, with pasta's rise during the Renaissance. But Northern Europeans, Coffin says, continued to resist the fork for centuries, preferring to skewer meat and potatoes on the tip of a knife. When the Victorians began to regard the dinner knife as a brutal instrument and rounded off its point, meat still needed to be skewered. The fork rose to prominence.

Americans considered forks to be a European affectation until the Rockefellers, Carnegies and Morgans popularized them in the 1800s, says guest curator Darra Goldstein, founding editor of *Gastronomica* magazine. Soon, owning flatware of all kinds was the thing to do: there were utensils for raw oysters, fried oysters, fried chicken, lemon slices, poached eggs, bonbons, nuts, buckwheat griddle cakes, pickles, berries and chipped beef. A single dinner pattern could have as many as 146 different pieces. In 1925, Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, responding to a silver shortage, ordered the Bureau of Standards to limit the number of pieces in a flatware pattern to 55. Arbiter of manners Emily Post approved of the restriction, declaring, "No rule of etiquette is of less importance than which fork we use." Elaborate silverware has been on the decline ever since. And with the rise of the fast food burrito and chicken nugget, it seems the fork's days at the table may be numbered.

—JENNIFER DRAPKIN

Forks were finally accepted, says Cooper-Hewitt's Coffin, after knives got blunt. Left to right, a 1903 Austrian fork, a 17th-century German fork of coral and silver and a 1966 French design.

WHO'S COUNTING?

10,000

PEOPLE PAID HOMAGE TO GRANT WOOD'S *AMERICAN GOTHIC* IN THE FIRST TEN DAYS IT WAS ON DISPLAY AT THE SMITHSONIAN'S RENWICK GALLERY IN WASHINGTON, D.C., WHERE IT WILL REMAIN UNTIL JUNE 11. THE 1930 PAINTING, PART OF A NEW EXHIBITION ABOUT THE ARTIST, RARELY TRAVELS FROM ITS HOME, THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO. MANY VIEWERS VOICED SURPRISE THAT A PICTURE THAT LOOMS SO LARGE IN POP CULTURE IS JUST TWO AND A HALF FEET TALL.

VISIT THE SMITHSONIAN For a free Associates' planning packet, call 202-633-1000 or 202-357-1729 (TTY), 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday and 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday. Or send an e-mail to info@si.edu. The Smithsonian Information Center in the Castle is open daily, 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Members can visit the reception desk between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. to register for a behind-the-scenes tour and to hear about membership benefits. Most museums are open daily, 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. All museums are closed December 25.

MATT FLYNN; CHARLES SCHILLER; MATT FLYNN; LANDON NORDEMAN / GETTY IMAGES; JAY L. CLENDENIN

The Time Is Now!

2006 Gold & Silver Eagles "Early Strike"

At Actual Dealer's Cost!

Coins Enlarged to Show Exquisite Detail

Gold Up Over 95% in 4 Years

Guaranteed and backed by the U.S. Government, the Gold American Eagles are universally recognized as the most trusted way to maintain a private store of gold wealth. At our dealer cost of only **$61** per coin plus shipping, now is the perfect time to add the brand-new, 1/10 oz. early-strike Year 2006 $5 Gold Eagles to your collection, IRA, or investment portfolio. With gold prices expected to trend higher, prices for these brilliant uncirculated, legal tender 22k gold treasures may never be this low again. Call right now to diversify your portfolio or IRA before gold prices rise again.

Early-Strike
1/10 oz. $5 Gold Eagle
Gold basis: $547

$61

Silver Up Over 120% in 4 Years

Since 1794, when the U.S. Government first struck Silver Dollars, they have symbolized monetary freedom and liberty. Today, the Silver American Eagles continue this historic tradition. Every collection, investment portfolio, or IRA should include a store of private, portable and liquid silver wealth, and the early-strike Year 2006 brilliant uncirculated $1 Silver Eagles, minted from 1 oz. of 99.9% pure fine silver, are the perfect solution. At our amazingly low dealer cost price of only **$11.60** per coin plus shipping, today is the perfect opportunity to diversify your portfolio or IRA with Silver Eagles.

Early-Strike
1oz. $1 Silver Eagle
Silver basis: $10.18

$11.60

Gold Limit three (3), Silver Limit twenty (20) per household • Availability not guaranteed • Prices subject to change

1st American Reserve

welcomes the opportunity to be your rare coin team.

Call toll free today... 888-324-2646

Vault Verification: **ASMGS506**

NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, NO DEALERS PLEASE

1st American Reserve
7310 Phelan Blvd.
Beaumont, TX 77706
1stamericanreserve.com

* Silver/Gold price increase based from Jan. 2002 - Mar. 2006 • Texas residents add 8.25% sales tax to orders under $1000 • All customers will receive a five (5) year newsletter subscription ($200 value) at no charge with order • We may contact you from time to time regarding items of interest in the newsletter • If for any reason you are not 100% satisfied with your purchase, then return up to 10 days after receipt of order for a refund • Due to the changing price of gold & silver, ad price is subject to change • Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery after receipt of good funds • Gold basis: $547 / Silver basis: $10.18

24 Hours A Day • 7 Days A Week

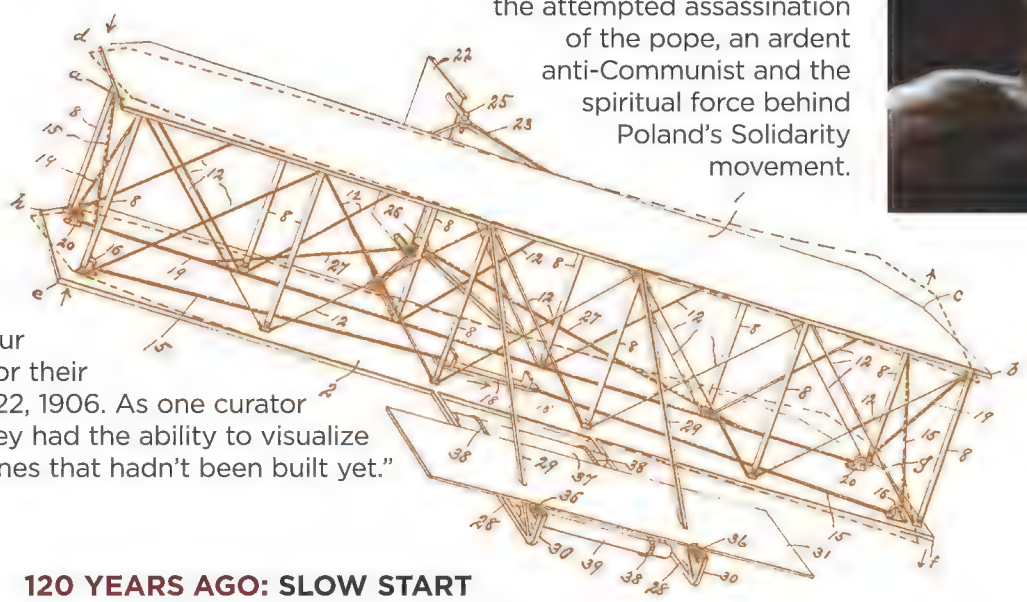
THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

MAY ANNIVERSARIES—MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE

30 YEARS AGO: MON DIEU!
A dramatic blind wine tasting on May 24, 1976, in Paris is attended by France's elite wine experts. Much to France's horror and America's delight, two California wines score top honors (the winning red, a 1973 Stag's Leap Cabernet Sauvignon, left). The shocking result transforms the wine industry worldwide.

25 YEARS AGO: HOLY TERROR
In Rome on May 13, 1981, Mehmet Ali Agca, a Turkish national, shoots Pope John Paul II four times. Italy pardons the imprisoned Agca in 2000 and extradites him to Turkey, where he continues to serve a sentence for killing a journalist. In 2006, an Italian parliamentary commission concludes that the former Soviet Union was behind the attempted assassination of the pope, an ardent anti-Communist and the spiritual force behind Poland's Solidarity movement.

100 YEARS AGO: FLYING HIGH
Three years after their historic 12-second propeller-driven flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, Orville and Wilbur Wright receive a patent for their "flying machine" on May 22, 1906. As one curator notes, "They had the ability to visualize machines that hadn't been built yet."



120 YEARS AGO: SLOW START
On May 8, 1886, Atlanta pharmacist Dr. John Pemberton combines a caramel-colored syrup with coca leaf extract and carbonated water to make a fizzy drink his partner dubs Coca-Cola. Beyond Atlanta, it's a tough sell. "It has been introduced in other towns but never grew in popular favor," says a soda fountain operator in 1889. Today, Coke is distributed in some 200 nations.

380 YEARS AGO: LET'S MAKE A DEAL
In an attempt to legitimize a Dutch settlement on the island known as Manhattan in May 1626, Peter Minuit, director of the colony New Netherland, negotiates with local Indians to buy it for 60 Dutch guilders'—about $24—worth of trinkets. In 2005, the average price per square foot of Manhattan real estate is $1,002.

75 YEARS AGO: SCALING THE HEIGHTS
Rising at a rate of four and a half floors per week, the Empire State Building is completed in 410 days. On May 1, 1931, the New York City skyscraper officially opens and, at 1,454 feet, steals the title of tallest building in the world from the neighboring Chrysler Building, some 400 feet shorter. In 1945, an Army bomber crashes into the Empire State's 79th floor in dense fog, killing 13 people.

—CHAI WOODHAM

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION; EPA / CORBIS; BETTMANN / CORBIS; MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK / BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY; GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK; JOHN VAN HASSELT / CORBIS SYGMA; COCA-COLA.COM

Take a trip to Washington, DC and immerse yourself in creativity through art, dance, theatre and tours. From presidential portraits and great American musicals to dramatic exhibitions and avant-garde performances, you can create your own American experience in the nation's culture capital.

Getaway packages starting at just $99.

AmericanOriginalsDC.com or call 800-422-8644 ext 500.

WASHINGTON DC THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

Washington, DC Celebrates
American originals
Memorial Day – Labor Day, 2006

National Portrait Gallery • Smithsonian American Art Museum • Capital Fringe Festival • National Archives • and more

In our FlexFuel Vehicles, Yellow means Go.

Vehicles not available in color shown.

©2006 GM Corp. All rights reserved.

What if every vehicle in America was yellow? What if they could run on E85 ethanol, an alternative fuel derived from corn, made up of 85% ethanol and 15% gasoline? America could move towards energy independence with a homegrown, renewable fuel source that reduces greenhouse gas emissions while it boosts your engine's performance. Can every vehicle in America run on yellow? Not yet. But GM already has 1.5 million FlexFuel Vehicles on the road that can run on gasoline or E85 ethanol. And it's just the beginning. Join the ride.

Help turn your world yellow at **LiveGreenGoYellow.com.** Learn more about E85 ethanol, which GM vehicles can run on it, where you can get it and how you can make a difference. One car company can show you how.

Only GM

livegreen goyellow .com

Smithsonian
MAY 2006 VOLUME 37, NUMBER 2

Teenager Chen Daidai and her mother, Hu Shuzhen, a part-time real estate agent, live in an apartment that the family owns in Wenzhou, a hub of manufacturing—and growing prosperity.

A TALE OF T

As the red-hot Chinese economy feeds the world's appetite for consumer goods, the one-time workers' republic is more than ever a nation of haves and have-nots

BY STEPHEN GLAIN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK LEONG

THE DIMLY LIT ROOM has low ceilings and poor ventilation. The machinery is outdated and the glue guns leak. Rubber cement fumes spike the air. Rolls of leather stand alongside a pile of rubber soles. In a corner, a woman cuts synthetic material into shoe linings while her colleagues take a break over bowls of spicy tofu.

In depressed Shenyang, retiree Song Guifang and his wife, Yan Shikun, share a condemned two-room house with their two unemployed sons.

ALL: MARK LEONG / REDUX

WO CHINAS

Chen Chuang and Dai Wei located their factory in Wenzhou (pop. seven million), China's unofficial shoemaking capital, because of the city's ready supply of laborers. The factory produces some 100,000 pairs of shoes a year—deck shoes to cross-trainers—making a profit of about three yuan, or 37 cents, a pair. Chen, who wears a T-shirt with "Welcome to the Love Hood" on it, says he would have been miserable in the state-run rubber factory that employed his father. "Our future is much more interesting," he says. "We work for ourselves, and we are more successful because we can survive with such small margins."

In less than a generation, Wenzhou, a port city on the East China Sea about 200 miles south of Shanghai, has transformed itself from a charming backwater to a showcase of China's new commercial vitality. Wenzhou churns out not only shoes but also pharmaceuticals, garments, sporting

China produces about two-thirds of the world's shoes, and its unofficial shoe-making capital is Wenzhou (Chen Wenyi makes a call at the Heyu Shoe Materials Company). Says one factory owner: "Wenzhounese work harder than anyone else in China."

goods, optics, kitchen appliances, valves, paint and metal works. Construction cranes rake across work sites manned by crews on double and triple shifts. The city's annual per capita income of $2,500 is almost double the national average of $1,300. Gated communities of opulent villas have mushroomed in the suburbs, while entire neighborhoods of dilapidated *hutong*s—wooden homes and courtyards that have stood for centuries—await the wrecking ball. Traffic along the city's main thoroughfares is a frenzied ballet in which bicycles, wagon-pulling tractors and carts pedaled by coolies (derived in part from the Chinese *ku li*, or "bitter labor") vie with Cadillacs, BMWs and even Hummers.

Since 1989, when pro-democracy demonstrators were massacred in Beijing's Tiananmen Square, prompting many foreign business men and women to vow they would never bet again on China, the country has attracted $600 billion in foreign investment. China now enjoys an estimated $202 billion trade surplus with the United States and owns more than $795 billion in foreign currency, most of which is invested in U.S. bonds, which help the deficit-saddled U.S. government finance itself. In the two decades before 2000, the Chinese economy quadrupled, and it is expected to become the world's fourth largest by the end of this decade.

But the socialist state also suffers high levels of unemployment. Some 13 percent of its 1.3 billion people survive on a dollar a day or less. Chinese banks are stuck with half a trillion dollars in bad loans. And China's roads, railroads, energy grids and healthcare systems are woefully inadequate.

If China's colossal impact on world markets is now familiar, the effect of the red-hot economy at home, where it is fueling record levels of internal unrest, is less well known. Last year, China's public security minister Zhou Yongkang reported that almost four million Chinese took part in nearly 75,000 protest "incidents" in 2004. Zhou characterized the number as a "dramatic increase" over the previous year and noted a trend toward organized, rather than spontaneous, outbursts. In response, Beijing has reportedly formed a new police force equipped with helicopters and armored vehicles.

Meanwhile in the West, starry-eyed accounts of China's economic transformation often obscure Beijing's contempt for basic human rights, its one-party politics, its rubber-stamp judiciary, its censored Internet and oppressed minorities, and a prison system so secretive that human rights groups can only guess at how many people may be languishing in it.

STEPHEN GLAIN, who last wrote for the magazine about Syria, is the author of Mullahs, Merchants, and Militants. *Beijing-based MARK LEONG's photographs appear in his book,* China Obscura.

Wenzhou's newly affluent, who commute in imported luxury cars to gated suburban developments, are leading a sort of new cultural revolution—private enterprise. The city's $2,500 per capita annual income is nearly double the national average.

"China is facing a huge number of social and economic challenges that are making expensive demands on the national budget," says Murray Scot Tanner, a China analyst at the Washington office of the Rand Corporation, a Santa Monica-based think tank. "If the economy does not grow at an [adequate] rate, the pressure will intensify. There is not yet a sufficient appreciation in this country that when it comes to China, a number of things could still go wrong. The stakes are very high."

To reacquaint myself with China, a country I had not covered for seven years, I visited two cities separated by geography, history and politics. In Wenzhou, I found China's bold future, where newly made fortunes and go-go consumerism have transformed lifestyles but at a cost to the environment. In Shenyang, I found a once proud government stronghold now convulsed by free-market commerce, high unemployment, anxiety about the future and a certain longing for days past. Once the crucible of Maoism, Shenyang is by some accounts China's most politically unstable region. Both cities suggest that the global economy needs a stable China at least as much as China needs the global economy.

"THE MOUNTAINS ARE HIGH and the emperor is far away."

The old Chinese proverb alludes to how much can be achieved beyond the meddling reach of the state, and it is nowhere more appropriate than in Wenzhou.

Wenzhounese are known for their resourcefulness in turning what could be a geographic liability—isolation due to the forbidding Yandang Mountains—into an asset. Neglected for centuries by the central government, Wenzhou's citizens began pioneering a more nimble, private-enterprise economy long before Beijing launched its "market-socialist" reforms in the early 1980s under Premier Deng Xiaoping, who ended more than a quarter-century of totalitarian restrictions under Mao Zedong.

"People are defined by their geography, and Wenzhou was once an island, always remote from the cities," says Chen Youxin, a 73-year-old semiretired government historian who edits Wenzhou's official statistical yearbook. The city was a tiny kingdom with its own language and culture until, he says, it participated in a failed rebellion against a Han dynasty emperor in the second century B.C. In retaliation, the emperor exiled Wenzhou's entire population to the present-day eastern province of Anhui, and replaced it with people from the northeast who were among China's most cultured and educated. By the tenth century A.D., Wenzhou had emerged as an enclave of art, literature, handicraft and scholarship.

Wenzhounese became shrewd and self-reliant, Chen says. Centuries before the state began experimenting with private enterprise, the Wenzhou economy revolved around a nucleus of small, family-owned businesses financed by *gao li dai*, or high-interest loans from one family member or friend to another. Often capital is pooled among members of a *meng*, a fraternity of sorts of half a dozen or more male friends. The meng might help a member finance a home, find medical attention for a loved one or ensure that the seats at his wedding are filled—a real bonus in a country where guests are honor-bound to give newlyweds money. Last year, according to the *Chongqing Morning Post*, a provincial newspaper, Wenzhou residents spent nearly 11 percent of their income on wedding gifts, the highest in China.

The Wenzhou shoe market and factory complex takes up several city blocks. Inside a honeycomb of small shops and factories, pedestrians compete for sidewalk space with scooters, construction crews and boxes stacked outside crowded showrooms. The streets are slick with oil and garbage. Rows of squat warehouses roofed in corrugated steel or terra-cotta tile front sewage-choked waterways.

Pan Wenheng and his wife started the Wenzhou Rui Xing Shoe Factory 13 years ago with an initial investment of $6,230. The factory now turns out a thousand pairs of shoes a day. In its warehouse, canvas moccasins for Chinese buyers and leather loafers and lace-ups bound for Italy and Germany are stacked in black boxes on wooden pallets. The company generated sales of $4.6 million last year, according to Pan, whose laborers earn between $125 and $374 annually. "We work from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m.," he says. "We Wenzhounese work harder than anyone else in China."

A few blocks from Pan's factory, Wong Tsinhuei is cutting linoleum for a storefront. Wong says he makes ten times the amount he could earn back home in Shaanxi Province. He says he came to the city five years ago with his wife and three sisters, who work as chambermaids. They're among the 300 million people who left rural villages to find work in cities since Beijing lifted restrictions on personal movement in the mid-1980s—one of the largest migrations in human history. "I work every day if I can," says the 38-year-old Wong, an expert furniture-maker who began an apprenticeship at the age of 18. Wong says he makes about $200 a month, and he and his wife, who earns about $100 herself, send more than 15 percent of their income to family members back home.

The abundance of cheap labor in China has kept the prices of most consumer products low. Chinese people can now afford such commodities as televisions, refrigerators and personal computers, which were once considered luxury items. But services such as healthcare, which was jettisoned by the government to the free market decades ago, are costly and of uneven quality, and rent can absorb half of an average worker's wages. Still, many of China's itinerant workers have the same ambitions as their counterparts in other market economies. "There is no way we could make this kind of money in the village," Wong says. "But we won't stay here forever. Our dream is to make enough to build a big new house and lead a quiet life back in Shaanxi."

Getting rich may be an article of faith in Wenzhou, but it is not the only one. Religion, both Western and Asian, is enjoying a revival in a city known, because of its many Christian churches and Buddhist temples, as the Jerusalem of China. Organized faith has rebounded since the 1980s, when the Communist Party relaxed Mao-era prohibitions on religion. "Communism has become bankrupt as a worldview," says Daniel Wright, author of *The Promise of the Revolution*, a book about his experiences living in rural Guizhou Province, one of China's poorest regions. "Since the early 1980s, you've had a vacuum that religion has partially filled."

One of Wenzhou's oldest Christian establishments is the Cheng Xi Tang Methodist Church. It was built by

Ringed by mountains, Wenzhou has long benefited from its remoteness and is now part of a thriving "enterprise zone" for foreign investment. Rust-belt Shenyang, historically the capital of oft-disputed Manchuria, is struggling with market capitalism.

MAP: MIKE REAGAN

In Shenyang, the privatizing of state-run industries has taken a toll. "It used to be you had guaranteed employment," says retiree Li Zizhong (with daughter Li Hongyu, who could not find work as an industrial engineer and runs an art shop). "No longer."

British missionaries about 120 years ago, and its cherry-wood pews and lofty pulpit would make any Anglican congregation in Surrey proud. Yu Jianrong is the parish priest. He was attending a seminary in Nanjing when it was shut down in 1958 in the backlash that followed Mao's "Let A Hundred Flowers Bloom" campaign inviting public criticism of the Communist Party. (The movement turned out to be a ruse to expose and punish dissidents, clerics and intellectuals.) The genial Yu was forced to work in an electronics factory, and the Cheng Xi Tang Church was turned into a cinema. The church reopened in 1979. "There were 200 people then," he told me. "Now thousands come every Sunday." The parish bookstore offers Chinese- and English-language Gospels, prayer books, self-help books and Holy Land tour guides. There are even Chinese-language copies of *They Call Me Coach*, the autobiography of legendary UCLA basketball coach John Wooden, a pious Christian. Business is brisk.

SHENYANG, the capital of Liaoning Province, is about 940 miles northeast of Wenzhou. In the heart of what is known in the West as Manchuria, Shenyang was once celebrated as the blast furnace of Communist China's industrial might. Its wide thoroughfares are flanked by sprawling factories that for decades produced the bulk of China's steel, automobiles and machine tools. But by the late 1990s, when the government declared it would privatize its failing enterprises, most of Shenyang's factories were shut down or restructured. Tens of thousands of laborers, many of whom had spent their lives toiling for the state, were laid off and their pensions and benefits slashed or canceled.

Until health problems forced him to quit in the late 1990s, Li Zizhong used to work at the state-owned Shenyang City Metal Works just east of the city. The factory was privatized beginning in 1991, and many of its employees were let go. "The lower class is suffering due to these free-market

changes," says Li. "It used to be you had guaranteed employment. No longer." Still, Li says he's happily retired, exercising, practicing tai chi and assisting his daughter, 27-year-old Li Hongyu, who runs a shop that exhibits and sells paintings and calligraphy from local artists.

Her 8- by 12-foot gallery cost her the equivalent of $200 to purchase, and she estimates she makes $60 to $100 a month. "It's not much, but it helps us get by," she says. Li, an expert digital-lathe operator, has a college degree in industrial engineering and went into the art business only after fruitless attempts to find work at a large company.

Many Shenyangese are uneasy capitalists. Unlike in clannish Wenzhou, there is no *meng* safety net here. And with the size of an average Chinese family vastly reduced by the government's 25-year-old one-child policy, failed businessmen have few if any siblings to turn to for support. Many older Shenyangese are nostalgic for the cradle-to-grave health and education benefits of the Mao era, though not for Mao himself, who died in 1976 and whose brutality, drug use and perverse appetites have come to light in the years since.

Factory closings have "cast a shadow" over the "industrial heartland," one guidebook says (a scavenger amid the rubble of the Shenyang Standard Parts Factory, one of China's largest until it went bankrupt and was demolished several years ago).

A prosperous trading center under Mongol rule from the 10th to 12th centuries, Shenyang was an early capital of the Manchu dynasty, which ruled from 1644 to 1911. At the turn of the last century, Russia and Japan competed for influence in Shenyang and the rest of Manchuria, a rivalry that culminated in the 1904-5 Russo-Japanese War. The victorious Japanese went on to occupy and develop the region into an industrial base from the early 1930s to the end of World War II, after which Manchuria was restored by the Communists as China's industrial heartland.

Today, many engineers, managers and other former members of Shenyang's industrial elites drive taxis or run nanny and day care services. Some work for low wages in the city's vast indoor market amid counters piled high with fruits and vegetables and butchers' stalls full of animal carcasses. Li Fu, a 31-year-old electrician, has worked at a meat counter since

"When I worked for the state, I had medical benefits," says Li Fu, an electrician resigned to cutting meat in Shenyang's market (above). Now Li says he fends for himself—and many physicians won't treat a patient unless paid in advance.

he lost his job at the Donlu Radio Factory about a year ago. A member of Manchuria's large Muslim community, Li Fu lives with his parents, who both work outside the home, while his wife is a homemaker. Like many of his former colleagues, Li Fu says he earns slightly more money running his own business than he did as an electrician at a state-owned company. But the work is less rewarding, he says, and he worries about the future. "It's hard to say if things are better now than they used to be," Li Fu says as he pushes beef through a meat grinder. "When business is good, times are good. But when I worked for the state, I had medical benefits. Now, all that is gone."

Free-market economics has also caught up with the Chang family, whose home has been scheduled for demolition as part of Shenyang's urban renewal program. For 57 years the Changs have lived in two rooms and a vestibule that doubles as a kitchen. The Changs (who declined to give their real name for fear of reprisal from local officials) worry that the rent on their new home will drain half of their monthly earnings. "Frankly, I would rather rebuild what we have," Mrs. Chang says. "When you haven't been able to save all these years, you can't really afford a decent place. But the land belongs to the government, even if we own the house."

Mr. Chang was 21 when he joined the Shenyang Molding Factory in 1968. Thirty years later, it was sold to a private buyer, declared bankrupt and then its ex-director bought it back from the municipal government for a token 8 cents. "Most of the employees were sent home," Mr. Chang says. "There were demonstrations, but the government would not relent." The factory was then sold off bit by bit to other recently privatized companies. By the time Chang retired due to poor health in 2001, he had been demoted to mechanic and was earning $50 a month. Today, he collects a monthly pension of about $61. Still, the Changs feel they are lucky. Most redundant employees of state-owned companies are given token buyouts instead of pensions, if they are offered anything at all.

Mrs. Chang was sent during the Cultural Revolution to work on a farm collective in rural Inner Mongolia, and she still resents the six years she feels she wasted in the fields when she wanted to study literature. "We had to do it or else be associated with the 'unscrupulous few,'" she says solemnly. Almost to herself, she adds: "This was the prime of my life."

The husband and wife exchange glances. Mr. Chang stiffens. "The government will control the situation in an effective way," he says finally. "Everyone will have a job. The government works for the people of China. If there is difficulty, the government will take care of everything."

NAPOLEON famously counseled the world to "let China sleep, for when she awakes, she will shake the world." It is a memorable quotation, if somewhat misleading. China may indeed have napped over the centuries, but it has also been the world's largest economy for all but 3 of the past 20 centuries, and its current rise is more a return to its historic role than anything new.

Shenyang, once a crucible of totalitarian communism (a 1969 statue of Mao), is politically unstable, with public protests on the rise. If China's economy doesn't keep growing, one analyst warns, pressures may boil over: "The stakes are high."

A statue of Mao towers over the city square in downtown Shenyang. The Great Helmsman, as he was known, smiles broadly with his arm extended in a grand gesture of beneficence. On warm spring and summer evenings, young people mill about the square eating *tanghulu*, or sugar-coated fruit on a stick, and listen to music from portable radios. One recent afternoon, the square was nearly empty except for a few Shenyangese who seemed to regard the statue as they might a slightly deranged uncle at a family reunion. The statue is surrounded by buildings crested with billboards promoting everything from washing machines to cellphones. Shenyang is struggling to adjust to China's new economic reality, but one gets the feeling that it will not be long before boom times consume the Mao statue and what remains of his legacy, assuming an angry mob doesn't do it first.

DINOSAUR SHOCKER!

Probing a 68-million-year-old *T. rex*, Mary Schweitzer stumbled upon astonishing signs of life that may radically change our view of the beasts that once ruled the earth

BY HELEN FIELDS

SHE IS NOT YOUR TYPICAL PALEONTOLOGIST.

Neatly dressed in blue Capri pants and a sleeveless top, long hair flowing over her bare shoulders, Mary Schweitzer sits at a microscope in a dim lab, her face lit only by a glowing computer screen showing a network of thin, branching vessels. That's right, blood vessels. From a dinosaur. "Ho-ho-ho, I am excite-e-e-e-d," she chuckles. "I am, like, *really* excited."

After 68 million years in the ground, a *Tyrannosaurus rex* found in Montana was dug up, its leg bone was broken in pieces, and fragments were dissolved in acid in Schweitzer's laboratory at North Carolina State University in Raleigh. "Cool beans," she says, looking at the image on the screen.

It was big news indeed last year when Schweitzer announced she had discovered blood vessels and structures that looked like whole cells inside that *T. rex* bone—the first observation of its kind. The finding amazed colleagues, who had never imagined that even a trace of still-soft dinosaur tissue could survive. After all, as any textbook will tell you, when an animal dies, soft tissues such as blood vessels, muscle and skin decay and disappear over time, while hard tissues like bone may gradually acquire minerals from the environment and become fossils. Schweitzer, one of the first scientists to use the tools of modern cell biology to study dinosaurs, has upended the conventional wisdom by showing that some rock-hard fossils tens of millions of years old may have remnants of soft tissues hidden away in their interiors. "The reason it hasn't been discovered before is no right-thinking paleontologist would do what Mary did with her specimens. We don't go to all this effort to dig this stuff out of the ground to then destroy it in acid," says dinosaur paleontologist Thomas Holtz Jr., of the University of Maryland. "It's great science." The observations could shed new light on how dinosaurs evolved and how their muscles and blood vessels worked. And the new findings might help settle a long-running debate about whether dinosaurs were warm-blooded, coldblooded—or both.

Meanwhile, Schweitzer's research has been hijacked by "young earth" creationists, who insist that dinosaur soft tissue couldn't possibly survive millions of years. They claim her discoveries support their belief, based on their interpretation of Genesis, that the earth is only a few thousand years old. Of course, it's not unusual for a paleontologist to differ with creationists. But when creationists misrepresent Schweitzer's data, she takes it personally: she describes herself as "a complete and total Christian." On a shelf in her office is a plaque bearing an Old Testament verse: "For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future."

It may be that Schweitzer's unorthodox approach to paleontology can be traced to her roundabout career path. Growing up in Helena, Montana, she went through a phase when, like many kids, she was fascinated by dinosaurs. In fact, at age 5 she announced she was going to be a paleontologist. But first she got a college degree in communicative disorders, married, had three children and briefly taught remedial biology to high

ROGER WINSTEAD / NORTH CAROLINA STATE UNIVERSITY

"No right-thinking paleontologist would do what Mary did with her specimens," a colleague says of Schweitzer (on the North Carolina State University campus). Her unorthodox work has opened a new vista on the mysterious biology of dinosaurs.

JACK HORNER / MUSEUM OF THE ROCKIES

schoolers. In 1989, a dozen years after she graduated from college, she sat in on a class at Montana State University taught by paleontologist Jack Horner, of the Museum of the Rockies, now an affiliate of the Smithsonian Institution. The lectures reignited her passion for dinosaurs. Soon after, she talked her way into a volunteer position in Horner's lab and began to pursue a doctorate in paleontology.

She initially thought she would study how the microscopic structure of dinosaur bones differs depending on how much the animal weighs. But then came the incident with the red spots.

IN 1991, Schweitzer was trying to study thin slices of bones from a 65-million-year-old *T. rex*. She was having a hard time getting the slices to stick to a glass slide, so she sought help from a molecular biologist at the university. The biologist, Gayle Callis, happened to take the slides to a veterinary conference, where she set up the ancient samples for others to look at. One of the vets went up to Callis and said, "Do you know you have red blood cells in that bone?" Sure enough, under a microscope, it appeared that the bone was filled with red disks. Later, Schweitzer recalls, "I looked at this and I looked at this and I thought, this can't be. Red blood cells don't preserve."

Schweitzer showed the slide to Horner. "When she first found the red-blood-cell-looking structures, I said, Yep, that's what they look like," her mentor recalls. He thought it was possible they were red blood cells, but he gave her some advice: "Now see if you can find some evidence to show that that's not what they are."

What she found instead was evidence of heme in the bones—additional support for the idea that they were red blood cells. Heme is a part of hemoglobin, the protein that carries oxygen in the blood and gives red blood cells their color. "It got me real curious as to exceptional preservation," she says. If particles of that one dinosaur were able to hang around for 65 million years, maybe the textbooks were wrong about fossilization.

Schweitzer tends to be self-deprecating, claiming to be hopeless at computers, lab work and talking to strangers. But colleagues admire her, saying she's determined and hard-working and has mastered a number of complex laboratory techniques that are beyond the skills of most paleontologists. And asking unusual questions took a lot of nerve. "If you point her in a direction and say, don't go that way, she's the kind of person who'll say, Why?—and she goes and tests it herself," says Gregory Erickson, a paleobiologist at Florida State University. Schweitzer takes risks, says Karen Chin, a University of Colorado paleontologist. "It could be a big payoff or it could just be kind of a ho-hum research project."

In 2003, paleontologists finished excavating the oldest and one of the best-preserved *T. rex* specimens ever found, from a cliff in eastern Montana (opposite). Most of the 30-foot-long fossil went to the Museum of the Rockies in Bozeman. But the museum's Jack Horner, who ran the dig, sent a few fragments of the dinosaur's broken femur (above, the reassembled 3.5-foot-long bone) to Schweitzer, who discovered cellular features that no one had expected in a fossil millions of years old.

MUSEUM OF THE ROCKIES; NEW YORK TIMES GRAPHICS

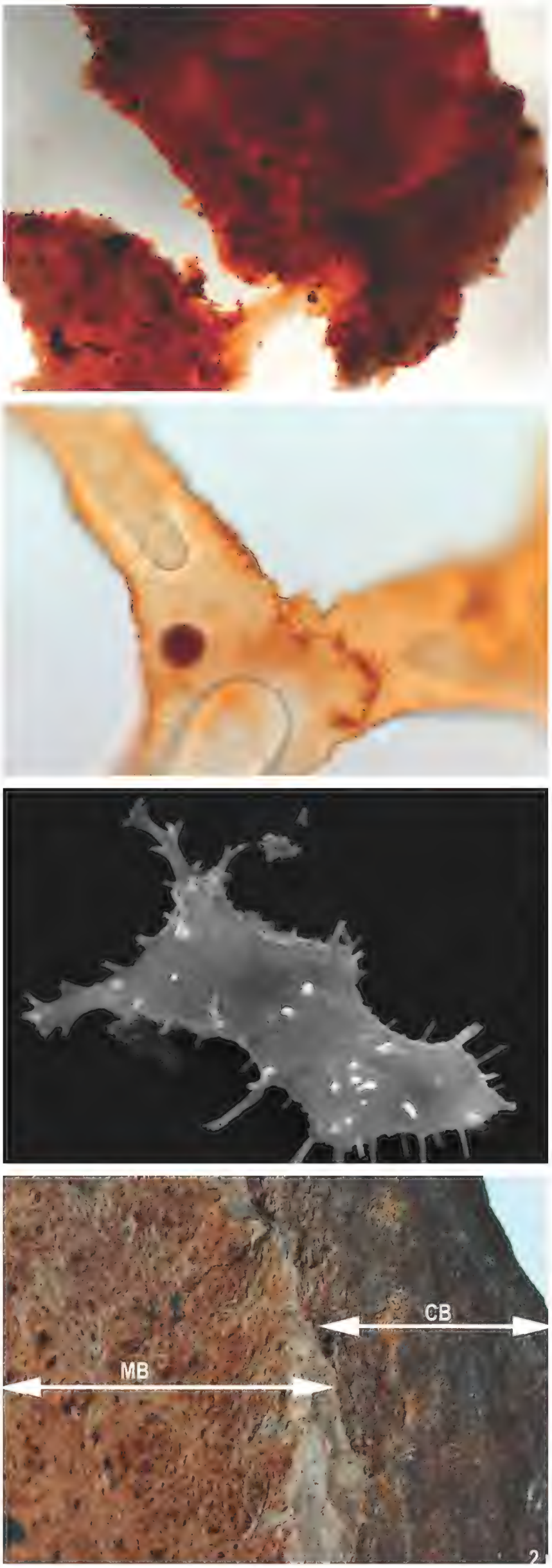
IN 2000, Bob Harmon, a field crew chief from the Museum of the Rockies, was eating his lunch in a remote Montana canyon when he looked up and saw a bone sticking out of a rock wall. That bone turned out to be part of what may be the best preserved *T. rex* in the world. Over the next three summers, workers chipped away at the dinosaur, gradually removing it from the cliff face. They called it B. rex in Harmon's honor and nicknamed it Bob. In 2001, they encased a section of the dinosaur and the surrounding dirt in plaster to protect it. The package weighed more than 2,000 pounds, which turned out to be just above their helicopter's capacity, so they split it in half. One of B. rex's leg bones was broken into two big pieces and several fragments—just what Schweitzer needed for her micro-scale explorations.

It turned out Bob had been misnamed. "It's a girl and she's pregnant," Schweitzer recalls telling her lab technician when she looked at the fragments. On the hollow inside surface of the femur, Schweitzer had found scraps of bone that gave a surprising amount of information about the dinosaur that made them. Bones may seem as steady as stone, but they're actually constantly in flux. Pregnant women use calcium from their bones to build the skeleton of a developing fetus. Before female birds start to lay eggs, they form a calcium-rich structure called medullary bone on the inside of their leg and other bones; they draw on it during the breeding season to make eggshells. Schweitzer had studied birds, so she knew about medullary bone, and that's what she figured she was seeing in that *T. rex* specimen.

Most paleontologists now agree that birds are the dinosaurs' closest living relatives. In fact, they say that birds *are* dinosaurs—colorful, incredibly diverse, cute little feathered dinosaurs. The theropod of the Jurassic forests lives on in the goldfinch visiting the backyard feeder, the toucans of the tropics and the ostriches loping across the African savanna.

To understand her dinosaur bone, Schweitzer turned to two of the most primitive living birds: ostriches and emus.

HELEN FIELDS is a health writer for U.S. News & World Report. *She last wrote for* SMITHSONIAN *about snakehead fish.*



In the summer of 2004, she asked several ostrich breeders for female bones. A farmer called, months later. "Y'all still need that lady ostrich?" The dead bird had been in the farmer's backhoe bucket for several days in the North Carolina heat. Schweitzer and two colleagues collected a leg from the fragrant carcass and drove it back to Raleigh.

As far as anyone can tell, Schweitzer was right: Bob the dinosaur really did have a store of medullary bone when she died. A paper published in *Science* last June presents microscope pictures of medullary bone from ostrich and emu side by side with dinosaur bone, showing near-identical features.

In the course of testing a B. rex bone fragment further, Schweitzer asked her lab technician, Jennifer Wittmeyer, to put it in weak acid, which slowly dissolves bone, including fossilized bone—but not soft tissues. One Friday night in January 2004, Wittmeyer was in the lab as usual. She took out a fossil chip that had been in the acid for three days and put it under the microscope to take a picture. "[The chip] was curved so much, I couldn't get it in focus," Wittmeyer recalls. She used forceps to flatten it. "My forceps kind of sunk into it, made a little indentation and it curled back up. I was like, stop it!" Finally, through her irritation, she realized what she had: a fragment of dinosaur soft tissue left behind when the mineral bone around it had dissolved. Suddenly Schweitzer and Wittmeyer were dealing with something no one else had ever seen. For a couple of weeks, Wittmeyer said, it was like Christmas every day.

In the lab, Wittmeyer now takes out a dish with six compartments, each holding a little brown dab of tissue in clear liquid, and puts it under the microscope lens. Inside each specimen is a fine network of almost-clear branching vessels—the tissue of a female *Tyrannosaurus rex* that strode through the forests 68 million years ago, preparing to lay eggs. Close up, the blood vessels from that *T. rex* and her ostrich cousins look remarkably alike. Inside the dinosaur vessels are things Schweitzer diplomatically calls "round microstructures" in the journal article, out of an abundance of scientific caution, but they are red and round, and she and other scientists suspect that they are red blood cells.

Of course, what everyone wants to know is whether DNA might be lurking in that tissue. Wittmeyer, from much experience with the press since the discovery, calls this "the awful question"—whether Schweitzer's work is paving the road to a real-life version of science fiction's *Jurassic Park*, where dinosaurs were regenerated from DNA preserved in

Even after 68 million years, these dinosaur remains look surprisingly fresh under Schweitzer's microscope. A tiny blob of stretchy brown matter (top), soft tissue from inside the leg bone, suggests the specimen had not completely decomposed. Upon closer inspection, Schweitzer and colleague Jennifer Wittmeyer found possible blood vessels and red blood cells (upper middle) as well as bone-building cells (lower middle). In a separate discovery (bottom), they found that the bone included not only the standard cortical bone (CB) but also calcium-rich medullary bone (MB), which accumulates prior to laying eggs. This indicates that the animal was female.

© SCIENCE (4)

amber. But DNA, which carries the genetic script for an animal, is a very fragile molecule. It's also ridiculously hard to study because it is so easily contaminated with modern biological material, such as microbes or skin cells, while buried or after being dug up. Instead, Schweitzer has been testing her dinosaur tissue samples for proteins, which are a bit hardier and more readily distinguished from contaminants. Specifically, she's been looking for collagen, elastin and hemoglobin. Collagen makes up much of the bone scaffolding, elastin is wrapped around blood vessels and hemoglobin carries oxygen inside red blood cells.

Because the chemical makeup of proteins changes through evolution, scientists can study protein sequences to learn more about how dinosaurs evolved. And because proteins do all the work in the body, studying them could someday help scientists understand dinosaur physiology—how their muscles and blood vessels worked, for example.

Proteins are much too tiny to pick out with a microscope. To look for them, Schweitzer uses antibodies, immune system molecules that recognize and bind to specific sections of proteins. Schweitzer and Wittmeyer have been using antibodies to chicken collagen, cow elastin and ostrich hemoglobin to search for similar molecules in the dinosaur tissue. At an October 2005 paleontology conference, Schweitzer presented preliminary evidence that she has detected real dinosaur proteins in her specimens.

Wittmeyer and Schweitzer (in their lab) say they would rather be hunting for fossils in the field in Montana. "The glamour of paleontology," Schweitzer says wryly, "you are seeing it right here."

LYNDA RICHARDSON

Further discoveries in the past year have shown that the discovery of soft tissue in B. rex wasn't just a fluke. Schweitzer and Wittmeyer have now found probable blood vessels, bone-building cells and connective tissue in another *T. rex*, in a theropod from Argentina and in a 300,000-year-old woolly mammoth fossil. Schweitzer's work is "showing us we really don't understand decay," Holtz says. "There's a lot of really basic stuff in nature that people just make assumptions about."

YOUNG-EARTH CREATIONISTS also see Schweitzer's work as revolutionary, but in an entirely different way. They first seized upon Schweitzer's work after she wrote an article for the popular science magazine *Earth* in 1997 about possible red blood cells in her dinosaur specimens. *Creation* magazine claimed that Schweitzer's research was "powerful testimony against the whole idea of dinosaurs living millions of years ago. It speaks volumes for the Bible's account of a recent creation."

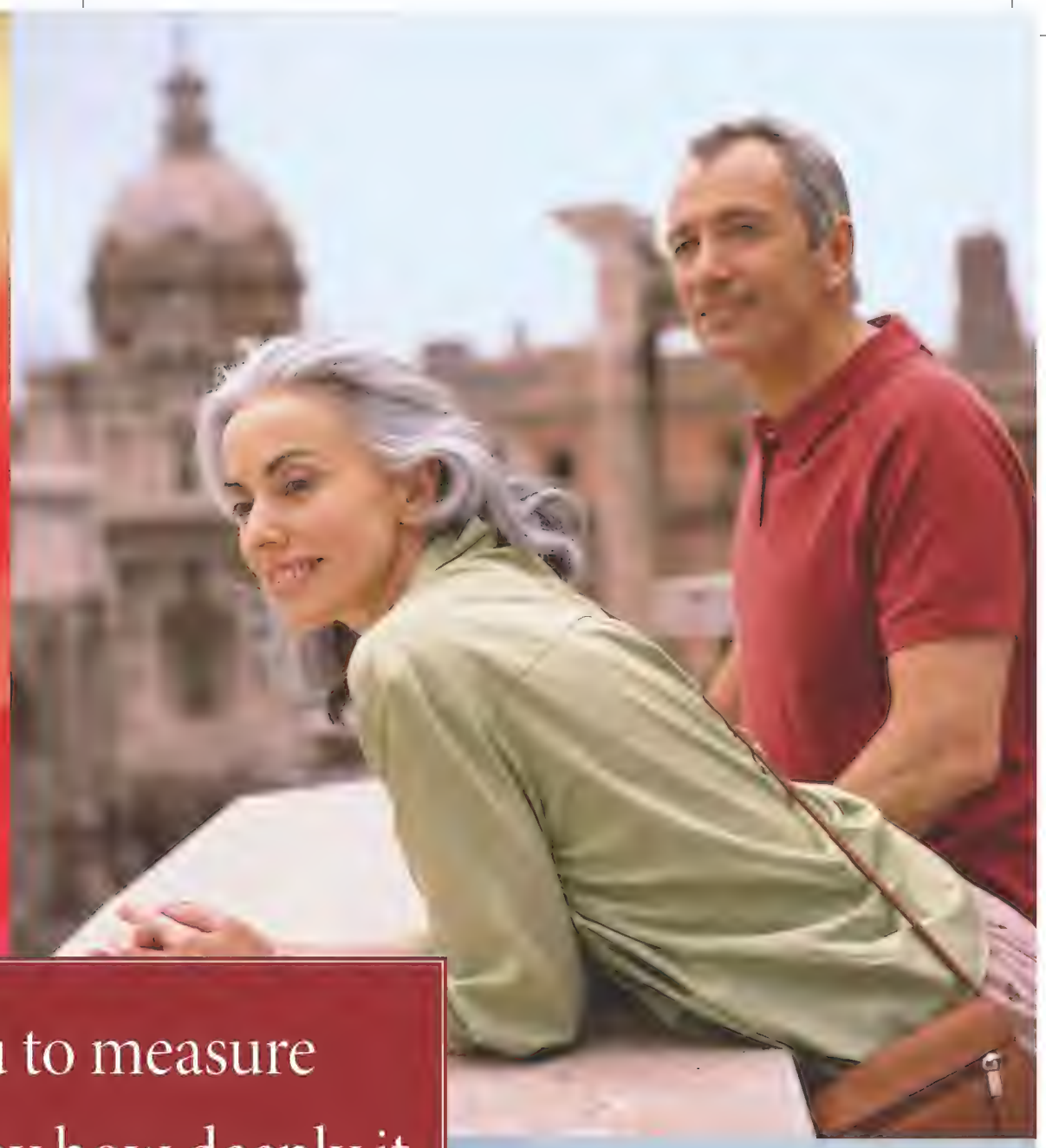
This drives Schweitzer crazy. Geologists have established that the Hell Creek Formation, where B. rex was found, is 68 million years old, and so are the bones buried in it. She's horrified that some Christians accuse her of hiding the true meaning of her data. "They treat you really bad," she says. "They twist your words and they manipulate your data." For her, science and religion represent two different ways of looking at the world; invoking the hand of God to explain natural phenomena breaks the rules of science. After all, she says, what God asks is faith, not evidence. "If you have all this evidence and proof positive that God exists, you don't need faith. I think he kind of designed it so that we'd never be able to prove his existence. And I think that's really cool."

By definition, there is a lot that scientists don't know, because the whole point of science is to explore the unknown. By being clear that scientists haven't explained everything, Schweitzer leaves room for other explanations. "I think that we're always wise to leave certain doors open," she says.

BUT SCHWEITZER'S interest in the long-term preservation of molecules and cells does have an otherworldly dimension: she's collaborating with NASA scientists on the search for evidence of possible past life on Mars, Saturn's moon Titan, and other heavenly bodies. (Scientists announced this spring, for instance, that Saturn's tiny moon Enceladus appears to have liquid water, a probable precondition for life.) Astrobiology is one of the wackier branches of biology, dealing in life that might or might not exist and might or might not take any recognizable form. "For almost everybody who works on NASA stuff, they are just in hog heaven, working on astrobiology questions," Schweitzer says. Her NASA research involves using antibodies to probe for signs of life in unexpected places. "For me, it's the means to an end. I really want to know about my dinosaurs."

To that purpose, Schweitzer, with Wittmeyer, spends hours in front of microscopes in dark rooms. To a fourth-generation Montanan, even the relatively laid-back Raleigh area is a big city. She reminisces wistfully about scouting for field sites on horseback in Montana. "Paleontology by microscope is not that fun," she says. "I'd much rather be out tromping around."

"My eyeballs are just absolutely fried," Schweitzer says after hours of gazing through the microscope's eyepieces at glowing vessels and blobs. You could call it the price she pays for not being typical.



We invite you to measure every destination by how deeply it moves you.

Enrichment. It's the ultimate reward of any journey, and one presented frequently by Holland America's unique worldwide itineraries. So when you step onto the shore at any of our 280 ports of call, equipped with time to explore, you can expect to see things you've never seen. Hear things you've never heard. Feel things you've never felt. And return to the ship moved by an experience that is signature Holland America Line. Call your travel agent or 1-877-SAIL HAL, or visit www.hollandamerica.com.

Holland America Line

A Signature of Excellence

Alaska • Asia & Pacific • Australia & New Zealand
Canada & New England • Caribbean • Europe • Hawaii • Mexico
Panama Canal • South America • World Voyage

SHIFTING G

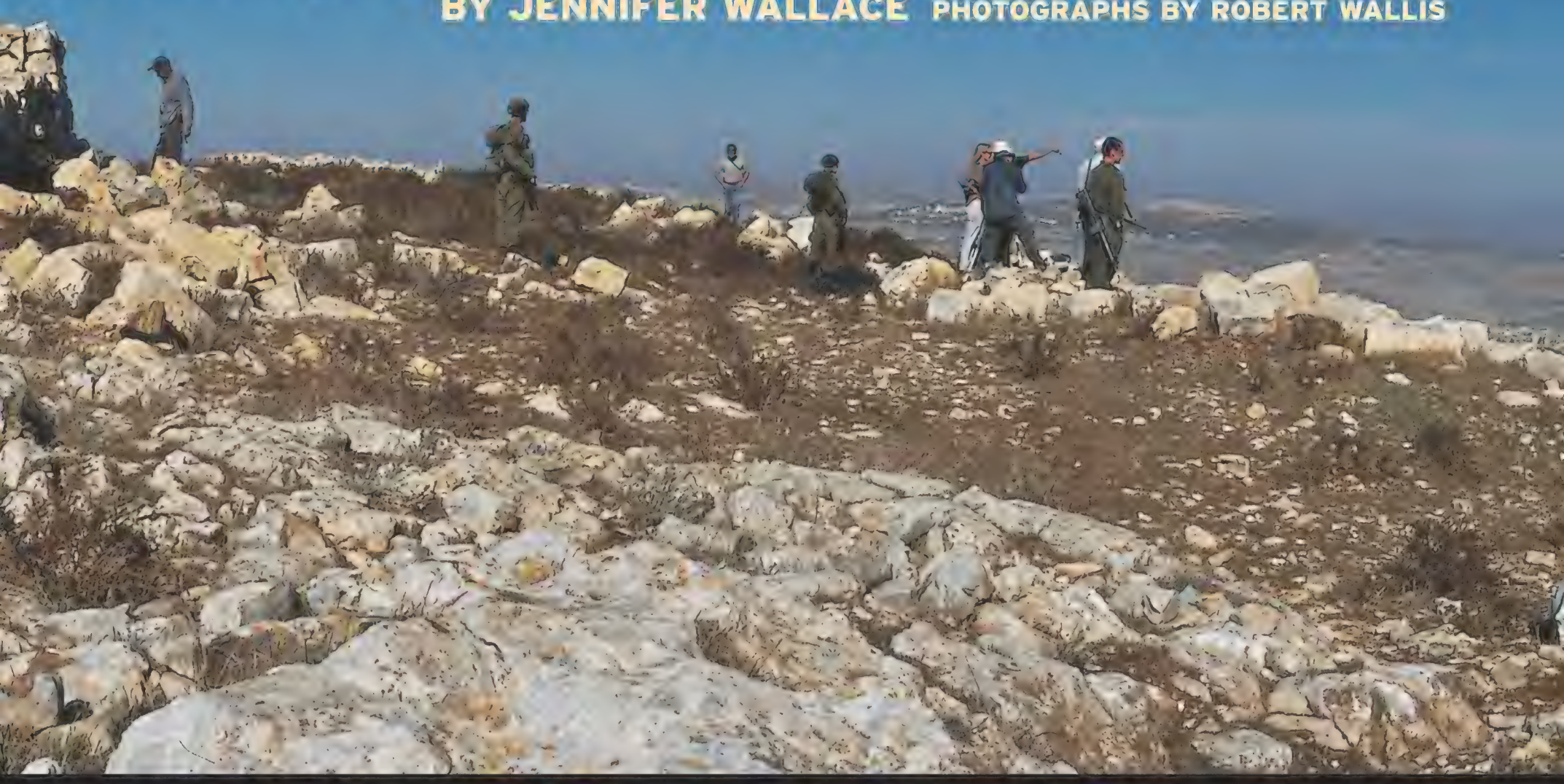
On Mount Ebal, in the West Bank, archaeologist Adam Zertal (pointing) believes he has found the altar that Joshua built on Moses' instructions, a finding that other archaeologists have challenged. (Israeli soldiers look out for Palestinian snipers.)

CLUTCHING A BIBLE and a bag of oranges he picked at the kibbutz where he lives, Haifa University archaeologist Adam Zertal climbs into an armored van beside me. A vehicle full of soldiers is in front of us; two Israeli Army vans are behind us. The convoy sets off through the heavily guarded gates of the settlement of Karnei Shomron and onto a dusty mountain road in the Israeli-occupied West Bank. Through bulletproof windows six inches thick, we soon see the Palestinian city of Nablus in the valley below. After ten minutes the convoy stops, and an officer from the lead vehicle, an Uzi automatic weapon

ROUND IN THE HOLY LAND

Archaeology is casting new light on the Old Testament

BY JENNIFER WALLACE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT WALLIS



slung over his shoulder, runs back to consult with Zertal's driver in Hebrew. "We are waiting for clearance for this section of the road," Zertal tells me. "There has been trouble here in the past."

After 20 minutes the convoy moves on. The track peters out onto a plateau, and we can see the mountains of Gerizim and Kebir on the other side of the valley. Ahead lies Zertal's destination: a heap of stones he chanced upon in 1980 and excavated for nine years. It doesn't look like much at first, but closer inspection reveals a rectangular structure, about 30 feet by 23 feet, with thick walls and a ramp leading up to a platform ten feet high. Zertal believes the

"If this corroborates exactly what is written in that part of the Bible, it means that probably other parts are historically correct. The impact is tremendous."

Zertal (on Mount Ebal) has surveyed parts of the West Bank for 28 years, seeking evidence that would illuminate how the ancient Israelites entered Canaan.

structure was the altar that the Bible says the prophet Joshua built on Mount Ebal—the altar he built on instructions from Moses, after the Israelites had crossed into the promised land of Canaan. This, Zertal says, is where Joshua allotted the new land among the 12 tribes, and where the Israelites "became a people," as the Old Testament puts it.

"The altar was supposed to be nonexistent, a legend," says Zertal, leaning on crutches, a legacy of wounds he suffered in combat during the 1973 Yom Kippur War against Egypt and Syria. "At first we didn't know what we were excavating."

We sit on a rock, looking at the ramp and walls, and open up a Bible. The Book of Joshua describes the building of the altar, but Moses' instructions come earlier, in Deuteronomy 27:4: "So when you have crossed over the Jordan you shall set up these stones, about which I am commanding you today, on Mount Ebal, and you shall cover them with plaster."

Meanwhile, four soldiers circle around us, guns at the ready, scouring the hillside for snipers.

NEARLY EVERY FRIDAY for the past 28 years, Zertal has gathered friends and students to map the hills and desert on the Jordan River's west bank, seeking evidence that would illuminate how the ancient Israelites entered Canaan, or modern-day Israel and Palestine, in the late 13th century B.C. In this search, the Old Testament has quite literally been his guide. This approach was once common for archaeologists in Israel, but in recent years it has come to define an extreme position in a debate over whether the Bible should be read as historical fact or metaphorical fiction.

Those in Zertal's camp say that all, or nearly all, the events in the early books of the Old Testament not only actually happened but are supported by material evidence on the ground. On the other side are the so-called biblical minimalists, who argue that the Old Testament is literary rather than historical—the work of ideologues who wrote it between the fifth and second centuries B.C.—and that Moses, Joshua, David and Solomon never even existed. A third group accepts the Bible as folk memory transmuted into myth—a mixture of fact and fiction. They argue over the balance between the two.

The various points of view have focused on a few fundamental questions: Did the Israelites, under Moses and then Joshua, leave Egypt, conquer Canaan and establish settlements in the 13th century B.C.? And did David and then Solomon preside over a great united kingdom, with its capital in Jerusalem and its temple on the Temple Mount, 200 years later?

JENNIFER WALLACE is the author of Digging the Dirt: The Archaeological Imagination. *ROBERT WALLIS, a freelance photographer, is based in London.*

MAP: MIKE REAGAN

In Israel, these questions reach beyond academe to the nation's very sense of itself. In the Israeli collective consciousness, the kingdom of David and Solomon is the model for the nation-state. Under Ariel Sharon, the government invoked the Bible to support the Israeli presence in the occupied territories on the West Bank, in violation of the Fourth Geneva Convention, which prohibits civilian settlements on occupied territory. The Jewish struggle for sovereignty over all Jerusalem is also traced to biblical accounts of David's kingdom and Solomon's temple.

Yet most archaeologists in Israel insist their work has nothing to do with politics. Their debates, they say, focus on what is in the Bible, and what is in the ground.

For the literalists, the stones at Mount Ebal are crucial. "If this corroborates exactly what is written in that very old part of the Bible," says Zertal, "it means that probably other parts are historically correct. The impact is tremendous."

By 1985, Zertal had concluded that the stone structure was Joshua's altar. It fit the Bible's description of the site, he says, and its ramp and other features are consistent with ancient accounts of the altar at the Second Temple in Jerusalem—another example of such a structure in ancient Israel. In addition, Zertal says he found charred animal bones at the site, which he interpreted as sacrificial offerings. To Zertal, the "altar" proves that the Israelites crossed the Jordan and entered Canaan, just as the Old Testament says they did.

Zertal, 60, has a poetic affinity for the land he has spent so much time surveying. Talking to local Bedouin shepherds in Arabic about place names and checking them against biblical references, he has found what he says are more than 300 Israelite sites from the early Iron Age (or Iron Age I, as the years 1200 to 1000 B.C. are known), moving gradually westward into Israel.

But he has yet to submit his Ebal finds to radiocarbon dating. And he professes a dislike for the common archaeological practice of establishing chronologies by radiocarbon dating potsherds, or pieces of broken pottery. "Others see things through the narrow keyhole of pottery," he tells me as I join him on one of his Friday walkabouts. "I prefer to see things in a wider perspective: history, Bible, literature, poetry."

While Zertal's findings on Mount Ebal have given comfort to those in Israel and elsewhere who take the Bible literally, few of his fellow archaeologists have accepted his conclusions. In an article in the *Biblical Archaeology Review* in 1986, Aharon Kempinski of Tel Aviv University contended that the stones were actually part of a watchtower from the first part of the Iron Age, and that there is "no basis whatever for interpreting this structure as an altar." Most archaeologists have ignored the find. "Adam Zertal is the lone wolf," says Uzi Dahari, deputy director of the Israel Antiquities Authority. "He's working alone."

"There's definitely an Iron I site there, and there may even be evidence for cultic activity," says Israel Finkelstein, an archaeologist at Tel Aviv University. "But I don't think that you can take the Book of Joshua and use it as a guidebook to the architectural landscape. Joshua was put in writing much later than the events it describes and is full of ideologies related to the needs of the writers."

"I don't think you can take the Book of Joshua and use it as a guidebook to the architectural landscape."

Israel Finkelstein (left) has led the archaeological challenge to biblical literalism. At Megiddo (below), he has concluded that there was no united Israelite kingdom under David.

Though Finkelstein occupies the middle ground between the literalists and the minimalists, he has led the challenge to traditional biblical archaeology in Israel for the past decade. He offers a markedly different picture of Israel's early history.

FINKELSTEIN and co-author Neil Asher Silberman rocked the world of biblical archaeology with the publication, five years ago, of *The Bible Unearthed*. The book argues that the biblical accounts of early Israelite history reveal more about the time they were written—the seventh century B.C.—than the events they describe, which would have taken place centuries earlier. The book also maintains that Israeli archaeologists have indulged in a kind of circular reasoning, drawing on biblical references to date a potsherd, for example, and then using it to identify places described in the Bible. The Bible, Finkelstein believes, should be used far more cautiously in interpreting archaeological sites.

Last year, Finkelstein received the $1 million Dan David Prize for innovative research, awarded by an international venture based at Tel Aviv University. But his work has proved controversial. Several archaeologists have challenged his finding that some ruins related to Solomon are too recent to fit into the biblical account of his reign ("a huge distortion," says Amihai Mazar of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem). David Hazony, editor of a journal sponsored by a conservative Israeli think tank, wrote that "the urge to smash myths has overtaken sound judgment" in Finkelstein's work. In an essay in the Israeli daily *Ha'aretz*, Hershel Shanks, editor of the *Biblical Archaeology Review*, likened Finkelstein to the minimalists, who, he said, were "anti-Israel" and "anti-Semitic" for their "faddish lack of pride in Israel's history."

Over lunch on the Tel Aviv University campus, Finkelstein, 57, jokes that his more conservative colleagues "are the guardians of the true faith. We are the simple apostates." More seriously, he adds: "I was surprised that some scholars are completely deaf and blind, in my opinion, and they don't accept the inevitable and very clear evidence."

He cites the fact—now accepted by most archaeologists—that many of the cities Joshua is supposed to have sacked in the late 13th century B.C. had ceased to exist by that time. Hazor was destroyed in the middle of that century, and Ai was abandoned before 2000 B.C. Even Jericho, where Joshua is said to have brought the walls tumbling down by circling the city seven times with blaring trumpets, was destroyed in 1500 B.C. Now controlled by the Palestinian Authority, the Jericho site consists of crumbling pits and trenches that testify to a century of fruitless digging.

Finkelstein says that rather than following Joshua out of the desert into Canaan and conquering the indigenous population, the early Israelites were actually Canaanites—that is, they *were* the indigenous population. Yes, he acknowledges, there was a wave of new settlements on the hills to the east and west of the Jordan River around 1200 B.C. But Finkelstein says such settlements are not necessarily a sign of conquest—archaeological evidence instead suggests a waxing and waning of the population both before and after that time. Instead of marching armies and massive slaughter, he sees a slow and gradual evolution of Israelite culture. "The emergence of the different ethnic identities was a very long process," he insists.

More and more archaeologists have accepted the idea that "the Joshua invasion as it is described in the Bible was never really a historical event," as Amihai Mazar puts it. But they disagree about the exact nature and origins of those who built the ancient hilltop settlements on the West Bank.

Even more vexing is the question of a united kingdom under David and then Solomon. Trying to answer it has taken Finkelstein to the ruin of Megiddo, which most archaeologists once believed was the site of a palace King Solomon built sometime between 970 and 930 B.C.

AN HOUR'S DRIVE northeast of Tel Aviv, Megiddo is a huge archaeological tell, or mound, the result of centuries of city-building in the same confined space. The tell is complicated, featuring stone walls from 30 layers of habitation spanning six millennia. Date palms have sprouted from seeds that previous excavators spit on the ground. A magnificent view sweeps from Mount Carmel in the northwest to Nazareth to Mount Gilboa in the northeast.

Finkelstein critic Amihai Mazar says "it's impossible to condense all these strata of pottery to such a short time span," so the new chronology can't be right.

Mazar (left) says Finkelstein's dating of potsherds at Megiddo is wrong by about 50 years. The discrepancy may seem small, given the ancient context, but the implications reverberate into present-day politics.

"Israel used biblical archaeology formally as a colonial ideology. . . . Land was confiscated in the name of God and archaeology."

Hamdan Taha, director general of the Palestinian Authority's department for antiquities and cultural heritage, is skeptical of research that links biblical events with land that Palestinians feel is rightfully theirs.

Many Christians believe this will be the site of Armageddon, where, according to the New Testament's Book of Revelations, the final battle between good and evil will be waged, followed by the second coming of Christ. Evangelical Christians regularly gather at Megiddo to pray. But the site is also the focus of the debate over whether the biblical story of Solomon can be supported archaeologically.

The second Book of Samuel declares that King David "reigned over all Israel and Judah" at Jerusalem. After David, according to the first Book of Kings, Solomon was "sovereign over all the kingdoms from the Euphrates to the land of the Philistines, even to the border of Egypt." To many Jews, the era of David and Solomon represents their homeland's zenith, the age of a Greater Israel. In I Kings, it is a time of great prosperity—"Judah and Israel were as numerous as the sand by the sea; they ate and drank and were happy"—during which Solomon built a great temple in Jerusalem, as well as the cities of Hazor, Gezer and Megiddo. Over the past century, four archaeological excavations have searched for Solomonic artifacts in Megiddo, concentrating in recent decades on a few stone blocks some say are the remains of a great palace and stables.

Archaeologist Yigael Yadin, who excavated Megiddo in the early 1960s, believed that the stables belonged to King Ahab, who ruled in the ninth century B.C.; a ninth-century Assyrian inscription on a stone monument at Nimrud, in modern-day Iraq, described Ahab's great chariot force. Yadin reasoned that the palace, which lies below the stables and so must be earlier, is part of a great building from the time of Solomon. But Finkelstein, who has been excavating at Megiddo for more than ten years, argues that this chronology is wrong—that both layers are several decades later than Yadin posited.

The palace layer beneath the stables, Finkelstein notes, bears masonry marks like those found at a ninth-century B.C. palace site nearby. In addition, pottery found at the palace is almost identical to pottery found at Jezreel, about six miles away, which has also been dated to the mid-ninth century B.C. through independently dated potsherds and biblical references. Finkelstein says that Yadin's claim, which lacks any confirmation by independent potsherd dating, rests on the I Kings reference only—"This is the account of the forced labor that King Solomon conscripted to build the house of the Lord and his own house, the Millo and the wall of Jerusalem, Hazor, Megiddo, Gezer."

Finkelstein also says that masonry marks and potsherds from the palace layer suggest that it must have been built around 850 B.C., in the time of Ahab—who "did evil in the sight of the Lord more than all who were before him," according to I Kings. The so-called golden age of Solomon, Finkelstein goes on, is not supported by archaeological evidence. Rather, he says, it's a myth concocted in the seventh century B.C. by the authors of Kings and Samuel to validate Judah's expansion into the northern territory of Israel. Finally, Finkelstein says David never united the country; rather, Judah and Israel remained neighboring states. (The only non-biblical reference to David is found in a ninth-century B.C. inscription from Tel Dan, a biblical site in northern Israel that mentions "the House of David." Finkelstein says the inscription proves only that David existed, not that he united the kingdom.)

Finkelstein believes that pottery that the literalists date to the mid-tenth century B.C. should actually be dated to the first half of the ninth century B.C. But not everyone agrees. Hebrew University's Mazar, one of Finkelstein's main critics, insists with equal conviction that "it's impossible to condense all these strata of pottery to such a short time span."

In the fall of 2004, Mazar and Finkelstein each presented their contradictory theses at a conference at Oxford, England, and each brought in a physicist to analyze the radiocarbon dating of the objects from Megiddo. But since the margin of error for radiocarbon dating is about 50 years—within the difference between the competing chronologies—both could claim validation for their theories. The discrepancy of 50 years might seem like splitting hairs, but the implications reverberate into the present day.

BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY has been popular in Israel since the nation's founding in 1948. As Jews poured into Israel from all over Europe following the Holocaust, the "national hobby" helped newcomers build a sense of belonging.

Eilat Mazar says her research is scientific, but that she also believes it is "unwise to dismiss the value of the Bible as a source of history altogether."

In August, Mazar (left) found possible new evidence of David's palace in Jerusalem (below). But archaeologist Israel Finkelstein has challenged Mazar's dating of the stones in question.

"There was a need to give something to the immigrants, to the melting pot," says Finkelstein. "Something to connect them to the ground, to history, to some sort of legacy."

In the 1950s, Yigael Yadin and his archaeological rival, Yohanan Aharoni, battled over whether the Israelites conquered Canaan by force, as described in the Book of Joshua, or whether they came peacefully, as described in the Book of Judges. In 1955, Yadin began excavating the ancient city of Hazor in the hope of finding proof of an Israelite conquest. After the Six-Day War in 1967, during which Israelis gained control of the West Bank and the Old City of Jerusalem, Israeli archaeologists began surveying those areas as well, in many cases displacing Palestinian residents to do so. The archaeologists sought out Old Testament sites and renamed places according to biblical tradition, in effect "recasting the landscape of the West Bank" in biblical terms, says Columbia University anthropologist Nadia Abu el-Haj, author of *Facts on the Ground*, a history of Israeli archaeology. Those terms, she says, "the [West Bank] settlers now pick up."

Many Palestinians are understandably skeptical of any research that links biblical events to land they feel is rightfully theirs. "In Israel, biblical archaeology was used to justify illegal settlement policy," says Hamdan Taha, director general of the Palestinian Authority's department for antiquities and cultural heritage. "Land was confiscated in the name of God and archaeology. It's still going on with the construction of bypass roads and the building of the separation wall inside the Palestinian land."

In Hebron, on the West Bank, where 130,000 Palestinians live close to 6,500 Jews in the settlement of Kiryat Arba, the political implications of biblical archaeology are obvious: the tomb of Abraham, sacred to Jews and Muslims alike, has been effectively split in half since 1994, when a Jewish settler shot 29 Muslims at prayer; now, grilled windows that look out onto opposite sides of the sepulcher separate the members of the two faiths. In 2005, Ariel Sharon said the tomb justified the Israeli presence in the West Bank. "No other people has a monument like the Tomb of the Patriarchs, where Abraham and Sarah are buried," he told the Israeli journalist Ari Shavit. "Therefore, under any agreement [on the West Bank], Jews will live in Hebron."

However, most archaeologists who have studied the sites say there is not enough evidence to support assertions that the Hebron site is really Abraham's tomb. Other contested sites include Joseph's tomb in Nablus and Rachel's tomb in Bethlehem. "It's not real archaeology," Finkelstein says. "It's based on later traditions."

More recently, a find in Jerusalem itself has stirred hope—and skepticism. Until last summer, archaeologists seeking evidence of the city David supposedly built there pointed to the few stone blocks they called the "stepped stone structure" in what is now called the City of David, south of the Temple Mount; they dated the structure to the tenth century B.C.

Last August, Israeli archaeologist Eilat Mazar (a cousin of Amihai Mazar) reported that she had found new evidence of a palace, also supposedly built by David, near the site of the stepped stone structure. Using potsherds and the traditional chronology, Mazar dated huge stones she believes made up

RINA CASTELNUOVO / NEW YORK TIMES; JEAN-MARIE HOSATTE / GAMMA

What if the world had been to Prince Edward Island?

The market wouldn't be about bulls and bears but lobsters and mussels.

If you love to eat well, there's nothing else like our Malpeque oysters, cultured blue mussels, and the freshest, most mouth-watering lobster you'll ever have the good fortune to find. Just bring your appetite and leave your worries behind. We promise a visit to our Island will be one of the best investments you'll ever make.

Prince Edward Island

The Gentle Island

Canada

For your free Island Guide, visit gentleisland.com/freda
Or call **1-800-463-4PEI** and ask for **Freda.**

Check out our neighbours at gentleisland.com/neighbours

part of the palace, to the tenth century B.C. also. The find made headlines around the world.

But detractors note that the conservative Israeli research institute sponsoring her dig, the Shalem Center, is funded by American investment banker Roger Hertog, who is on record as saying he hoped to show "that the Bible reflects Jewish history." For her part, Mazar says her research is scientific but adds that it is "unwise to dismiss the value of the Bible as a source of history altogether."

Finkelstein says Mazar's stones should be dated to the ninth century, or even later. Her find, he says, only "supports what I and others have been saying for the last five years, that Jerusalem took the first step to becoming a meaningful town" a century *after* the time of David and Solomon.

IN 1999, Ze'ev Herzog, a Tel Aviv University colleague of Finkelstein's, convulsed the Israeli public with an article in the weekend magazine of the newspaper *Ha'aretz* asserting that archaeologists had shown definitively that the biblical narrative of the Israelites' origins was not factual. Outraged letters poured into the newspaper; politicians weighed in; conferences were organized so the distressed public could quiz the archaeologists. But once the issues were addressed, feelings cooled.

Throughout most of Israel, they're still cooling. "The idea of the Old Testament as a historical document prevails," says sociologist Michael Feige of Ben-Gurion University, "but people don't give it that much thought." He adds that Israel's shifting priorities may account for the less impassioned view. "In the 1950s, there was a collective anxiety: What are we doing here? How do we justify it? The very essence of Israeli identity depended on the biblical, historical narrative. Now, with increased fears of terrorism, the anxiety is more a personal one: What will happen to me tomorrow?" The recent election to the Palestinian leadership of Hamas, which Israel, along with the United States and the European Union, considers a terrorist organization, has hardly calmed this anxiety.

But if the general population appears less invested in a literal biblical narrative, Israel's religious right—and particularly Israeli settlers on the West Bank—remain steadfast. "The attack on the Bible," says Rabbi Yoel Ben-Nun, a leader in the settlers' political movement, Gush Emunim, "is part and parcel of the general attack on Zionist values that is exemplified by the current Israeli government's willingness, in the framework of the peace process, to hand over parts of the biblical land of Israel to the Palestinians."

Ben-Nun and others in the settlers' movement emphatically agree with the views of Adam Zertal and other biblical literalists. At the settlement of Elon Moreh, on a hill above Nablus, a sign quotes Jeremiah 31:5: "Again you shall plant vineyards on the mountains of Samaria." Menachem Brody, who emigrated from Maine to Israel 28 years ago and raised a family there, runs archaeology tours supporting the literal interpretation of the Old Testament. On one such tour, passing through numerous army checkpoints in the occupied West Bank, he traced the Way of the Patriarchs, the road traveled by Abraham according to Genesis. Later, Brody stood in his own vineyard, which he planted to fulfill the Jeremiah prophecy, and said of Zertal's discovery: "It's the find of the century. Before, it was just a pile of stones, and it was only when we came to live here that somebody found it."

A sign at Elon Moreh, a settlement of Israelis above Nablus, quotes Jeremiah: "Again you shall plant vineyards on the mountains of Samaria."

Menachem Brody (right, at Elon Moreh) leads tours to biblical sites on the West Bank, such as Shiloh (below), where the Bible says Moses' tabernacle was kept.

ADVERTISEMENT

CULTURESPOTTER

SMITHSONIAN'S GUIDE TO **EVENTS**, **PROMOTIONS** AND **SPECIAL OFFERS**

Visit CultureSpotter online at **www.smithsonianmag.com**

SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE'S CULTUREFEST IS COMING TO PHOENIX AND SCOTTSDALE, AZ

November 2-5, 2006

This fall, *Smithsonian* magazine is taking the best and the brightest of the Smithsonian on the road with our annual CultureFest tour!

Look for programs and events on all things cultural, featuring Smithsonian editors, experts, scientists, artists and performers. Join us for interactive lectures, hands-on demonstrations, performances, culinary events and more!

Visit **www.culturefest.com** for information on programs, speakers and accommodations, or call **800-774-5020**

Book a spectacular trip to Arizona with Smithsonian Journeys.

www.SmithsonianJourneys.org/CultureFest

Sponsors:

ARIZONA GRAND CANYON STATE

DESTINATION PHX PHOENIX

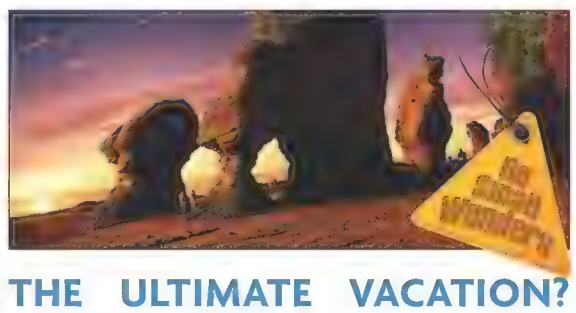
Amazing what you can do here.

Scottsdale Convention & Visitors Bureau℠

DISCOVER THE HAWAIIAN SOURCE OF SPIRITUAL RENEWAL.

Visit Mauna Lani Resort and experience Ke Kumu 'O Mauna Lani (June 8-12), a celebration of health and wellness on Hawaii's Big Island. Participants will enjoy workshops, seminars and treatments from Hawaiian masters and lifestyle experts. Visit **maunalani.com/kekumu** or call **800-367-2323**

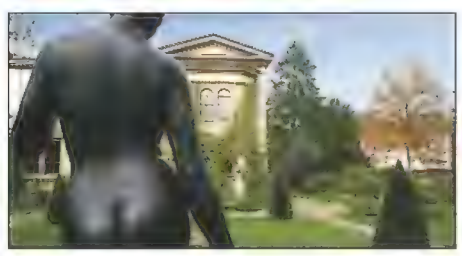
MAUNA LANI RESORT
AT KALĀHUIPUA'A



THE ULTIMATE VACATION?

You tell us! Hot beaches, outdoor adventures, Natural Wonders, spa days and incredible golf courses... You and three guests could have the chance to win one of four exclusive New Brunswick, Canada vacations!
Enter today!

New Nouveau Brunswick CANADA



Swiss cities never fail to impress visitors with their charm and authenticity. Nowhere else are attractions, art museums, innovative gastronomy, modern and medieval architecture in such proximity as in Switzerland. **www.myswitzerland.com/smithsonian** or call **877-794-8037**

Switzerland. get natural.

SCOTLAND BOASTS A FULL CALENDAR OF LIVELY FESTIVALS: FOOD, MUSIC, DANCE, COMEDY, LITERATURE AND MUCH MORE

For your FREE vacation planner and your chance to WIN YOUR CHOICE OF THREE TRIPS TO SCOTLAND, visit **www.toscotland.com/culture**

Scotland

The irreverent, rowdy revolution set the trajectory of 20th-century art

BY PAUL TRACHTMAN

DADA

IN THE YEARS before World War I, Europe appeared to be losing its hold on reality. Einstein's universe seemed like science fiction, Freud's theories put reason in the grip of the unconscious and Marx's Communism aimed to turn society upside down, with the proletariat on top. The arts were also coming unglued. Schoenberg's music was atonal, Mallarmé's poems scrambled syntax and scattered words across the page and Picasso's Cubism made a hash of human anatomy.

And even more radical ideas were afoot. Anarchists and nihilists inhabited the political fringe, and a new breed of artist was starting to attack the very concept of art itself. In Paris, after trying his hand at Impressionism and Cubism, Marcel Duchamp rejected all painting because it was made for the eye, not the mind. "In 1913 I had the happy idea to fasten a bicycle wheel to a kitchen stool and watch it turn," he later wrote, describing the construction he called *Bicycle Wheel*,

P. 69 DETAIL: PRIVATE COLLECTION

In 1919 Marcel Duchamp penciled a mustache and goatee on a print of Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* (detail above) and inscribed the work "L.H.O.O.Q." Spelled out in French these letters form a risqué pun: *Elle a chaud au cul*, or "She has hot pants." Intentionally disrespectful, Duchamp's defacement was meant to express the Dadaists' rejection of both artistic and cultural authority.

a precursor of both kinetic and conceptual art. In 1916, German writer Hugo Ball, who had taken refuge from the war in neutral Switzerland, reflected on the state of contemporary art: "The image of the human form is gradually disappearing from the painting of these times and all objects appear only in fragments. . . . The next step is for poetry to decide to do away with language."

That same year, Ball recited just such a poem on the stage of the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich, a nightspot (named for the 18th-century French philosopher and satirist) that he, Emmy Hennings (a singer and poet he would later marry) and a few expatriate pals had opened as a gathering place for artists and writers. The poem began: "gadji beri bimba / glandridi lauli lonni cadori. . . . " It was utter nonsense, of course, aimed at a public that seemed all too complacent about a senseless war. Politicians of all stripes had proclaimed the war a noble cause—whether it was to defend Germany's high culture, France's Enlightenment or Britain's empire. Ball wanted to shock anyone, he wrote, who regarded "all this civilized carnage as a triumph of European intelligence." One Cabaret Voltaire performer, Romanian artist Tristan Tzara, described its nightly shows as "explosions of elective imbecility."

This new, irrational art movement would be named Dada. It got its name, according to Richard Huelsenbeck, a German artist living in Zurich, when he and Ball came upon the word in a French-German dictionary. To Ball, it fit. "Dada is 'yes, yes' in Rumanian, 'rocking horse' and 'hobby horse' in French," he noted in his diary. "For Germans it is a sign of foolish naiveté, joy in procreation, and preoccupation with the baby carriage." Tzara, who later claimed that he had coined the term, quickly used it on posters, put out the first Dada journal and wrote one of the first of many Dada manifestoes, few of which, appropriately enough, made much sense.

But the absurdist outlook spread like a pandemic—Tzara called Dada "a virgin microbe"—and there were outbreaks from Berlin to Paris, New York and even Tokyo. And for all its zaniness, the movement would prove to be one of the most influential in modern art, foreshadowing abstract and conceptual art, performance art, op, pop and installation art. But Dada would die out in less than a decade and has not had the kind of major museum retrospective it deserves, until now.

The Dada exhibition at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. (on view through May 14) presents some

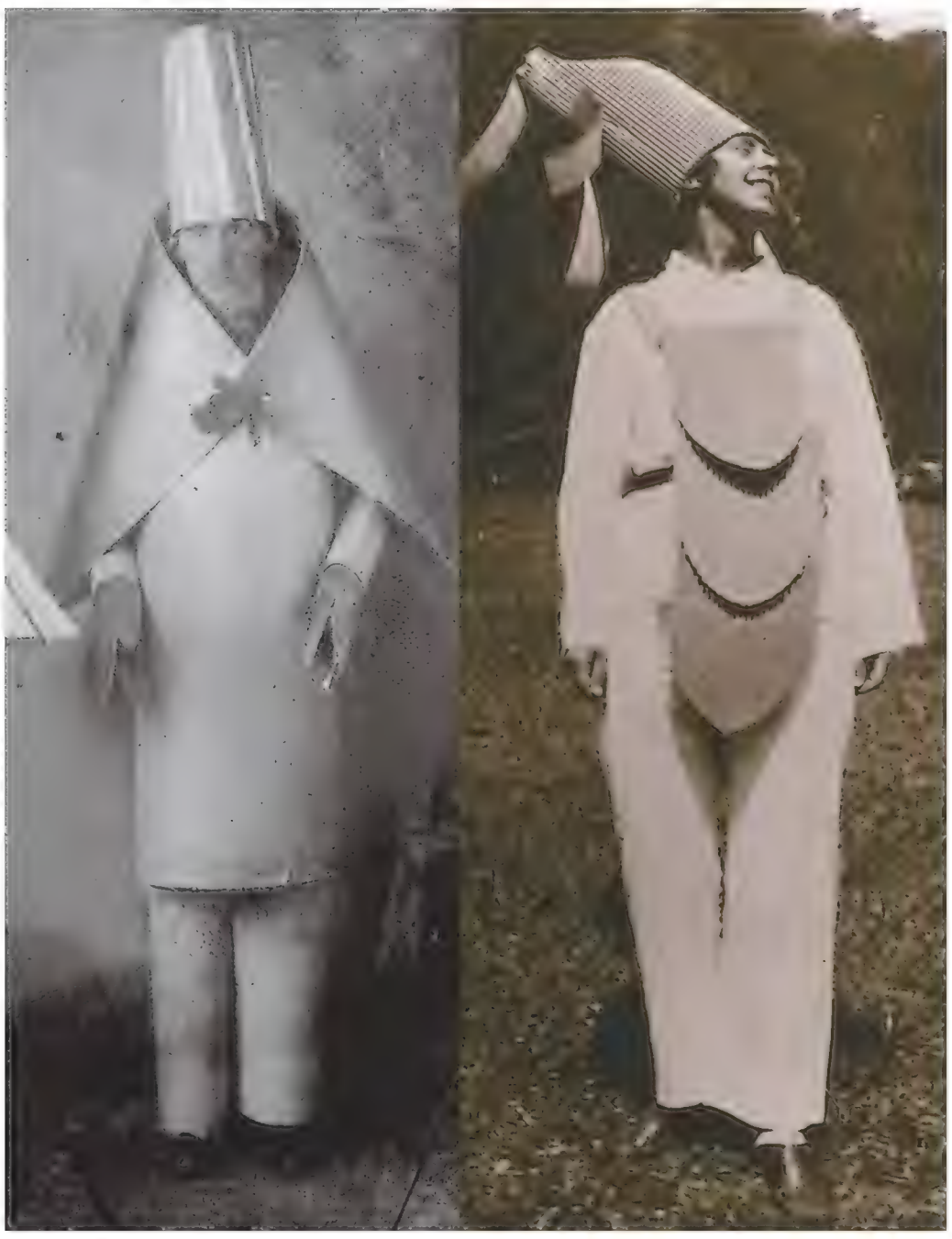
Hans Arp (below, at far left, in Zurich in 1918, with fellow Dada artists Tristan Tzara, center, and Hans Richter) was noted for his abstract, biomorphic painted-wood wall reliefs (below, right, *Untitled (Forest)* from 1917). The Dadaists saw abstraction as an antidote to the rationality that had failed to prevent the war.

FONDATION ARP, CLAMART; PHOTO BY LORENE EMERSON / © 2005 BOARD OF TRUSTEES, NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, DC; P. 71 PHOTO BY MARLEN PEREZ / KUNSTGEWERBESAMMLUNG IM MUSEUM BELLERIVE, MUSEUM FÜR GESTALTUNG, ZÜRICH; KUNSTHAUS ZÜRICH; © STIFTUNG HANS ARP UND SOPHIE TEAUBER-ARP E.V., ROLANDSECK

400 paintings, sculptures, photographs, collages, prints, and film and sound recordings by more than 40 artists. The show, which moves to New York's Museum of Modern Art (June 18 through September 11), is a variation on an even larger exhibition that opened at the Pompidou Center in Paris in the fall of 2005. In an effort to make Dada easier to understand, the American curators, Leah Dickerman, of the National Gallery, and Anne Umland, of MoMA, have organized it around the cities where the movement flourished—Zurich, Berlin, Hanover, Cologne, New York and Paris.

Dickerman traces Dada's origins to the Great War (1914-18), which left 10 million dead and some 20 million wounded. "For many intellectuals," she writes in the National Gallery catalog, "World War I produced a collapse of confidence in the rhetoric—if not the principles—of the culture of rationality that had prevailed in Europe since the Enlightenment." She goes on to quote Freud, who wrote that no event "confused so many of the clearest intelligences, or so thoroughly debased what is highest." Dada embraced and parodied that confusion. "Dada wished to replace the logical nonsense of the men of today with an illogical nonsense," wrote Gabrielle Buffet-Picabia, whose artist husband, Francis Picabia, once tacked a stuffed monkey to a board and called it a portrait of Cézanne.

Dada was born at Zurich's Cabaret Voltaire, a seedy nightspot founded by writer Hugo Ball (below, left, in 1916 performing sound poetry). Artist and dancer Sophie Taeuber, Arp's future wife (below, right, in 1915), created puppets out of abstract shapes of turned wood (above, *Dr. Komplex*) for a satirical play.



"TOTAL PANDEMONIUM," wrote Hans Arp, a young Alsatian sculptor in Zurich, of the goings-on at the "gaudy, motley, overcrowded" Cabaret Voltaire. "Tzara is wiggling his behind like the belly of an Oriental dancer. Janco is playing an invisible violin and bowing and scraping. Madame Hennings, with a Madonna face, is doing the splits. Huelsenbeck is banging away nonstop on the great drum, with Ball accompanying him on the piano, pale as a chalky ghost."

These antics struck the Dada crowd as no more absurd than the war itself. A swift German offensive in April 1917 left 120,000 French dead just 150 miles from Paris, and one village witnessed a band of French infantrymen (sent as reinforcements) baa-ing like lambs led to slaughter, in futile protest, as they were marched to the front. "Without World War I there is no Dada," says Laurent Le Bon, the curator of the Pompidou Center's show. "But there's a French saying, 'Dada explains the war more than the war explains Dada.'"

Two of Germany's military leaders had dubbed the war "*Materialschlacht*," or "the battle of equipment." But the dadas, as they called themselves, begged to differ. "The war is based on a crass error," Hugo Ball wrote in his diary on June 26, 1915. "Men have been mistaken for machines."

It was not only the war but the impact of modern media and the emerging industrial age of science and technology that provoked the Dada artists. As Arp once complained, "Today's representative of man is only a tiny button on a giant senseless machine." The dadas mocked that dehumanization with elaborate pseudodiagrams—chockablock with gears, pulleys, dials, wheels, levers, pistons and clockworks—that explained nothing. The typographer's symbol of a pointing hand appeared frequently in Dada art and became an emblem for the movement—making a pointless gesture. Arp created abstract compositions from cutout paper shapes, which he dropped randomly onto a background and glued down where they fell. He argued for this kind of chance abstraction as a way to rid art of any subjectivity. Duchamp found a different way to make his art impersonal—drawing like a mechanical engineer rather than an artist. He preferred mechanical draw-

---

New Mexico-based author and artist PAUL TRACHTMAN *wrote about Post-Impressionist Paul Cézanne in the January 2006 issue.*

ing, he said, because "it's outside all pictorial convention."

When Dadaists did choose to represent the human form, it was often mutilated or made to look manufactured or mechanical. The multitude of severely crippled veterans and the growth of a prosthetics industry, says curator Leah Dickerman, "struck contemporaries as creating a race of half-mechanical men." Berlin artist Raoul Hausmann fabricated a Dada icon out of a wig-maker's dummy and various oddments—a crocodile-skin wallet, a ruler, the mechanism of a pocket watch—and titled it *Mechanical Head (The Spirit of Our Age)*. Two other Berlin artists, George Grosz and John Heartfield, turned a life-size tailor's dummy into a sculpture by adding a revolver, a doorbell, a knife and fork and a German Army Iron Cross; they gave it a working light bulb for a head, a pair of dentures at the crotch and a lamp stand as an artificial leg.

Duchamp traced the roots of Dada's farcical spirit back to the fifth-century B.C. Greek satirical playwright Aristophanes, says the Pompidou Center's Le Bon. A more immediate source, however, was the absurdist French playwright Alfred Jarry, whose 1895 farce *Ubu Roi* (*King Ubu*) introduced "'Pataphysics"—"the science of imaginary solutions." It was the kind of science that Dada applauded. Erik Satie, an avant-garde composer who collaborated with Picasso on stage productions and took part in Dada soirees, claimed that his sound collages—an orchestral suite with passages for piano and siren, for example—were "dominated by scientific thought."

Duchamp probably had the most success turning the tools of science into art. Born near Rouen in 1887, he had grown up in a bourgeois family that encouraged art—two older brothers and his younger sister also became artists. His early paintings were influenced by Manet, Matisse and Picasso, but his *Nude Descending a Staircase no. 2* (1912)—inspired by early stop-action photographic studies of motion—was entirely his own. In the painting, the female nude figure seems to take on the anatomy of a machine.

Marcel Duchamp (above in 1917, at age 30) bought a urinal (below, in a 1917 photograph by Alfred Stieglitz) at a plumbing store, called it *Fountain*, signed it R. Mutt and entered it in an art exhibition. When the piece was rejected, Duchamp mounted a well-publicized protest. Artist Raoul Hausmann's c. 1920 assemblage, *Mechanical Head (The Spirit of Our Age)*, was meant to symbolize the empty spirit of the post-World War I era.

Oh, it's not that the Society has a lot of members here. But being thought of as the very end of the Earth goes a long way to explaining the sensation of just being here – feeling at the same time lost and found. *Find out how to get as far east as you can go in North America.*

*Call **1-800-563-6353** and ask for Sean.*

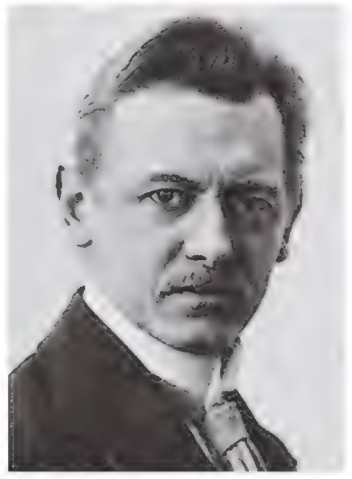
*Or visit **www.NewfoundlandandLabradorTourism.com***

Check out our neighbors at www.NewfoundlandandLabradorTourism.com/neighbors

NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR

Canada

Rejected by the jury for the Salon des Independants of 1912 in Paris, the painting created a sensation in America when it was exhibited in New York City at the 1913 Armory Show (the country's first large-scale international exposition of modern art). Cartoon parodies of the work appeared in local papers, and one critic mocked it as "an explosion in a shingle factory." The *Nude* was snapped up (for $240) by a collector, as were three other Duchamps. Two years after the show, Duchamp and Picabia, whose paintings had also sold at the Armory Show, traded Paris for Manhattan. Duchamp filled his studio on West 67th Street with store-bought objects that he called "readymades"—a snow shevel, a hatrack, a metal dog comb. Explaining his selections some years later, he said: "You have to approach something with an indifference, as if you had no aesthetic emotion. The choice of readymades is always based on visual indifference and, at the same time, on the total absence of good or bad taste." Duchamp didn't exhibit his readymades at first, but he saw in them yet another way to undermine conventional ideas about art. In 1917, he bought a porcelain urinal at a Fifth Avenue plumbing supply shop, titled it *Fountain*, signed it R. Mutt and submitted it to a Society of Independent Artists exhibition in New York City. Some of the show's organizers were aghast ("the poor fellows couldn't sleep for three days," Duchamp later recalled), and the piece was rejected. Duchamp resigned as chairman of the exhibition committee in support of Mutt and published a defense of the work. The ensuing publicity helped make *Fountain* one of Dada's most notorious symbols, along with the print of Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* the following year, to which Duchamp had added a penciled mustache and goatee.



For all its horrors, World War I turned into the first major media event of the 20th century. The Dadaists incorporated scraps of the emerging new media—typography, newsprint, photos—and other found materials into their art. Kurt Schwitters (above, c. 1920, at about 33) created art out of the trash of postwar Hanover with such collages as *The Holy Saddlers' Portfolio*, 1922 (detail, below). "One can even shout with refuse," he said.

Parodying the scientific method, Duchamp made voluminous notes, diagrams and studies for his most enigmatic work, *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even* (or *The Large Glass*)—a nine-foot-tall assemblage of metal foil, wires, oil, varnish and dust, sandwiched between glass panels. Art historian Michael Taylor describes the work as "a complex allegory of frustrated desire in which the nine uniformed bachelors in the lower panel are perpetually thwarted from copulating with the wasplike, biomechanical bride above."

Duchamp's irreverence toward science was shared by two of his New York companions, Picabia and a young American photographer, Man Ray. Picabia could draw with the precision of a commercial artist, making his nonsensical diagrams seem particularly convincing. While Duchamp built machines with spinning disks that created surprising spiral patterns, Picabia covered canvases with disorienting stripes and concentric circles—an early form of optical experimentation in modern painting. Man Ray, whose photographs documented Duchamp's optical machines, put his own stamp on photography by manipulating images in the darkroom to create illusions on film.

AFTER THE WAR ENDED IN 1918, Dada disturbed the peace in Berlin, Cologne, Hanover and Paris. In Berlin, artist Hannah Höch gave an ironic domestic touch to Dada with collages that incorporated sewing patterns, cut-up photographs taken from fashion magazines and images of a German military and industrial society in ruins.

In Cologne, in 1920, German artist Max Ernst and a band of local dadas, excluded from a museum exhibition, organized their own—"Dada Early Spring"—in the courtyard of a pub. Out past the men's room, a girl wearing a "communion dress recited lewd poetry, thus assaulting both the sanctity of high art and of religion," art historian Sabine Kriebel notes in the current exhibition's catalog. In the courtyard, "viewers were encouraged to destroy an Ernst sculpture, to which he had at-

KURT SCHWITTERS ARCHIV IM SPRENGEL MUSEUM HANNOVER, DETAIL. COLLECTION CLAUDE BERRI, P. 72 PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD STEICHEN. PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART, LOUISE AND WALTER ARENSBERG COLLECTION, 1950. © 2005 MARCEL DUCHAMP / ARTIST RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK / ADAGP, PARIS / SUCCESSION MARCEL DUCHAMP. PHOTO BY LYNNE ROSENTHAL, 2004; ALFRED STIEGLITZ / © 2005 MARCEL DUCHAMP / ARTIST RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK / ADAGP, PARIS / SUCCESSION MARCEL DUCHAMP. CENTRE POMIDOU, MUSÉE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE, PARIS. © 2005 RAOUL HAUSMANN / ARTIST RIGHTS SOCIETY

Your gift of freedom will put a smile on Huyen's face.

And yours.

A $75 donation delivers much more than a free wheelchair to a physically disabled child, teen or adult. It delivers the gift of mobility, independence, and hope for a better life.

Thanks to people like you, the Wheelchair Foundation is transforming lives all over the world. And bringing smiles to as many as 10,000 faces each and every month. Now doesn't that make you feel like smiling?

Make a difference. To donate, call us toll-free 24 hours a day...or log on to our website today.

Toll-Free 877-378-3839
www.wheelchairfoundation.org

Wheelchair Foundation
"Serving the World"

hope — Cycling the Globe with Friendship — mobility

3820 Blackhawk Road • Danville, CA 94506

tached a hatchet." The Cologne police shut down the show, charging the artists with obscenity for a display of nudity. But the charge was dropped when the obscenity turned out to be a print of a 1504 engraving by Albrecht Dürer titled *Adam and Eve*, which Ernst had incorporated into one of his sculptures.

In Hanover, artist Kurt Schwitters began making art out of the detritus of postwar Germany. "Out of parsimony I took whatever I found to do this," he wrote of the trash he picked up off the streets and turned into collages and sculptural assemblages. "One can even shout with refuse, and this is what I did, nailing and gluing it together." Born the same year as Duchamp—1887—Schwitters had trained as a traditional painter and spent the war years as a mechanical draftsman in a local ironworks. At the war's end, however, he discovered the Dadaist movement, though he rejected the name Dada and came up with his own, *Merz*, a word that he cut out of an advertising poster for Hanover's Kommerz-und Privatbank (a commercial bank) and glued into a collage. As the National Gallery's Dickerman points out, the word invoked not only money but also the German word for pain, *Schmerz*, and the French word for excrement, *merde*. "A little money, a little pain, a little sh-t," she says, "are the essence of Schwitters' art." The free-form construction built out of found objects and geometric forms that the artist called the *Merzbau* began as a couple of three-dimensional collages, or assemblages, and grew until his house had become a construction site of columns, niches and grottoes. In time, the sculpture actually broke through the building's roof and outer walls; he was still working on it when he was forced to flee Germany by the Nazis' rise to power. In the end, the work was destroyed by Allied bombers during World War II.

Dada's last hurrah was sounded in Paris in the early 1920s, when Tzara, Ernst, Duchamp and other Dada pioneers took part in a series of exhibitions of provocative art, nude performances, rowdy stage productions and incomprehensible manifestoes. But the movement was falling apart. The French critic and poet André Breton issued his own Dada manifestoes, but fell to feuding with Tzara, as Picabia, fed up with all the infighting, fled the scene. By the early 1920s Breton was already hatching the next great avant-garde idea, Surrealism. "Dada," he gloated, "very fortunately, is no longer an issue and its funeral, about May 1921, caused no rioting."

But Dada, which wasn't quite dead yet, would soon leap from the grave. Arp's abstractions, Schwitters' constructions, Picabia's targets and stripes and Duchamp's readymades were soon turning up in the work of major 20th-century artists and art movements. From Stuart Davis' abstractions to Andy Warhol's Pop Art, from Jasper Johns' targets and flags to Robert Rauschenberg's collages and combines—almost anywhere you look in modern and contemporary art, Dada did it first. Even Breton, who died in 1966, recanted his disdain for Dada. "Fundamentally, since Dada," he wrote, not long before his death, "we have done nothing."

A number of the Dadaists were preoccupied with optical effects. Man Ray's 1920 photograph *Marcel Duchamp with His Rotary Glass Plates Machine (in Motion)*, below, left, documents one of Duchamp's experiments in optics. *Optophone*, c. 1922, below, right, is part of a series of works by Francis Picabia that feature optical patterns. By breaking the rules and challenging what qualified as art, Dada set the stage for much of modernist art.

COLLECTION TIMOTHY BAUM, NEW YORK; PRIVATE COLLECTION

A DISCOVERY YOU WON'T FIND ON CABLE TV

www.callwva.com

West Virginia
Wild and Wonderful

1-800-CALL WVA

FREE TRAVEL GUIDE

Mt. Rushmore

With a Native American superintendent, the South Dakota monument is becoming much more than a shrine to four presidents

BY TONY PERROTTET

BLAME IT ON CARY GRANT. The climactic chase in Hitchcock's 1959 thriller *North by Northwest*, in which he and Eva Marie Saint are pursued by foreign spies around the faces of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt, is what fixed the idea in tourists' imaginations. Today the first question out of many visitors' mouths is not why, or even how, Mount Rushmore was carved, but can they climb it. Actually, it's not such a far-fetched question. Sculptor Gutzon Borglum's 1935 conception for the monument called for a grand public stairway leading from the base of the mountain to a hall of records, behind the presidential heads. But when the artist ran out of quality granite, and the project ran out of money, the plan was shelved. Climbing on the memorial has been officially prohibited since work ended there in 1941. In fact, even Hitchcock had to shoot his famous chase scene on a replica built in a Hollywood studio.

Which is why a special invitation from the park superintendent to "summit" Mount Rushmore is not something one can easily turn down. Early one morning, I and several other lucky hikers silently followed park ranger Darrin Oestmann on a trail through a sweetly scented ponderosa forest in the Black Hills of South Dakota, listening to birdsong and the cracking of twigs from passing goats. Scattered along the path were rusting nails, wires and lengths of air compression pipes, all left by the 400 or so local laborers who from 1927 to 1941 followed this very route, by wooden stairs, on their Promethean task.

Oestmann paused to point out a rarely glimpsed view of George Washington's profile, gleaming in the morning light. Mount Rushmore has not looked so good in more than six decades. This past summer, the four presidents were given a high-tech face-lift; they were blasted with 150-degree water under high pressure. Sixty-four years' worth of dirt and lichens fell from the memorial. "Now the faces are whiter and a lot shinier,"

Hitchcock's climactic chase scene in 1959's *North by Northwest*, in which Eva Marie Saint and Cary Grant (above) scramble across Mount Rushmore, was actually filmed on a studio mock-up. The 65-year-old monument got its first cleaning (right) last summer.

EVERETT COLLECTION; P. 79 DOUG DREYER / AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

said Oestmann, who helped clean "about three quarters of the first president. You see that dot in Washington's left eyelid?" He pointed to a broken drill bit stuck in the stone. "You could hardly see that before."

About ten minutes later, we scrambled up a few steep boulders and squeezed through pine branches, then passed beyond a high-security fence. Near-vertical metal steps took us into a granite crevice that runs behind the presidential heads—an oblong sliver, looking like the secret entrance to a pharaoh's tomb. This, we are told, is the Hall of Records, the vault Borglum envisioned. The hall was to be a repository for the Declaration of Independence and the U.S. Constitution. Worried that generations from now people might find Mount Rushmore as enigmatic as Stonehenge, the sculptor also wanted to store information about the four presidents, as well as a record of American history and an explanation of, as he put it, "how the memorial was built and frankly, why."

The vault was never finished. Today, it's an ever-narrowing passage, honeycombed with drill marks, that stretches about 80 feet into the rock. Still, in 1998, Borglum's wish was partly fulfilled when the park service placed a teak box in a titanium cast in a hole they drilled at the hall's entrance. The box contained 16 porcelain panels covered with historical data, including a biography of the artist and his struggles to carve the memorial.

But the highpoint of the climb was yet to come. As Oestmann led us up the last steep stairway, we burst from the shadows into brilliant sunshine—on top of George Washington's head, 500 feet above the visitor center and 5,725 feet above sea level. As I wandered jelly-kneed over to Jefferson's and Lincoln's white pates—thankfully, their tops are relatively flat—the exhilarating view across the craggy, pine-covered Black Hills seemed never-ending.

GUTZON BORGLUM first stood on this spot in August 1925, when the memorial was still a half-formed dream. The idea for a titanic public sculpture came from South Dakota state historian Doane Robinson, who hoped it would lure more tourists—and their dollars—to the remote and impoverished state. The Black Hills, which boasted some of South Dakota's most spectacular scenery, were the obvious location, and in mid-1924 Robinson invited Borglum, one of America's leading sculptors, to create it. It was a fortuitous choice: he was an obsessive artist and consummate showman, by turns inspired, energetic, egotistical and abrasive, who despite his success (he was one of the first American sculptors to have work—two pieces—purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York) still yearned for a project that would earn him immortality.

Dismissing Robinson's idea that the sculpture should feature Western heroes such as Lewis and Clark, Chief Red Cloud and Buffalo Bill, Borglum decided to carve the presidents, and he arrived in Rapid City with great fanfare that summer to search the rugged landscape for the optimal site. The cliff-face of Mount Rushmore seemed to offer the best granite and the best setting: a sunny, eastern exposure. In mid-August 1925, the sculptor, his 13-year-old son, Lincoln, and Robinson traveled with a local guide on horseback to the mountain to climb it to get a closer look. Standing on the summit, Borglum gazed out on the Black Hills and seemed—if only for a moment—humbled by the undertaking.

"I was conscious we were in another world. . . ," Borglum later wrote. "And there a new thought seized me . . . the scale of that mountain peak. . . . It came over me in an almost terrifying manner that I had never sensed what I was planning." At age 58 the artist was contemplating a work nearly as ambitious as the ancient Colossus of Rhodes without any secure source of funding in a location unreachable by road. Its creation would be an epic battle, not only against nature, but against government agencies controlling the purse strings.

Sculptor Borglum (working on a model of Rushmore in his Black Hills studio c. 1930) decided which presidents would appear on the monument. After debating whether to carve two or three, he finally opted for four, with Theodore Roosevelt the last to be included.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD / CORBIS

OESTMANN CALLS our attention to red plotting points around Lincoln's eyes and green numbers along his hairline—revealed during preparation for the memorial's cleaning. He offers to take my photograph perched on Jefferson. "Don't go any farther back," he warns, as I maneuver cautiously into position.

Mount Rushmore might seem the most immutable of America's historical monuments. After all, what can possibly change on those stone faces, which seem to gaze down indifferently on the follies of their countrymen? Quite a lot, as it happens—including a seismic cultural shift traceable to the appointment, in 2004, of Gerard Baker, Mount Rushmore's first American Indian superintendent. Baker, 52, a Mandan-Hidatsa raised on the Fort Berthold Reservation in western North Dakota, has begun to expand programs and lectures at the monument to include the Indian perspective. Until recently, visitors learned about Rushmore as a patriotic symbol, as a work of art or as a geological formation, but nothing about its pre-white history—or why it raises such bitterness among many Native Americans.

"A lot of Indian people look at Mount Rushmore as a symbol of what white people did to this country when they arrived—took the land from the Indians and desecrated it," Baker says. "I'm not going to concentrate on that. But there is a huge need for Anglo-Americans to understand the Black Hills before the arrival of the white men. We need to talk about the first 150 years of America and what that means."

Indeed, Borglum erected his "shrine of democracy" on sanctified ground. Paha Sapa, meaning Black Hills in Lakota, were—and remain—a sacred landscape to many Indian nations, some of whom regard them as the center of the world. Natural formations such as Bear Butte and the Devil's Tower (over the border in Wyoming) are the setting for prayers, vision quests and healing ceremonies, while Wind Cave, a vast underground complex of limestone tunnels, is revered as the place where the Lakota emerged from the underworld to earth. Under the 1868 Treaty of Fort Laramie, Congress confirmed that the area would remain inviolate as the core of the Greater Sioux Reservation. But only six years later, in 1874, President Ulysses S. Grant ordered a military "reconnaissance" of the Black Hills, possibly because of rumors of gold in the mountains. He put the operation under the command of Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer. In July 1874, Custer led a small army of more than 1,000 men, including cavalry and infantry, Indian scouts, interpreters, guides and civilian scientists, into the region with over 100 canvas wagons, 3 Gatling guns and a cannon.

This formidable group behaved, in the words of author Evan S. Connell, "less like a military reconnaissance than a summer excursion through the Catskills." According to surviving letters and diaries, the men were bewitched by the Black Hills' beauty. These mountains, some of the oldest in North America, and their pine-filled valleys form a verdant oasis in the Great Plains. In the summer of 1874, crusty cavalrymen would lean from their horses to pluck bouquets of wildflowers, and officers enjoyed champagne and wild gooseberries while the enlisted men played baseball. Custer expanded his natural history collection, loading a cart full of rare toads, petrified wood and rattlesnakes. "The air is serene and the sun is shining in all its glory," wrote Lt. James Calhoun, one of Custer's officers, in his diary. "The birds are singing sweetly, warbling their sweet notes as they soar aloft. Nature seems to smile on our movement."

But for the Lakota families who watched the group from the surrounding hilltops, the expedition foretold disaster. Custer's prospectors discovered gold in the mountains, and soon a rush to the Black Hills was on, with Deadwood, in the northern part of the region, one of the first illegal settlements. President Grant sent envoys to buy the Black Hills, but the Lakota refused to bargain: Lakota chief Sitting Bull said he would not sell so much as a pinch of dust. In the Great Sioux War that broke out in 1876 between the United States and a combined force of Lakota, Northern Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes, many of the cavalrymen who had plucked the Black Hills' flowers would lose their lives on the Little Bighorn in Montana—including Custer and Calhoun. The Lakota, however, were soon defeated, and, in 1877, Congress passed an act requiring them to re-

CARSON WALKER / AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Park superintendent Gerard Baker says "there's a huge need for Anglo-Americans to understand the Black Hills before the arrival of the white men."

Crazy Horse Rides Again

"Fire in the hole! Fire in the hole! Fire in the hole!"

As the voice rings out, all eyes are fixed on a scarred mountainside where the enormous head and torso of the Lakota chief Crazy Horse can be clearly made out. He sits on horseback, his arm pointing toward the horizon. Then a dynamite blast tears the silence, sending a shower of granite boulders thundering to earth; the huge charge, one of two or three every week in summer, makes barely a dent in the neck of the warrior's horse.

Only 15 miles from Mount Rushmore, a monolithic new image is emerging from the Black Hills granite: a 563-foot-tall sculpture of the famous Native American who defeated Custer at Little Bighorn in 1876. Today a visit to the site testifies to the growing interest in Native American themes: even as a work in progress, Crazy Horse has already become a must-see counterpart to Mount Rushmore, luring more than one million visitors last year. (Rushmore had three million.)

Its scale is mind-boggling. When finished, the sculpture will be the world's largest mountain carving—dwarfing such monuments as the Great Pyramid of Giza and the Statue of Liberty. In fact, all four of Rushmore's presidents will fit inside Crazy Horse's 87.5-foot-tall head. The memorial depicts Crazy Horse responding to a taunt from a white trader before his death in 1877. Asked what had become of his lands, he replied: "My lands are where my dead lie buried."

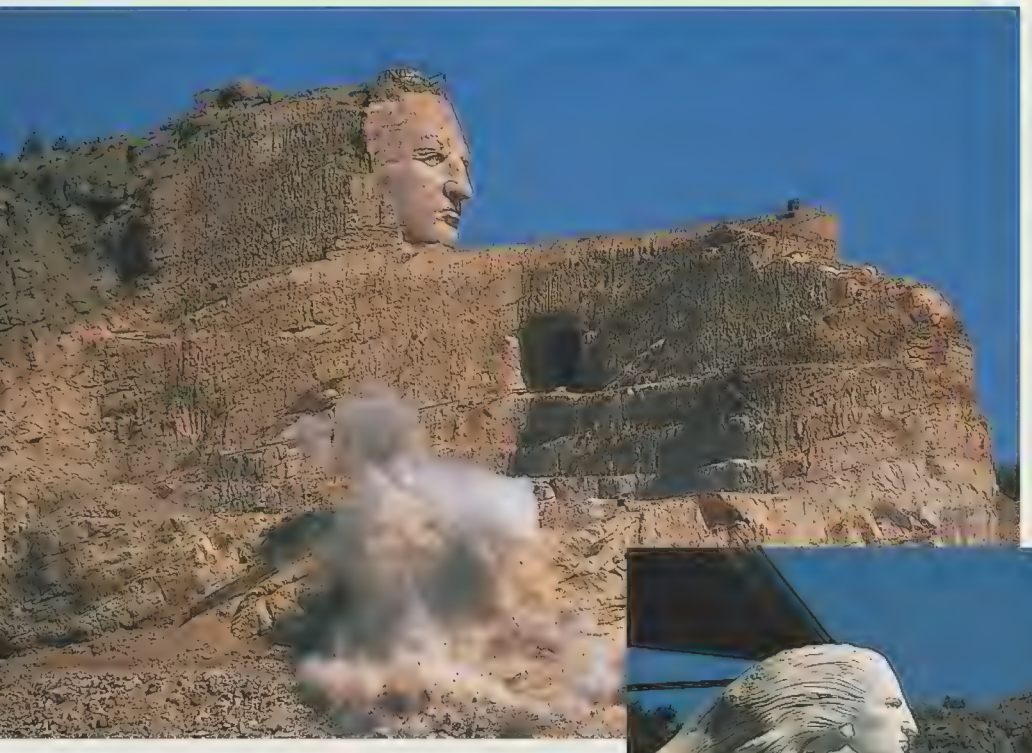
The new monument was conceived in the late 1930s by Chief Henry Standing Bear, a Lakota. As Mount Rushmore neared completion, he wrote that he wanted to show the world that "the red man has great heroes, too." In 1939, the chief invited a muscular Boston sculptor, Korczak Ziolkowski, to undertake a sculpture of Crazy Horse. After serving in the Army in World War II, Ziolkowski leased a vast chunk of the Black Hills and started work on the monolith in 1948. "Every man has his mountain," he said at the time. "I'm carving mine!" In the late 1970s, looking like a latter-day Walt Whitman, with a huge white beard and a broad-rimmed hat, his wife and ten children laboring away at his side, he was still carving. Perhaps mindful of Borglum's years of wrangling with bureaucrats, Ziolkowski refused to let the U.S. government become involved in the project, twice turning down grants of $10 million. Instead, he funded the project with private donations and contributions from visitors. This meant that progress was slow. When Ziolkowski died in 1982, the sculpture was only a vague outline; many locals assumed it would be abandoned.

But Ziolkowski's family rallied to continue the work. In 1998, Crazy Horse's completed face was unveiled, creating the sort of publicity that Borglum had enjoyed in 1930 when he revealed his first finished image, of Washington. Seemingly overnight, a chimerical project had become real, bringing streams of tourists intent upon learning more about Indian history. In 2000, a cathedral-like visitor center opened at the memorial, with a museum, Native American cultural center, and cinema. Plans also include a university and medical training center for Native Americans.

When might the monolith be finished? "There's no way to estimate," says Ruth Ziolkowski, the sculptor's widow, who is nearly 80 and CEO and president of the nonprofit Crazy Horse Memorial Foundation. "It would be nothing but a wild guess anyway. We're not trying to be difficult. We just don't know. Korczak always said it wasn't important when it was finished as long as it was done right."

The carving is now overseen by Korczak's eldest son, Casimir, 52, who learned his skills on the rock-face with his father. "He was one of a kind, that's for sure," he says with a laugh. "We had our fights, like every father and son."

"Only in America could a man carve a mountain," Ziolkowski once declared—a sentiment that has not won over the Defenders of the Black Hills. They're not fans of this monument and say that it is as much of an environmental and spiritual violation of the Native lands as Borglum's work on Rushmore. Charmaine White Face, the Defenders' chairperson, says all work on Crazy Horse should cease at once: "Let nature reclaim the mountain!" —*T.P.*



When completed, the Crazy Horse Memorial (above, as it appears today, and right, as it may someday look) will dwarf neighboring Mount Rushmore. In fact, all four presidents will fit inside the Indian chief's 87.5-foot-tall head. Sculptor Korczak Ziolkowski (right, top, in 1959) began work on the monument in 1948. His family took over the project after his 1982 death at age 74.

TONY PERROTTE (2); MODEL: © CRAZY HORSE MEMORIAL FOUNDATION; CARL IWASAKI / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES

linquish their land and stay on reservations.

When Borglum arrived half a century later, the events leading up to the Indian Wars in the Black Hills were still fresh in many people's minds—Indians and whites. Yet few of Rushmore's planners seemed to have considered how the Native Americans might feel about the monument.

SEVERAL DAYS FOLLOWING my tour of Rushmore, I visited the Defenders of the Black Hills, a Native American group that meets regularly in a Rapid City community center to inveigh against what they consider environmental affronts still scarring their lands, such as runoff from abandoned uranium mines, logging, drilling by mining companies, and the dumping of toxic waste. When I explained to the dozen men and women there—mostly Lakota, but also Ponca and Northern Cheyenne—that I was writing about the Mount Rushmore memorial, they laughed, then turned angry.

"Tell your readers that we'd like to blow it up!" said one.

"Cover those white faces up!"

"They call them the founding fathers? To us, they're the founding terrorists!"

The coordinator, a diminutive woman in her 50s named Charmaine White Face, a Lakota, spoke matter-of-factly. "We all hate Mount Rushmore," she said. "It's a sacred mountain that has been desecrated. It's like a slap in the face to us—salt in the wounds—as if a statue of Adolf Hitler was put up in the middle of Jerusalem."

She handed me a badge: "The Black Hills Are Not For Sale," it read, referring to a 1980 court ruling that awarded the Sioux more than $100 million for the loss of the Hills. Though their communities remain desperately poor, the Lakota have refused the money, which has grown with interest to well over $500 million.

When I relay my encounter with the Defenders to Baker later, he smiles. "Hell, Indians are always telling me to blow up Mount Rushmore, but they know that's not going to happen." Sure, he says, the Black Hills were stolen from the Indians. "That's a historical fact. But we're not here at Mount Rushmore just to talk about broken treaties or make people feel guilty. The Defenders have a cause, and it's a good cause. But we're here at Mount Rushmore to educate."

Judy Olson, chief of interpretation at Mount Rushmore, says that there has been a strong positive response among Anglo visitors to new programs and exhibits that Baker has initiated, including a tepee manned by Lakota families. "We have four white guys up there. They represent the first century and a half of U.S. history. But there's a larger story to talk about. Who were the people here in the Black Hills before that? To broaden the old themes, to bring in other cultures, to include the good and the bad of American history, is what people want and need."

Regular contributor TONY PERROTTET wrote last year's story about Montana's Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument.

Climbing on Rushmore (the view from Washington's head) is by special permit only. Some Indian groups consider the monument an affront and would like to cover it up.

TONY PERROTTE

Angel Island

A rugged outcropping in the San Francisco Bay remains a refuge hidden in plain sight

BY ROBERT F. HOWE

PILOTING HIS 33-foot sloop *Aphrodite*, my friend Andy Turpin eases behind a bluff to enter Ayala Cove—an anchorage on 740-acre Angel Island. As we approach the dock, waves from our wake lap at a narrow beach curving around the horseshoe-shaped inlet. Beyond a well-tended park, stands of oak, Monterey pine and eucalyptus dot the hills rising to Mount Livermore, the 788-foot peak at the island's center.

A state park since 1958, the island is several times larger—and far more picturesque—than its stony, forbidding sister, Alcatraz, site of the infamous penitentiary abandoned since 1963. Six thousand years ago, Miwok Indians hunted here. By the 1800s, Angel Island was serving as a military base, a role it played in mobilizations from the Civil War through the cold war. It also functioned as the Ellis Island of the West, where tens of thousands of mainly Asian immigrants were detained before being admitted to the United States or deported. The island, says Skip Henderson, executive director of the Angel Island Association, a local nonprofit fundraising organization, "encapsulates the entire history of the Bay Area."

Most visitors arriving at Ayala Cove by ferry from San Francisco, Marin County or Oakland are Bay Area residents—children on field trips, history buffs, sun worshipers in search of secluded beaches, hikers seeking panoramic views of the bay. Some of the day-trippers hop aboard a tram for a 45-minute, five-mile ride around the island on Perimeter Road, then board a ferry back across Raccoon Strait to the charming Marin County town of Tiburon.

The island, however, merits taking it slow—on foot or bicycle—from the ferry dock, where amenities include a café and visitors' center. Most visitors head to the island's western side, attracted in part by Camp Reynolds, where one can tour the Civil War outpost's restored wooden barracks.

Then there's the view. Sausalito, an artists' enclave and marina, lies to the west across a mile or two of choppy water. Farther west, the headlands of Marin County plunge into the Pacific; here, from land's end, the Golden Gate Bridge crosses to the northernmost tip of San Francisco. As one continues counterclockwise on Perimeter Road, the northern half of San Francisco appears—Fisherman's Wharf, North Beach, the Transamerica Pyramid, Russian Hill.

The southern face of the island, past Perles and Sand Springs beaches, looks out on the Bay Bridge, ending in Oakland; the university town of Berkeley, its bell tower visible for miles, lies to the north. And for anyone willing to make the trek to the top of Mount Livermore, a fairly easy two-hour hike, it offers an astounding panoramic view of the bay.

Given the island's strategic position near the mouth of the bay—the Spanish called the opening the Golden Gate,

Day-trippers (arriving by ferry, above) are attracted by historic sites and panoramic vistas. Along the island's shore, one may spot an occasional whale that has strayed from open ocean into the bay, or baby sharks converging in shallow waters.

DAVID SANGER / ALAMY

the name later conferred on the bridge—it assumed significance as a military outpost. The first major stronghold, Camp Reynolds, was completed in 1864 as a defense against a naval raid by Confederate forces—a threat that never materialized.

Angel Island then served as a staging area for soldiers shipping out to, or returning from, military campaigns, including the Spanish-American War of 1898 and both world wars. During World War II, more than 300,000 troops passed through Fort McDowell; its abandoned buildings, dating from the 1890s, still stand. In the 1950s, as the cold war intensified, Angel Island became the site of a Nike missile battery, subsequently dismantled in 1962.

But the island's most intriguing history took place at the immigration station on the island's northeast shoulder. Dale Ching, today a resident of Daly City, south of San Francisco, was 16 when he arrived at the immigration center from the Chinese village of Cheung Shen in 1937. "I was there three months," he says. "I did nothing each day—just hoped tomorrow would be my day to get away from Angel Island."

Some 175,000 Chinese nationals were processed in the facility between 1910 and 1940, when it was shut down. (About 80 percent were ultimately admitted to the United States.) "I wish I could travel on a cloud far away, reunite with my wife and son," one man inscribed on the wooden walls of the compound. Others wrote more pointedly. "How was I to know I would become a prisoner suffering in the wooden building?" lamented one detainee. "The barbarians' abuse is really difficult to take."

In 1991, Ching, then 70, returned to Angel Island. His teenage grandchildren had asked that he show it to them. "I didn't have the heart to turn them down," Ching says. In the end, he made peace with the past, signing on as a volunteer at the Immigration Station Barracks Museum, which is now undergoing an ambitious $15 million renovation. In 1997, the station became one of only two Asian-American historic sites registered as national historic landmarks. (The other is Manzanar internment camp, where Japanese-Americans were imprisoned during World War II, near Independence, California.)

Until recently, Ching says, the immigration station's role in shaping the West was virtually unknown. "Now," he says, "we preserve this place—and it's not just about the Chinese and their suffering. The island, the station, are part of the history of the United States. Everyone should know."

ROBERT F. HOWE is based in Occidental, California.

Angel Island served as a military base from the Civil War to the cold war (below, Fort McDowell, a staging area for troops in both world wars). The island also functioned as the Ellis Island of the West, where, from 1910 to 1940, mainly Asian immigrants (above, Japanese youngsters, 1920) were detained.

BETTMANN / CORBIS; STEPHEN SAKS / ALAMY

Hallowed

TIMOTHY H. O'SULLIVAN / NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

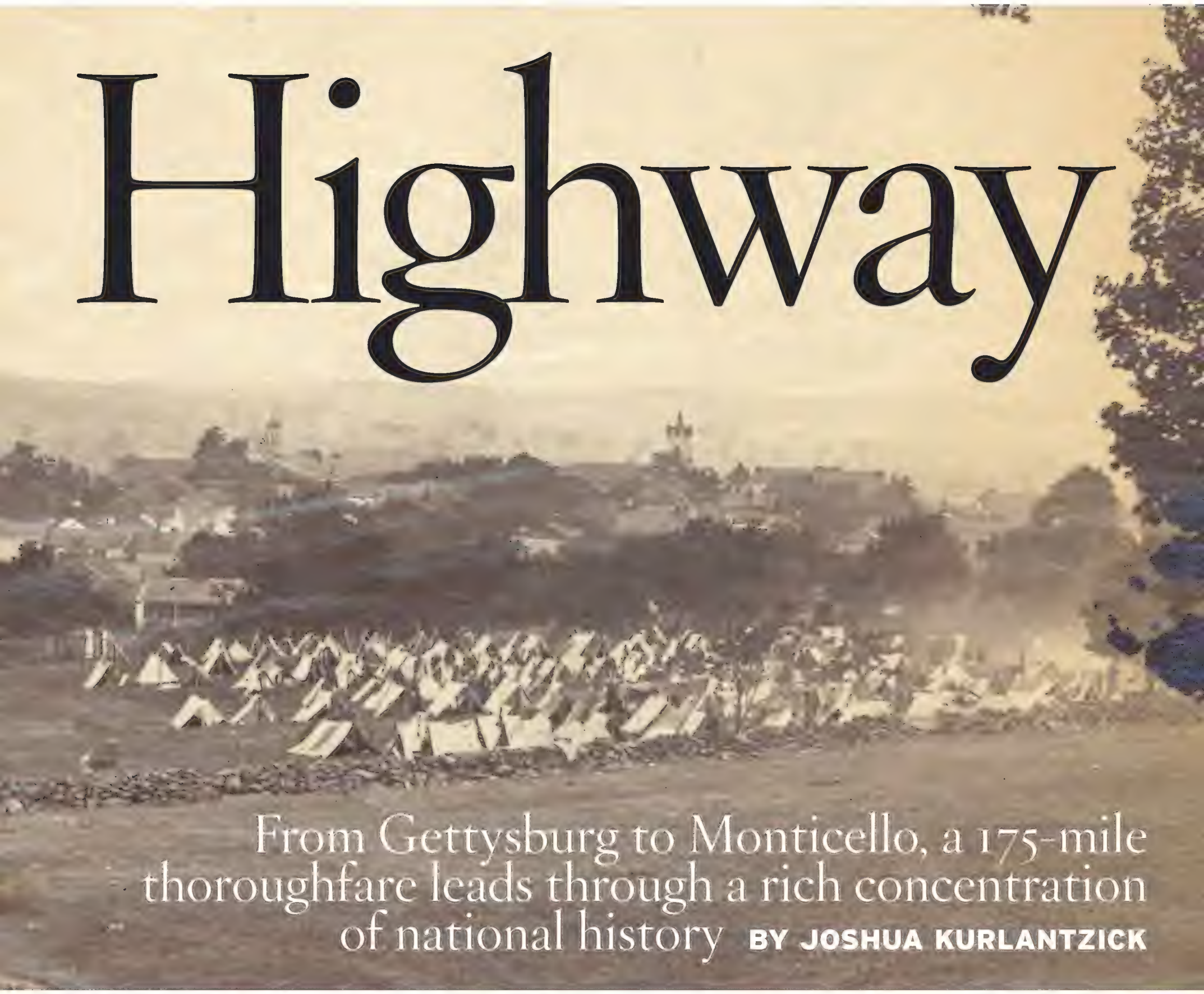
"How do I get to Ball's Bluff—the Civil War site?" I ask a docent at the visitors' center in Leesburg, Virginia. "Oh, it's easy," she replies with a wave of her hand. "You just drive past all the housing until you can't go any farther."

Leesburg, until the late 1980s a sleepy village some 40 miles outside Washington, D.C., has nearly tripled in population—to 36,000—since 1990. I park at the end of a street called Battlefield Parkway, lined with gated communities, and continue on foot down a small dirt track. The trail peters out at a wooded hillside known as the Bluff, site of a little-known but crucial battle. Here, in October 1861, Union troops approached a high bank overlooking the Potomac and stumbled upon a Confederate contingent, 1,709 men strong. Rebel soldiers slaughtered the Union force as they fled over the cliff edge; the corpses, floating downriver to Washington, shocked the North, which had anticipated a short, decisive war.

At Ball's Bluff, less than half a mile from suburbia, the path leads under a canopy of maples near the spot where Union soldiers met their deaths. I sit beneath the trees, the woods around me so quiet I can hear—well before I see—a fawn in the underbrush.

Throughout the mid-Atlantic, places freighted with the nation's history—from legendary sites such as southern Pennsylvania's Gettysburg Battlefield to now-obscure loca-

Highway



From Gettysburg to Monticello, a 175-mile thoroughfare leads through a rich concentration of national history

BY JOSHUA KURLANTZICK

Today, Pennsylvania's Gettysburg Battlefield (the site, punctuated by hospital tents, as it appeared a few days after the 1863 engagement) draws 1.7 million visitors annually. Says author Mark Nesbitt: "You feel the great crush of souls here."

tions like Ball's Bluff—are increasingly threatened by development. Loudoun County, Virginia, home to Leesburg and other expanding Washington, D.C. suburbs, ranks as the nation's fastest-growing county. In nearby Pennsylvania, a proposal calls for construction of a casino and resort complex just outside the Gettysburg battleground.

In 1996, Cate Magennis Wyatt, a former developer who lives in the historic Loudoun County village of Waterford, organized a coalition of politicians, conservationists and businesspeople to save a 175-mile stretch of routes 15 and 20, known as the Old Carolina Road, between Gettysburg and Monticello in Virginia. Preservationists have designated travel along the corridor—containing an extraordinary concentration of Revolutionary War, Civil War, African-American, Native American and presidential history—as a "Journey Through Hallowed Ground."

Almost every step of the way, Wyatt tells me, connects with our past. Near Thurmont in northern Maryland, for example, "the site of the furnace where they were making cannonballs for [the Revolutionary War battle of] Yorktown" can be found right along the road. Richard Moe, head of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, believes this landscape holds more history "than in any comparable space in America."

Last summer, the National Trust placed Hallowed

Ground on its list of America's most endangered places. "History is in plain sight," Wyatt says. "Just drive [the route] and you'll feel the same way."

ALTHOUGH Gettysburg Battlefield draws more than one and a half million visitors annually, the town itself still seems like a quaint village. Across from a sprawling museum devoted to the decisive engagement fought here in July 1863—the Union victory is considered the turning point of the war—lies Soldiers National Cemetery, its rolling hills containing the bodies of more than 3,500 soldiers, less than 10 percent of those killed on both sides. It was at the dedication of this cemetery on November 19, 1863, of course, that Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg Address.

"You feel the great crush of souls here, a residual energy," says Mark Nesbitt, a former National Park Service employee and author of several books on the ghosts of Gettysburg. "There are between 800 and 1,500 bodies unaccounted for here." He fears for the park. "There's no time when there is no traffic. Everyone is using Route 15 as a commuter route."

Across the region, sprawl (Loudoun County, Virginia, above) and traffic (skirting Manassas Battlefield in Virginia, right) threaten sites spanning the American Revolution to the Civil War. Here, says activist Wyatt, "history is in plain sight."

"IT SEEMS HARD TO BELIEVE NOW, but Frederick [pop. 57,000] was the frontier," says historian John Fieseler, of Maryland's second-largest city. "During the French and Indian War, it was the last point you could go west and still be safe." The town was at the junction of a major route leading west from Baltimore and a north-south trade artery that would become Route 15. Skirmishes between Colonials and Native Americans, in addition to brigands and deadly diseases, posed constant threats. The area, one traveler wrote, was "a wilderness region infested by a semi-barbarian population."

In fact, Fieseler says, it was the local population's fears for their safety that prompted the first protest against the British Crown—a full decade before Lexington and Concord. In 1765, after Britain failed to provide security following passage of a new stamp tax, Frederick's citizens burned British officials in effigy.

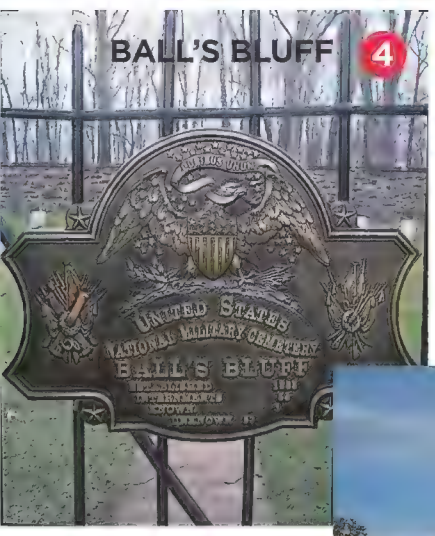
Many cities near routes 15 and 20 house Civil War museums, but Frederick, where 10,000 Union and Confederate soldiers were treated during the Battle of Antietam, boasts a museum of Civil War medicine. Amid the gruesome but compelling exhibits—everything from bone fragments to prosthetic limbs and amputation kits—the museum dispels some common misconceptions. Most Civil War surgeons, for example, did not operate without anaesthesia; they used painkillers—ether and chloroform—95 percent of the time. "People think [the soldiers] were all just biting bullets," says the museum's director, George Wunderlich.

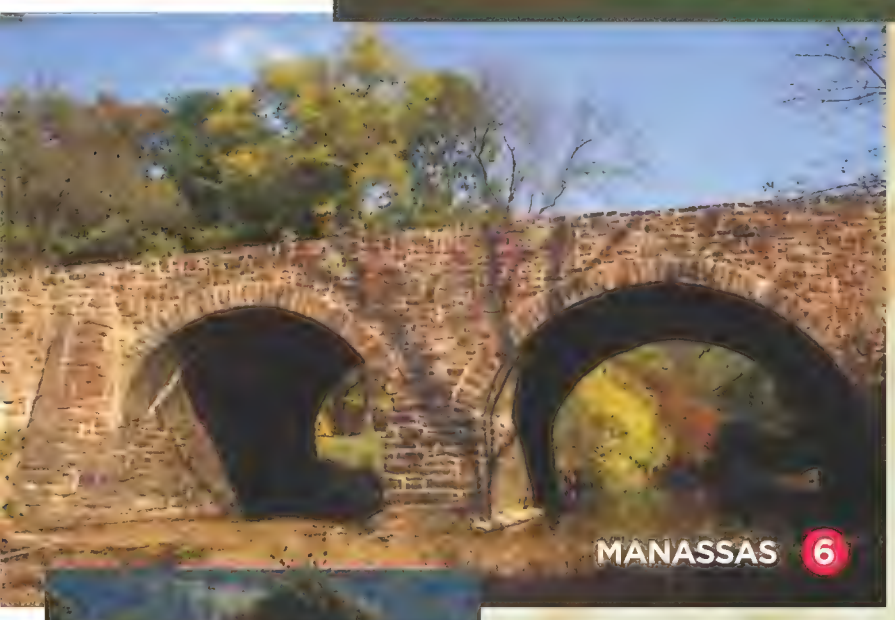
BEYOND FREDERICK, Route 15 narrows from four lanes to two, winding through dense forest into the heartland of the Civil War. Another all-but-forgotten struggle took place on a battlefield at Monocacy, Maryland. On July 9, 1864, nearly 6,000 Union forces, many of whom had seen virtually no action, held off 15,000 Confederates making a last-gasp attempt to march on Washington. Today, the site, south of a series of strip malls, is a national battlefield, where trails crisscross green pastures. In 2001, preservationists led a campaign to purchase an additional parcel of land here, in partnership with the National Park Service, for $1.9 million. "Five years ago, we were buying land at $5,000 per acre," says Robert Luddy of the Brandy Station Foundation in Culpeper County, Virginia, another group of Civil War-site preservationists. "Today we're negotiating to purchase a battlefield—at $30,000 per acre. At a certain point, conservation becomes impossible."

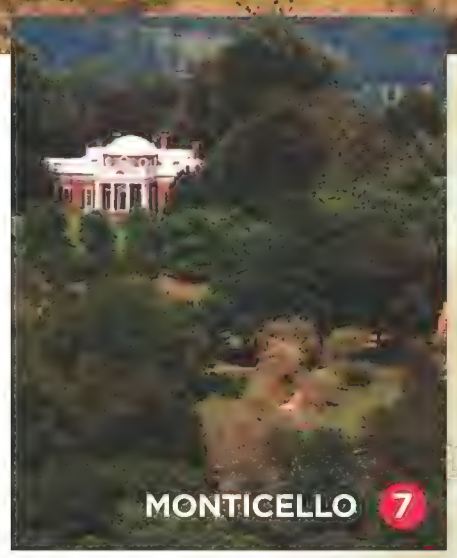
After crossing into Virginia, the road widens again, skirting horse farms enclosed in white fences. A 40-minute drive south of Monocacy, on a hill just south of Leesburg, rises Oatlands Plantation, its massive Greek Revival mansion dating from 1804. The estate, once set on 3,000-acres, contained a church, a mill and extensive gardens. Although today reduced to roughly 300 acres, Oatlands nevertheless affords a sense of this hill country as it must have appeared in the 18th and early 19th centuries. New housing tracts, however, flank the surrounding

CAMERON DAVIDSON / AERIAL STOCK; ALEX WONG / GETTY IMAGES; P. 89 JOHN ZEEDICK; KIT KITTLE / CORBIS; TOM WOLFF; JOE RAEDLE / GETTY IMAGES; RON BLUNT; ANDREA JENNT / ALAMY; ANDREW SHURTLEFF / AP / WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; MAP: MIKE REAGAN

Route to Yesteryear







GETTYSBURG 1
PENNSYLVANIA
MARYLAND
THURMONT
WEST VIRGINIA
FREDERICK 2
3
SHENANDOAH RIVER
BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS
APPALACHIAN
POTOMAC RIVER
4
LEESBURG 5
15
HAYMARKET 6
WARRENTON
VIRGINIA
CULPEPER
ORANGE
20
CHARLOTTESVILLE 7

MILES
0 5 10 15

Last summer, the National Trust for Historic Preservation placed the Gettysburg-to-Monticello stretch of routes 15 and 20 on its list of America's most endangered places. This landscape, says the Trust's Richard Moe, contains a greater concentration of historic sites "than any comparable space in America."

Keeping properties pristine (Manassas National Battlefield Park, below, established in 1940) has gotten more difficult. Says preservationist Wyatt: "We must be as serious about buying land as developers."

JOHN G. WALTER / ALAMY

roads. "So much of this landscape is disappearing," says David Boyce, Oatlands' executive director. "But take a photograph from the front portico of Oatlands looking due south—all you can see is pristine rural area."

South of Oatlands, the terrain grows steeper, dotted by 19th-century hamlets and white clapboard churches. In Culpeper, the historic town center is crowded with antebellum cottages. "You have all the styles prevalent in the Victorian era," says local historian Eugene Scheel. "Queen Anne, Italianate, Colonial Revival."

ALTHOUGH ARCHITECTURE constituted a defining passion for Thomas Jefferson, the Francophile third president had another obsession: vineyards. After interludes as an American diplomat in Paris, Jefferson attempted to cultivate grapes at his Monticello estate; he failed to produce outstanding vintages.

But in the past three decades, Virginia vintners, having discovered that cabernet franc grapes thrive in the area's humid climate, have planted extensive vineyards. (Today Virginia boasts more than 100 wineries.) Near Culpeper, off Route 15, signs point the way to Old House Vineyards, which has won awards for its reds. Rows of trellises line the entrance, recalling the approach to a French château. Yet Old House, set on 25 acres, has an unpretentious feel. "We're not a snooty winery," says owner Patrick Kearney, who purchased the farm in 1998. After buying a bottle of red, I notice ads posted for an upcoming local event any French vintner would no doubt disdain: a chili cook-off.

THE JOURNEY through Hallowed Ground ends in Charlottesville at the University of Virginia, Jefferson's architectural masterpiece, its soaring Rotunda modeled on the Pantheon in Rome. The presence of 20,000 students has transformed downtown Charlottesville into a lively center of restaurants and music clubs along Main Street. Twenty minutes away is stately Monticello and Ash Lawn-Highland, the residence of President James Monroe. Originally a simple farmhouse (Monroe called it his cabin-castle), Ash Lawn was a working farm; its small scale imparts an intimacy not to be found at Jefferson's palatial estate.

The landscape surrounding Monticello, in rural Orange County, is also threatened by development. The Hallowed Ground initiative's Wyatt says the solution is to create a real estate investment trust to attract investors to buy land bound by preservation easements. "Right now, there is only one market for the land, and that's developers," Wyatt says. "We must be as serious about buying land as developers."

Writer JOSHUA KURLANTZICK, *based in Baltimore, is special correspondent for the* New Republic.

Open your eyes to the culture that abounds at Scottsdale, Arizona's galleries, museums and events. And you, too, will find something that you can't live without. Begin your discovery by requesting your free Experience Scottsdale destination guide at experiencescottsdale.com/smithsonian or by calling 800-839-9567.

Scottsdale
Bring your passion for life.®

Joe Maktima – Arizona Artist
Laguna/Hopi

He can't always pinpoint where his inspiration comes from.

Jill & Kyle Foster
Chicago, IL

They know exactly where his inspiration will hang.

SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE'S CultureFest

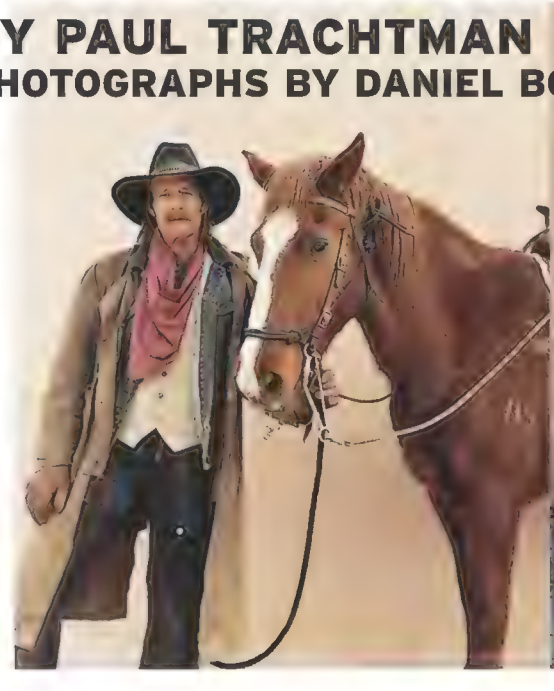
The Scottsdale CVB is proud to join the Arizona Office of Tourism and the Greater Phoenix CVB for Smithsonian Magazine's CultureFest. CultureFest boasts a memorable weekend with Smithsonian's editors and experts. Join them for tastings, concerts, storytelling and more, all hosted at venues throughout Scottsdale and Phoenix.

November 2-5, 2006 · For more information call 800-774-5020 or online at www.culturefest.com.

Tombstone

In this Arizona outpost, residents revere the Wild West—and live it

BY PAUL TRACHTMAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANIEL BORRIS



In 1877, silver prospector Ed Schieffelin set out from Camp Huachuca, an Army post in southeastern Arizona, heading for the Dragoon Mountains. The soldiers warned him he'd find nothing there but his own tombstone. When Schieffelin struck silver, he named his mine Tombstone. By 1880, a town of the same name that sprang up around the mine was booming, with two dance halls, a dozen gambling spots and more than 20 saloons. "Still there is hope," a new arrival reported, "for I know of two Bibles in town."

A year later, Tombstone's marshal was named Virgil Earp, who, with his younger brothers, Wyatt and Morgan, and a gambler named Doc Holliday, vanquished the Clanton and McLaury boys in a gunfight at the O.K. Corral. A Tombstone newspaper, the *Epitaph*, headlined its account of the event: "Three Men Hurled into Eternity in the Duration of a Moment." The Earp legend has been dramatized in many Hollywood films, including the 1957 classic *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*, starring Burt Lan-

caster and Kirk Douglas; Kurt Russell's 1993 *Tombstone* and Kevin Costner's 1994 *Wyatt Earp*.

HAVING VISITED TOMBSTONE in the 1970s, when the swinging doors of the Crystal Palace Saloon were virtually the only ones open and the O.K. Corral was populated by a mechanical gunfighter with whom, for a quarter, one could try one's luck, I was drawn back recently by reports that the town had come to life again. Today's Tombstone (pop. 1,560) still has the boardwalks, wooden awnings and false fronts of the original town, and the streets are still dusty with gusts of desert wind. But the old buildings have been given face-lifts, and a visitor wandering the historic district can buy everything from period clothing and jewelry to chaps, spurs and a saddle. Stagecoaches transport passengers around town; horses are tied to hitching posts; reenactors carrying shotguns stroll the main street; and women costumed in bustiers and skimpy dresses step in and out of the saloons.

Locals refer to Fifth and Allen, the corner where the Crystal Palace Saloon stands, as "one of the bloodiest intersections in American history." In 1880, Clara Spalding Brown, a correspondent for the *San Diego Union*, wrote of the violence: "When saloons are thronged all night with excited and armed men, bloodshed must needs ensue occasionally." Today Six Gun City Saloon, employing local actors, offers five historic gunfight reenactments; a block away, Helldorado, a local theater troupe, performs shootouts. And the O.K. Corral hurls its three desperadoes into eternity each and every day.

Tombstone has become something of a magnet for a new generation of residents—baby boomers who cut their teeth on early television westerns such as "The Rifleman," "Have Gun—Will Travel," "Wyatt Earp" and "Gunsmoke." They're people who came here on a whim, vacationers who saw a sign on the Interstate and fell in love with what they found.

At a saloon named Big Nose Kate's, a group calling themselves the Vigilantes are sitting around a wooden table talking 1880s politics. A cross between an amateur theater group and a civic organization, the Vigilantes donate proceeds from their shootouts and hangings to community projects.

Vigilante Char Opperman wears a "madam outfit," with lots of ruffles and lace trim; her husband, Karl, sports the britches, bandanna and hat of a cowboy. Says Char: "We were bored back in Illinois," where Karl worked for the phone company and Char was a store clerk. "On the weekends we would say, 'OK, what are we going to do now?'" They say they don't miss the Midwest a bit. "It just wasn't as satisfying as it is here," says Char, though she admits she found it easier to change her address than her clothes. "It took a year to get me to dress up, but once you get in costume, your whole identity changes. Old friends visit us here and say, 'You were this shy little thing in Illinois. Now you're table dancing?'"

Some Tombstone men add a Winchester rifle to their wardrobe, but it's the women who dress to kill. Most Vigilantes sew their own costumes and strive for authenticity, researching patterns in catalogs and era magazines. They can also buy reproduction clothes at the Oriental Saloon, which features a boutique stocked with chiffon, cotton voile, silk crepe, taffeta, lace and enough feathers to fill an aviary. "When the men get dressed, we're strapping on leather and iron," says Karl, "but it's nothing to what the women wear."

One of the attractions of Wild West frontier towns was the freedom they offered for shedding old identities and starting over. Some of that license survives in Tombstone, and no one seems to enjoy it more than Kim Herrig, proprietress of the Crystal Palace Saloon. After 20 years running an interior decorating business in Dubuque, Iowa, Herrig followed her partner, Mick Fox, when he landed a job as manager of the Tombstone Federal Credit Union in 1999. She bought the 1882 Crystal Palace, restored it and soon found herself rechristened by the saloon's clientele as "Miss Kimmie." "I've been known to get up and dance on the bar," she says with a laugh. "It's a whole new life."

Local residents fulfill their sartorial fantasies on Tombstone's dusty streets (opposite, above). They include (below, from left): Ron Lord with Sgt. Pepper; Shelly and Bill Westbrook and William and Jennifer; JoAnn and Wayne Brown; Karl and Char Opperman with Ken Bre and Ron Carl; Steve Keith; Art Weisberger, Drue Montemayor and Pat Kelly.

Tombstone's colorful past (the town, above, in 1881, the year of the O.K. Corral shootout) still casts its spell. Trista Boyenga, below left, and Heather Whelan (at the Crystal Palace Saloon) are military officers. But, says Whelan, "You go to Tombstone and you're the center of attention and . . . you're a *girl* again!"

On a recent evening, the patrons of the Crystal Palace resemble the cast of a western movie. A party of young women near a pool table at the end of the bar are a study in ribbons, flowers and filigree, with tight corsets, swirls of petticoats and lace gloves. "I basically have to curl every single strand of my hair separately in order to have it fall into the ringlets," says Trista Boyenga, who is celebrating her 24th birthday. She and her companions are from Fort Huachuca. "We're military intelligence officers," she says. "We're all lieutenants."

"Being an officer," she goes on, "I have all these men saluting me, saying yes ma'am, no ma'am. My God, I'm 24 years old and I'm a ma'am already! I try to get away from that in Tombstone." Her friend Heather Whelan agrees. "The military is very cut and dried, you're a professional, you tell people what to do," Whelan says. "In the military, we all look the same. And then you go to Tombstone and you're the center of attention and people are buying you drinks and . . . you're a *girl* again!"

While many people moved to Tombstone for adventure, James Clark sought it as a refuge. Now the owner of the Tombstone Mercantile Company, stocked with western antiques and collectibles, he raced locomotives into ambushes or train wrecks and performed other high-speed stunts in more than 200 Hollywood films. (Recently, he went back to his old job with Steven Spielberg for a six-part movie series, "Into the West," on the cable network TNT.) And he keeps his hand on the throttle by running a freight train from time to time, between the Arizona town of Benson and the Mexican border. But most days he enjoys the slower pace of life as a Tombstone merchant. He built a stockade-like house outside town, modeled after one he'd seen on a movie set. "I live in the very area where the people I love to read about lived," he says. "This is a place you can play cowboy Halloween every day of the week."

At Old West Books on Allen Street, Doc Ingalls leans against the door frame. His mustache, his battered hat, even his slouch, are pure cowboy. As he looks on, a tourist asks a passing sheriff when the next gunfight is scheduled. The sheriff, in a big, wide-brim hat, says he doesn't know. The tourist asks again, insistently. Ingalls steps out into the street and takes the visitor aside. "He's the real sheriff," he tells the tenderfoot. "You don't want to be in a gunfight with him. He uses live ammunition."

Writer PAUL TRACHTMAN *is based in Los Ojos, New Mexico. Photographer* DANIEL BORRIS *works from San Antonio, Texas.*

JOHN VAN HASSELT / SYGMA / CORBIS; DANIEL BORRIS

Artistic Visions of the Southwest

5 days: November 1-5, 2006

Arizona's bright blue skies and rugged, beautiful landscapes have inspired artists and architects over the past century. Discover this region's artistic heritage during an exclusive tour of Phoenix, Scottsdale, and Sedona featuring visits to private homes and galleries. Architecture professor Max Underwood offers insights on the unique design aesthetic that inspires master painters, sculptors, architects, and collectors of the Southwest. Meet artists, gallery owners, and collectors and enjoy fine dining and accommodations in the heart of Scottsdale's eclectic arts center.

SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE'S 2006 CultureFest

This tour is planned to coincide with *Smithsonian* magazine's CultureFest, four days of live performances, educational presentations, and cultural events held in the Phoenix and Scottsdale area, November 2-5, 2006. For more information about CultureFest visit **CultureFest.com**

For detailed information about the Artistic Visions of the Southwest tour call **877-338-8687** or visit **smithsonianjourneys.org/United States/110106southwest.asp**

Smithsonian Journeys

American Canadian Caribbean Line

The Small Ship Cruise Line®

Explore historic US/Canadian inland and coastal waterways. Enjoy picturesque harbors up-close. Only 100 guests, memorable camaraderie. Nostalgic, casual, fun, BYOB. Featured on PBS. Expedition-style US Flag ships. Great Lakes, Erie Canal, Fall Foliage, New England Isles, Maine and more.
800-556-7450 • www.smallships.us

Stay in Arlington and enjoy monumental views of Washington, D.C., just a quick Metro ride away. After a busy day, extraordinary shopping, great restaurants, and a comfortable hotel await your return. Get a free Visitors Guide at

ARLINGTON VIRGINIA·USA

800-677-6267
www.stayarlington.com

South Carolina's TREASURED COAST
HILTON HEAD ISLAND • BEAUFORT • BLUFFTON

Visit Hilton Head Island, Beaufort and Bluffton on South Carolina's Treasured Coast to discover hidden gems with history, heritage, arts and culture.
www.treasuredcoast.com

The best way to see Alaska is on the Alaska Railroad. Experience first-class luxury service during daily summer excursions from Anchorage, Talkeetna, Denali Fairbanks, Whittier, and Seward. Features casual dining, passenger comfort, spectacular scenery and wildlife.

ALASKA RAILROAD CORPORATION EST. 1914

800-544-0552
AlaskaRailroad.com

MOUNTAIN TRAVEL SOBEK

37 years of extraordinary worldwide adventures from the leader in adventure travel. Hiking, river rafting, sea kayaking, wildlife adventures, and more! 35 distinctive itineraries in North America, including Alaska, Hawaii, and Mexico. Expert leadership, tons of fun!
888 MTSOBEK • www.mtsobek.com

SULLIVAN COUNTY
CATSKILLS

We're home of the Bethel Woods Center for the Arts.
Music fills the air. Trout jump. Eagles soar.
And culture springs to life.

1-800-882-CATS | www.scva.net

SULLIVAN COUNTY THE CATSKILLS I ♥ NY

MAKE YOUR OWN ANDROMEDA CONNECTION

Focus on Astronomy is just one of 250 Smithsonian Journeys worldwide where you go behind the scenes to experience world-class science, history, opera, art or cuisine. Only Smithsonian offers 35 years of experience, one-of-a-kind itineraries, expert study leaders and engaging travel companions!

Smithsonian Journeys

Unique Tours for the Savvy Traveler.

Call for your Journeys travel catalog TODAY!

1-877-338-8687
(mention code 810146)

www.SmithsonianJourneys.org

Smithsonian Institution

Only Smithsonian offers VIP access to its world-renowned research station, The Whipple Observatory, site of the 6.5-meter MMT Telescope. This fall join experts in Arizona to explore the latest intergalactic phenomena and enjoy a constellation of exclusives that simply cannot be beat!

Minneapolis

The Guthrie Theater's new home, designed by architect Jean Nouvel, makes a dramatic entrance

BY WENDY MITMAN CLARKE

On June 24, the Guthrie Theater—since its inception in 1963 one of the nation's centers for regional dramatic productions—takes up residence in a newly completed building on the banks of the Mississippi River. Created by French architect Jean Nouvel, the sleek, $125 million structure looks out on a vista of river and city skyline.

The Guthrie, says Joe Dowling, artistic director since 1995, had "long since outgrown" its previous location on the city's west side. The theater mounts an ambitious program of a dozen productions each year for 400,000 patrons, and audiences are expected to grow to 500,000 at the new facility. There, says Dowling, theatergoers will experience "a full range" of dramatic offerings performed on three new stages.

Fittingly enough, a work adapted from a native son—F. Scott Fitzgerald, who was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1896—will kick off the season. On July 21, Broadway veteran David Esbjornson directs playwright Simon Levy's stage version of *The Great Gatsby*—the first theatrical adaptation of the novel that the Fitzgerald estate has approved in 80 years. "One virtue of producing this work for the stage, as opposed to film," he says, "is that you get a real sense of Fitzgerald's prose, as the character of the narrator, Nick, speaks directly to the audience. I'm thrilled we're getting the opportunity to do this."

The building features a 1,100-seat auditorium (above) and images from past productions, mounted on the facade and illuminated at night (top).

GUTHRIE THEATER (2)

Writer WENDY MITMAN CLARKE *reports frequently on history and the arts.*

Sitka

A tradition-rich village lies at the doorstep of a vast Alaskan wilderness

BY JOSHUA BROCKMAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN SMALE

AS I KAYAK into the mouth of the Indian River, just off the Pacific Coast village of Sitka, Alaska (pop. 8,900), I gaze up at a sight almost surreal: along a forested trail hugging the coastline, totem poles up to 50 feet tall—the work of Tlingit and Haida artisans—rise out of the mist. The footpath, one section of a two-mile loop, lies within 112.5-acre Sitka National Historical Park, land set aside in 1910 as Alaska's first federal park.

An inspiring mix of natural beauty and rich tradition defines Sitka (the Tlingit name means "by the sea"), which lies on the periphery of the vast Tongass wilderness, a 17-million-acre national forest established in 1907. No roads lead here: the town, on the west side of Baranof Island, is reachable only by ferry or flights from points such as Seattle or Anchorage, or by cruise ships—although vessels must anchor off the shallow harbor.

"Cultural complexity is the real story of Sitka," says local historian Harvey Brandt, who pointed out landmarks reflecting the region's history as we walked through the center of town. The Russian presence here dates back to 1799, when fur traders established an outpost. "By the 1840s," Brandt says, "Tlingit, Aleut, Alutiiq, Russian and Finnish cultures were all part of the mix." For more than a century, the Russian Bishop's House,

On Baranof Island, the town of Sitka (its harbor, left, set against a backdrop of the Coast Mountains) is reachable only by boat or plane. Says local artist Teri Rofkar: "Our isolation—it's a gift."

Sitka's heritage and pristine wilderness attract 230,000 visitors each summer. (Clockwise from top left: the town center, with St. Michael's Russian Orthodox Cathedral; Tlingit woodcarver Tommy Joseph; a cruise ship just offshore; a 40-foot-tall totem pole downtown; kayakers in Sitka Sound.)

at today's Lincoln and Monastery streets, served as a residence for Russian Orthodox clergy. Castle Hill—once the location of a Russian governor's house, which burned in 1894—was the site of the ceremony marking Alaska's transfer to the United States in 1867. Sitka is home to 19 sites on the National Register of Historic Places.

For more than 15 years, Tlingit woodcarver Tommy Joseph has produced masterworks from his studio at the Southeast Indian Cultural Center, a complex of workshops on the grounds of Sitka National Historical Park. He has earned international renown creating 35-foot-tall totem poles, as well as hand-hewn painted masks and screens. His intention, he says, is to bring Tlingit traditions into the future. "This is not a dead art form," he says. "I'm incorporating motifs from today, yesterday and tomorrow."

On my last day in Sitka, I travel by water taxi (local chartered craft) to Kruzof Island, ten miles to the west, site of Mount Edgecumbe, a 3,201-foot dormant volcano. Upon arrival, I set out on a six-hour climb to the summit, gathering wild blueberries along the trail. As I reach the crater's edge, dragonflies hover in the crystal air. I look west to the Pacific and recall what another Tlingit artisan, weaver and basketmaker Teri Rofkar, had told me the day before. "Because this is an isolated community, because there are no roads, I have real relationships with people who are not in my generation," she said. "Our isolation—it's a gift."

JOSHUA BROCKMAN lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Photographer BRIAN SMALE is based in Seattle.

EXCLUSIVE FOR SMITHSONIAN READERS

Smithsonian Institution

LIMITED EDITIONS!

A 2007 Smithsonian Appointment Book for just $5*!

Our Way of Thanking You for Reading Smithsonian Magazine

Flexible Pocket Diary **regularly $14.95**

Hardbound Appointment Book **regularly $26.95**

We appreciate our readers, and would like to show it with these exclusive Smithsonian planners at a very special price.

Filled with illustrations, photographs, and articles only the Smithsonian can offer, the 2007 editions are daily reminders of the cultural preservation that's possible because of your generous support.

As a SPECIAL BONUS we would like to give you our Photo Album FREE when you take the SET that includes the Desk size and Pocket size planners.

This year's editions are limited, and we will run out, so don't wait, order TODAY!

DETAILS: The Appointment Book has 200 pages; generous 7½" x 9" size; outstanding full-color artwork and photographs accompanied with detailed articles; A complete museum directory: deep blue padded cover; gilt-edged; handy reference section; year-in-view; and forward planner.

The Matching Pocket Diary has 160 pages; 3¼" x 6¾" x ¼" size; flexible binding in matching deep blue; place-marker ribbon; monthly planners; gilt-edged; and protective metal corners.

Subsequent annual editions will automatically be made available to me at full price. I will receive advance notification of the new editions' availability, and may decline shipment simply by returning the form provided. I'm never under any obligation.

Order On-Line at www.SmithsonianBook.com
Toll FREE at 1-800-200-7074
Mail: Smithsonian Institution, PO Box 2513, Westbury, NY 11590-9913

*Plus $2.97 each shipping and handling. Applicable sales tax added for NY residents. Good while quantities last; may be withdrawn at any time; order subject to credit approval; good only in the Continental U.S. This offer made with Bobley-Harmann Corporation, a licensee of the Smithsonian Institution.

©2006 Bobley-Harmann Corporation.

YES! Please send me my 2007 Smithsonian Appointment Book and/or my 2007 Smithsonian Pocket Diary for only $5 each*, and if I choose to monogram, $3.75 for each book, as outlined in the details to the left.

Please send my book(s) as indicated below:

Check One:

- ☐ **SET: Appointment Book & Pocket Diary** 66669-672 — *FREE 4x6" Photo Album with SET!*
- ☐ Appointment Book 66670-673
- ☐ Pocket Diary 66671-674

Monogram in elegant gold-tone indicate initials here (limit 3): ___ ___ ___

Order Extra Books as Gifts for Friends and Business Associates $5 each*

Appointment Book 66675 How many?____ Pocket Diary 66676 How many?____

Note: these books cannot be monogrammed.

PLEASE COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION:

Name_____

Address_____ Apt.#____

City_____ State____ Zip_____

Your Signature Required_____

✓ Payment Method: ☐Discover ☐MasterCard ☐Visa ☐Bill Me**

**DO NOT SEND A CHECK. Books will ship in September.

✓ Your Credit Card Account Number:

Exp. Date____/____ MONTH YEAR

CURRENT APPOINTMENT BOOK SUBSCRIBERS NOT ELIGIBLE

AB506

DIRTY LITTLE SECRET

TO SEE THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR THROUGH THE EYES OF SLAVES IS TO BETTER UNDERSTAND WHY SO MANY OF THEM FOUGHT FOR THE CROWN **BY SIMON SCHAMA**

TEN YEARS after the surrender of George III's army to General Washington at Yorktown, a man known as British Freedom was hanging on in North America. Along with a few hundred other souls, he was scratching a living from the stingy soil around Preston, a few miles northeast of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Like most of the Preston people, British Freedom was black and had come from a warmer place. Now he was a hardscrabbler stuck in a wind-whipped corner of the world between the blue spruce forest and the sea. But he was luckier than most.

British Freedom had title to 40 acres, and another one and a half of what the lawyers' clerks in Halifax were pleased to call a "town lot." It didn't look like much of a town, though, just a dirt clearing with rough cabins at the center and a few chickens strutting around and maybe a mud-caked hog or two. Some of the people who had managed to get a team of oxen to clear the land of bald gray rocks grew patches of beans and corn and cabbages, which they carted to market in Halifax along with building lumber. But even those who prospered—by Preston standards—took themselves off every so often into the wilderness to shoot some birch partridge, or tried their luck on the saltwater ponds south of the village.

What were they doing there? Not just surviving. British Freedom and the rest of the villagers were clinging to more than a scrap of Nova Scotia; they were clinging to a promise. Some of them even had that promise *printed* and signed by officers of the British Army on behalf of the king himself, that the bearer so-and-so was at liberty to go wherever he or she pleased and take up whatever occupation he or she chose. That meant something for people who had been slaves. And the king's word was surely a bond. In return for their loyal service in the late American war, they were to be granted two gifts of unimaginably precious worth: their freedom and their acres.

It was, they told themselves, no more than their due. They had done perilous, dirty, exhausting work. They had been spies amid the Americans; guides through the Georgia swamps; pilots taking ships over treacherous sandbars; sappers on the ramparts of Charleston as French cannonballs took off the limbs of the men beside them. They had dug trenches; buried bodies blistered with the pox; powdered the officers' wigs and, marching smartly, drummed the regiments in and out of disaster. The women had cooked and laundered and nursed the sick; dabbed at the holes on soldiers' bodies; and tried to keep their children from harm. Some of them had fought. There had been black dragoons in South Carolina; waterborne gangs of black partisans for the king on the Hudson River; bands of black guerrillas who

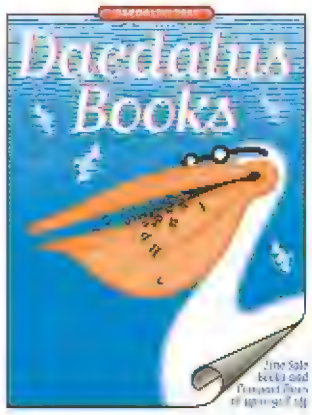
American slaves saw the British as more than their enemy's enemy (a servant joins British troops in repelling a French invasion on the island of Jersey in 1781).

DETAIL, TATE GALLERY, LONDON / ART RESOURCE, NEW YORK

From Rough Crossings, *by Simon Schama, published by Ecco, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers. Copyright 2005 by Simon Schama.*

May Marketplace

Daedalus Books & Music



Daedalus features thousands of overstock books, CDs and DVDs at up to 90% off list price. Children's titles and books in history, science, art and all other subjects are deeply discounted. Classical, jazz and blues CDs are priced as low as $3.98. DVDs at $6.98. FREE catalog.
800-395-2665 • www.salebooks.com

celticjewelry.com

Contemporary interpretations of classic motifs. Great Wedding Rings. **888-733-5238**

Weathervanes, cupolas, rain chains and more. The finishing touches that transform a home or garden.
www.DirectHG.com
FREE CATALOG
Call 1-800-428-7652 code SM506.
Builder & dealer inquiries invited.

EMPYREAN℠

ARCHITECTURE / PLANNING / FABRICATION

We are the architects and designers, project managers, and craftspeople who listen. We provide expertise, experience, and refined building systems. Only Empyrean, proudly offering Deck House, Acorn, and The Dwell Homes by Empyrean. $20.
800-727-3325 • www.emp-apf.com

FOOTWISE

Footwise offers the latest footwear by Birkenstock, Naot, Teva, and Wolky. Expert service. Authorized repair shop. Bargains online. Free catalog. Easy online shopping.
800-451-1459 • www.footwise.com

2 FOR 1

Buy the Last 1921 U.S. Morgan Silver Dollar, Get a FREE 1921-1935 Peace Silver Dollar — Brilliant Uncirculated! Set, $35 (#34785). Limit 2 sets. Add total of $2 postage. No unwanted coins sent. **International Coins & Currency, 1-800-451-4463, Dept. 4688 or www.iccoin.net**

TAKE 20% OFF your first Catalog order!
(Offer valid for New Customers Only!)
Request your FREE catalog today to receive this special offer. **SAVE 35-70%** on Famous Name Brand clothing, sportswear, shoes and accessories. 100% Satisfaction Guaranteed.
SierraTradingPost.com Key Code SM56.

Sadigh Gallery

ANCIENT ART, INC.

OWN A PIECE OF HISTORY. Specializing in ancient artifacts & coins, Prehistoric, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Near Eastern, African & Oriental at WHOLESALE PRICES with Certificate of Authenticity. **All CC.** 24H Shipping. **FREE CATALOG.** Call **800-426-2007** or email **Info@sadigh-gallery.com, www.sadighgallery.com**

www.motionmodels.com

THE WORLD'S FINEST QUALITY, HANDCRAFTED, READY-TO-DISPLAY, MUSEUM-QUALITY AIRCRAFT AND SHIP MODELS

Let us custom-make your aircraft or ship. The world's largest catalog selection and website of custom and ready-to-display aircraft and ship models. New 120-page catalog – $8.00 refundable. Vets and active duty... let us custom-make what you flew or served on. The perfect gift for a loved one. Registered D.O.D. contractor. WE SPECIALIZE IN MILITARY AND CORPORATE DISPLAYS.
1-800-866-3172 • www.motionmodels.com • 1-954-344-8512

Steingraeber & Söhne
BAYREUTH, GERMANY SINCE 1852

"Best of the Best" *
* Consecutive Winner of the Paris Competition

World's Most Handmade Piano
With All Natural Materials!

"...a rare and exclusive piano..."

U.S. Representatives:
Oak Valley Piano - Yucaipa, CA
Chris Finger Pianos - Boulder (Niwot), CO
PianoCraft - Washington, DC
Atlantic Music Center - Melbourne, FL
Petit Pianos - Rochester, MN
Santa Fe Music - Santa Fe, NM

1-888-725-6633
www.steingraeber.de

Hilton Head Health
INSTITUTE

Get Serious About Weight Loss!

- Lose 7-14 pounds in a 2-week stay
- Break the yo-yo diet cycle
- Learn how to prepare healthy meals
- Diabetes Management
- Discover a fitness program that works for you!

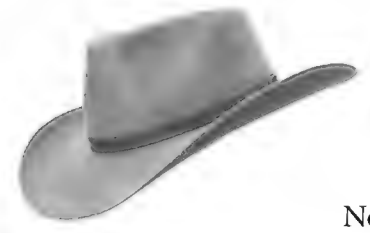
(800) 292-2440
Ask about our special rates and programs
www.hhhealth.com

would descend on Patriot farms in New Jersey and take whatever they could, even white American prisoners.

So they were owed. They had been given their liberty, and some of them got land. But the soil was thin and strewn with boulders, and the blacks had no way, most of them, to clear and work it unless they hired themselves or their families out to the white Loyalists. That meant more cooking and laundering; more waiting on tables and shaving pink chins; more hammering rocks for roads and bridges. And still they were in debt, so grievously that some complained their liberty was no true liberty at all but just another kind of slavery in all but name.

But names counted. British Freedom's name said something important: that he was no longer negotiable property. For all its bleak hardships, Preston was not a Georgia plantation. Other Prestonians—Decimus Murphy, Caesar Smith—had evidently kept their slave names as they had made the passage to liberty. But British Freedom must have been born, or bought, as someone else. He may have shaken off that name, like his leg irons, on one of the 81 sailings out of New York in 1783, which had taken 30,000 Loyalists, black and white, to Nova Scotia, for no one called British Freedom is listed in the *Book of Negroes*, which recorded those who, as free men and women, were at liberty to go where they wished. It is also possible that British Freedom could have found his way to Nova Scotia in one of the earlier Loyalist evacuations—from Boston in 1776 or from Charleston in 1782. In the frightening months between the end of the war and the departure of the British fleets, as American planters were attempting to locate the whereabouts of escaped slaves, many of them changed their names to avoid identification. British Freedom may just have gone one step further in giving himself an alias that was also a patriotic boast.

Whichever route he had taken, and whatever trials he was enduring, British Freedom's choice of name proclaims something startling: a belief that it was



Snowy River
by Akubra®

No. 1611 ..... $98
From the great Australian outback, a pure fur felt hat for sun or rain. Fully lined, 3 1/4" brim.
Sizes: 6 3/4-8 1/8, colors: Fawn, Gray or Black.
Add $7 for handling. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Visit our web site or request our catalog
Bosca® Leather goods • Celtic Jewelry
Filson® Clothing and Luggage

David Morgan
800-324-4934 davidmorgan.com
11812 N Creek Pkwy N, Ste 103 • Bothell WA 98011

China, Crystal, Silver & Collectibles
Old & New • Buy & Sell
10 Million Pieces
183,000 Patterns
Call for FREE lists of each of your patterns.
1-800-REPLACE
(1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Dept. SM
Greensboro, NC 27420
www.replacements.com®
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.

The Pearl of the Adriatic
CROATIA
Croatian National Tourist Office
800-829-4416
cntony@earthlink.net
www.croatia.hr
Europe as it used to be!

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL • SRI LANKA • TAIWAN
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327
www.uptontea.com
Free catalog listing over 320 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
34 A Hayden Rowe St.*Hopkinton, MA 01748

Handcrafted rings in gold and platinum

Free color brochure
800.735.2058
www.davidvirtue.com

new balance
Over 50 Styles - Narrow and Wide Widths
Men's & Women's - 100% Guaranteed
Call 1-800-881-4322 for FREE catalog or place your order online.
www.activesoles.com

the British monarchy rather than the new American republic that was more likely to deliver Africans from slavery. Although Thomas Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence, had blamed "the *Christian* King" George III for the institution of slavery in America, blacks like British Freedom did not see the king that way at all. On the contrary, he was their enemy's enemy and thus their friend, emancipator and guardian.

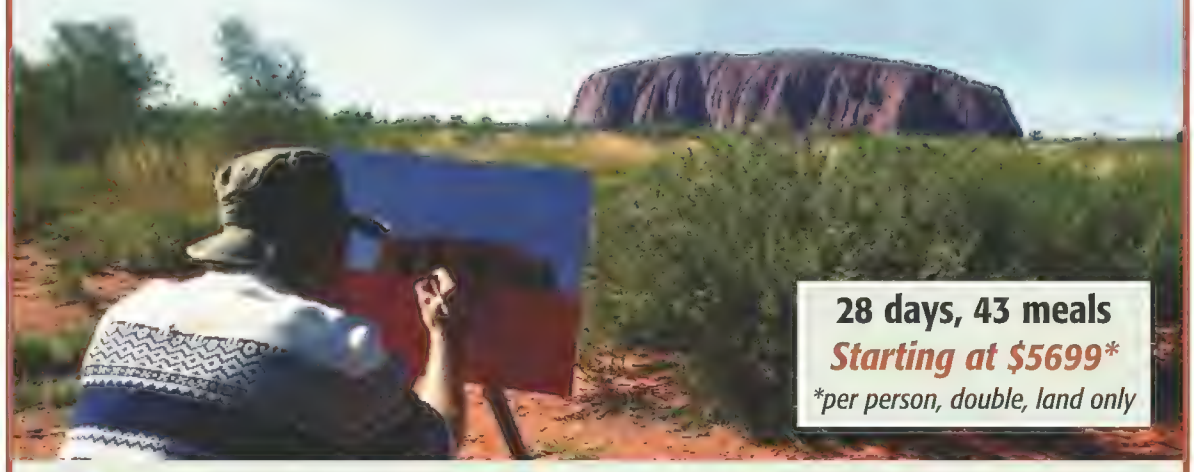
Tens of thousands of African-Americans clung to the sentimental notion of a British freedom even when they knew that the English were far from being saints in respect to slavery. Until 1800, when its courts decisively ruled the institution illegal, there were slaves, as well as free blacks, in Nova Scotia, and there were hundreds of thousands more in the British Caribbean. Nonetheless, in 1829 one of the first militant African-American emancipationists, David Walker, wrote from Boston in his *Appeal to the Coloured Citizens of the World* that the "English" were "the best friends the coloured people have upon earth. Though they have oppressed us a little and have colonies now in the West Indies which oppress us sorely—Yet notwithstanding [the English] have done one hundred times more for the melioration of our condition, than all the other nations of the earth put together." White Americans, on the other hand, with their posturing religiosity and their hollow cant of freedom, he consigned to the lowest reaches of hypocritical infamy.

Whether the British deserved this reputation as the most racially broad-minded among nations and empires is, to say the least, debatable. But during the Revolutionary War there is no question that tens of thousands of Africans, enslaved in the American South, did look to Britain as their deliverer, to the point where they were ready to risk life and limb to reach the lines of the royal army. To give this astounding fact its due means being obliged to tell the story of Anglo-American conflict, both during the Revolution and after, in a freshly complicated way.

To be sure, there were also many

Great Trains, Wineries, and Cultures of Australia & New Zealand

with optional Fiji extension



Smithsonian Journeys Travel Adventures℠ with COLLETTE VACATIONS

See such natural wonders as the Great Barrier Reef, Ayers Rock, and the geysers of Rotorua. Enjoy private tastings at renowned vineyards and travel aboard legendary railways including the Ghan Train and the Tranz-Alpine Express. Expert presentations on Aboriginal cultures and natural history will enhance your understanding of "the land down under."

Fly to Australia fast. Asleep.

Enjoy the highest standards of comfort in the award-winning Qantas Skybed, business class sleeper seat, complete with a personal TV screen for your inflight entertainment.

QANTAS Spirit of Australia

Qantas. Since 1920.

For more information call **1-800-528-8147** and mention promotion code A184-AX1-918 or contact your travel agent. **www.smithsonianjourneystraveladventures.org**

CST #2006766-20 UBN # 601220855 Nevada Seller of Travel Registration No. 2003-0279 AD257

Don't struggle getting in or out of your tub.

"Call today and ask for your free brochure."
- Ed McMahon

Replacing your old tub with a Premier walk-in bath tub makes life easy again; bath time can be a pleasure every day; no worries, no struggles.

For further details or to receive your FREE brochure

CALL NOW • TOLL FREE

1-800-578-2899

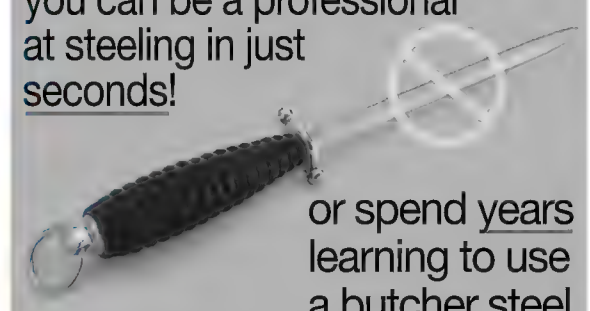
Source Code: 38056

Premier™ BATHROOMS

Chef'sChoice®

SteelPro™

With the SteelPro™ you can be a professional at steeling in just seconds!



or spend years learning to use a butcher steel

© 2004 EdgeCraft Corporation
Avondale, PA 19311
Customer Service: 800-342-3255
www.chefschoice.com

Advertiser Directory

For information, circle the corresponding number(s) on the attached card, and mail or fax response to (585) 321-0043. Visit *Smithsonian* Reader Service ON-LINE at www.smithreader.com

Showcase America

1. Alaska Railroad. The best way to see Alaska's stunning scenery and wildlife is on the Alaska Railroad. www.alaskarailroad.com

2. American Canadian Caribbean Line. Explore historic US/Canadian inland and coastal waterways by casual smallship. 100 guests, 5-15 nights. www.smallships.us

3. Arlington Convention & Visitors Service. Enjoy monumental views of Washington, D.C. from Arlington. Visit www.stayarlington.com for a free Visitors Guide.

4. Mountain Travel Sobek. 37 years of extraordinary worldwide adventures, from North America to Europe, Asia to Africa. www.mtsobek.com

5. South Carolina's Treasured Coast. Visit www.treasuredcoast.com for vacation planning in Hilton Head Island, Beaufort and Bluffton, SC.

6. Sullivan County. Sullivan County Catskills, 87 miles from NYC, culture, golf, raft adventure, performing arts. www.scva.net

A. ALL OF THE ABOVE CATEGORY

Travel

7. American Cruise Lines. Luxurious week long cruises of discovery along the magnificent U.S. Waterways. www.americancruiselines.com

8. Arizona Office of Tourism. Arizona - The Grand Canyon State. Seize the day. Find out how by ordering your free Arizona Travel Packet from ArizonaGuide.com

9. Arkansas. Home of the newest, most visitor-friendly Presidential library and the Indoor/Outdoor Vacation. Arkansas.com

10. Clipper Cruise Line. Deluxe small-ship adventures for those seeking a more meaningful travel experience. www.clippercruise.com

11. Croatia. Discover the 1,185 Adriatic islands, hidden treasures at crossroads of Europe, 6 UNESCO World Heritage Sites. www.croatia.hr

12. CultureFest. CultureFest is coming to Phoenix and Scottsdale, AZ November 2-5, and Flagstaff and Prescott, AZ November 10-11! Log on to www.culturefest.com for more details on programs, speakers and travel packages.

13. The Great State of Texas. For your FREE Texas State Travel Guide, visit www.TravelTex.com

Heritage Travel to the South. For FREE info on advertisers, simply request by number below or go to www.Leisuresouth.com

14. Georgia Heritage travel info.

15. North Carolina Heritage travel info.

16. South Carolina Heritage travel info.

17. Tennessee Heritage travel info.

18. Virginia Heritage travel info.

19. W. Virginia Heritage travel info.

20. Holland America Line. Offering extraordinary journeys to destinations worldwide. Visit www.hollandamerica.com

21. India Tourism. To learn more about an experience that is truly incredible please visit us at www.incredibleindia.org

22. International Expeditions. Devoted to exploring the natural wonders of the earth with unique travel programs. Visit www.ietravel.com

23. INTRAV. Deluxe touring opportunities since 1959. European River cruises, private-jet adventures, and unique land-based events. www.intrav.com

24. Kiawah Island-Resort Quest. Free magazine-size color guide. Order online today. www.KiawahTimes.com

25. Louisiana Tourism. Do less sightseeing and more sightdoing. For your free Louisiana tour guide, visit Louisianatravel.com

26. NCV Expedition Cruises. Our 19-day voyage to Antarctica gets you closer to the wildlife and spectacular scenery. Prices from $5,495. www.norwegiancoastalvoyage.us

27. New Brunswick, Canada. Walk on the ocean floor in New Brunswick, Canada's Bay of Fundy, home of the World's Highest Tides!

28. New Mexico. For your free vacation guide visit www.newmexico.org

29. Newfoundland & Labrador, Canada. It's a short trip to the very end of the Earth, where the dawn breaks first at the most easterly edge of the continent. www.NewfoundlandandLabrador Tourism.com

30. Phoenix, AZ. Discover art & culture, world-class resorts, fine dining and other amazing things in Phoenix. www.visitphoenix.com/culture

31. Scotland. Scotland's rich cultured heritage is celebrated in museums, galleries, vibrant festivals and theaters. Visit www.toscotland.com

32. Scottsdale CVB. Scottsdale, Arizona offers luxurious resorts and spas, exciting arts and culture, and award-winning cuisine. Visit experiencescottsdale.com/smithsonian

33. Serious Traveler? Cultural tours. Small groups. Exotic destinations. Libya, Iran, Apulia, Tibet & more. Travel Concepts International. www.tci-travel.com

34. Smithsonian Journeys. Love to travel? Love to learn? Take the Smithsonian on your next trip. www.SmithsonianJourneys.org

35. Smithsonian Journeys Travel Adventures. Take an adventure of a lifetime traveling through Australia and New Zealand. www.smithsonianjourneystravel adventures.org

36. Switzerland. Art and Architecture. Switzerland has the world's highest concentration of museums - 980 in total. MySwitzerland.com

37. Tourism PEI. Visit Prince Edward Island Canada - Thegentleisland.com

38. Travel Oregon. Learn more about Oregon vacation opportunities and receive your free Travel Oregon magazine at www.traveloregon.com

39. Turkey. Istanbul – a city of fascinating contrasts, where antiquity is juxtaposed with contemporary and where familiar meets exotic. www.tourismturkey.org for more information.

40. University of Virginia Travel and Learn Programs. Expert faculty, historic settings, great fun. Visit www.virginia.edu/travelandlearn

41. Washington State Tourism. Find the moment that will make you SayWA. Plan your trip at experiencewa.com

42. West Virginia Division of Tourism. Escape to find old fashioned pleasures, rich culture and fascinating history in the mountains of West Virginia, Wild and Wonderful. Visit callwva.com for a free travel guide.

43. Zegrahm Expeditions. Join renowned naturalists and historians in fascinating, remote destinations - Antarctica, India, Africa, Southeast Asia, and more. www.zeco.com

B. ALL OF THE ABOVE CATEGORY

Books

44. Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller. America's *largest* Bargain Book catalog. Science, Archaeology - Savings in 67 subject areas. Free Catalog. www.erhbooks.com/gft

Home

45. Chilton Furniture. Quality Maine-made furniture for every room in your house. Custom design also available. Visit us at chiltons.com

46. Endless Pools. The Treadmill for Swimmers. Installed Indoors or Out for Year-Round Use. Free DVD! http://www.EndlessPools.com/4547

47. Thomas Lee Ltd. The finest 100% cotton bed linens in the world. Incomparable quality. Extraordinary value. 500 thread count. Visit www.thomasleeltd.com

48. Timberpeg. We have been fabricating timberframe homes nationwide for over 30 years. Visit www.timberpeg.com for information.

49. Watertech Whirlpool Bath. Factory Direct. Catalogs available on request. watertechtn.com

C. ALL OF THE ABOVE CATEGORY

Investment

The Hartford. See your advisor about the latest investment products from The Hartford and Prepare to Live. hartfordinvestor.com

Real Estate

50. Arkansas Newcomers. Arkansas, home of the Indoor/Outdoor Vacation, is also a great place to call home. RelocateToArkansas.com

Miscellaneous

51. DeadMenTellNoTales.com. Pirate flags, music, toys, books, jewelry, party goods, posters, clothing, treasure and much more! www.DeadMenTellNoTales.com

52. Into The Wind. The best kites, flags and windsocks in the world! Visit us at www.intothewind.com

53. John Christian Designers. Cool, personalized jewelry for life's special moments. Anniversaries are our specialty!

SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE'S

12. CultureFest. CultureFest is coming to Phoenix and Scottsdale, AZ November 2-5, and Flagstaff and Prescott, AZ November 10-11! Log on to **www.culturefest.com** for more details on programs, speakers and travel packages.

54. L.H. Selman Ltd. Specializing in antique and modern paperweights, and contemporary glass art since 1969. www.TheGlassGallery.com

55. Rosetta Stone. Rosetta Stone® software teaches 29 languages quickly and easily. For information go online at RosettaStone.com/SSS016

D. ALL OF THE ABOVE CATEGORY

May Marketplace

56. Daedalus Books & Music. For over 25 years the best browse in bargain books, CDs, and DVDs. Find us at www.salebooks.com

57. Directions for Home and Garden. Transform your home and garden - copper weathervanes, cupolas, exclusive rain chains and more! www.DirectHG.com

58. Empyrean International, LLC. The architects and designers, project managers and craftspeople who listen. Only Empyrean, proudly offering Deck House, Acorn, and The Dwell Homes by Empyrean. Brochure $20. Visit www.emp-apf.com

59. Footwise/Birkenstock Express. We offer all the Birkenstock brands as well as a premium selection of other brands (such as Naot and Teva), all with our same easy shopping and personal service. Online bargains. www.footwise.com

60. Motion Models. Largest catalog and website selection of ready-made and custom-made airplane and ship models. www.motionmodels.com

61. Reflective Images. Celticjewelry.com Contemporary interpretations of classic Celtic motifs designed and signed by Helen Chantler.

62. Sadigh Gallery. Own a piece of history. Authentic ancient artifacts and coins (Greek, Roman, Egyptian). Free catalog.

63. Sierra Traditions® for Men. Save 35-70% on name brand clothing and accessories for the man who appreciates quality, classic style and value. SierraTradingPost.com

E. ALL OF THE ABOVE CATEGORY

F. ALL ADVERTISERS 1–63

Offer Expires July 31, 2006.

blacks who gave the Patriots the benefit of the doubt when they listened and read of their war as a war for liberty. If there was a British Freedom, there was also a Dick Freedom—and a Jeffery Liberty—fighting in a Connecticut regiment on the American side. Blacks fought and died for the American cause at Concord, Bunker Hill, Rhode Island and finally at Yorktown (where they were put in the front line—whether as a tribute to their courage or as expendable sacrifices is not clear). At the Battle of Monmouth in New Jersey, black troops on both sides fought each other. But until the British aggressively recruited slaves in 1775 and 1776, state assemblies, even in the North, as well as the multistate Continental Congress, flinched from their enlistment. In February 1776 Congress instructed Washington that, while free Negroes might be retained, no more should be enlisted. Slaves, of course, were to be excluded from the Continental Army set up by Congress.

By contrast, the proclamation of John Murray, Lord Dunmore, the last Colonial governor of Virginia, from HMS *William* on November 7, 1775, unequivocally promised outright liberty to all slaves escaping from Rebel plantations, reaching British lines and serving in some capacity with the army. The promise was made from military rather than humanitarian motives, and for every British Freedom who lived to see it kept, there were many more who would be unconscionably betrayed. Yet from opportunist tactics, some good might still arise. Dunmore's words, sanctioned by the British government and reiterated by Generals William Howe and Henry Clinton (who extended the definition of those entitled to liberty to black women and children), took wing in the world of the slaves, and they themselves took off, in their tens of thousands, shortly after.

Seeing the Revolutionary War through the eyes of enslaved blacks turns its meaning upside down. In Georgia, the Carolinas and much of Virginia, the vaunted war for liberty was, from the spring of 1775 to the late

Provide For Your Future And The Smithsonian's.

That's exactly what Gloria Hamilton is doing by making a Smithsonian charitable gift annuity.

"I had some stocks that were paying very little in dividends, but the capital gains tax on selling them would have been tremendous. I realized that creating a charitable gift annuity with the Smithsonian would work to benefit both of us."

Advantages of a Smithsonian Gift Annuity include lifetime payments at attractive rates, plus significant tax benefits for your charitable contribution.

Gloria Hamilton, a special friend who is thinking of the Smithsonian's future.

Sample Rates

Effective July 1, 2004
(ONE BENEFICIARY)

Age 65	6.0%
Age 75	7.1%
Age 85	9.5%
Age 90+	11.3%

Smithsonian Institution
P.O. Box 37012 MRC 035
Washington, D.C. 20013-7012

Smithsonian Legacy Society
(888) 419-7584
e-mail: legacy@si.edu
www.si.edu/plangiv

❑ Send information on a Smithsonian Charitable Gift Annuity

Birthdates(s):_____

Amt: ❑ $10,000 ❑ $100,000 ❑ $50,000 ❑ _____

❑ I want to know more about gifts to the Smithsonian that provide me with income for life

❑ Send information on including the Smithsonian in my will

❑ I have already included the Smithsonian in my will

Name:_____

Address:_____

_____

Phone:_____

Smithsonian Legacy Society
P.O. Box 37012 • MRC 035
Washington, D.C. 20013-7012

PGSM605SM

ADVERTISEMENT

A Cultural Journey 24/7

smithsonian magazine.com

One of the most trusted names in publishing is bringing its fresh perspectives and unparalleled insight to the World Wide Web—providing you with a gateway to the cultural journey around the world and across time, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Easy to Navigate, Fun to Use

Begin your journey by visiting smithsonianmagazine.com

- Events & Exhibits
- Archives
- MultiMedia Experiences
- Travel Offers
- Shopping

Smithsonian magazine.com

Once Dunmore's words took wing in the world of the slaves, they themselves began to take off.

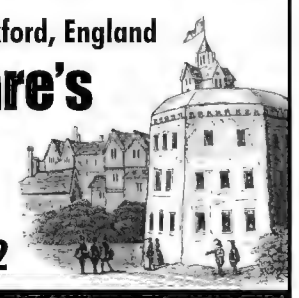
PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS / SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

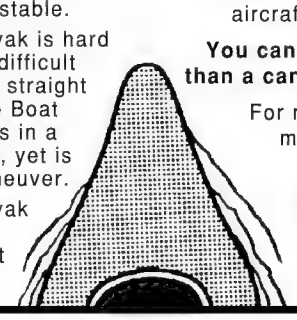
Lord Dunmore, Virginia's last Colonial governor, promised liberty to slaves who escaped from Rebel plantations, reached British lines and served in the army.

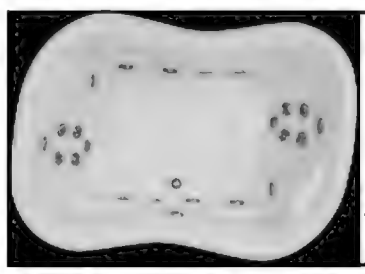
summer of 1776, a war for the perpetuation of servitude. The contortions of logic were so perverse, yet so habitual, that George Washington could describe Dunmore as "that arch traitor to the rights of humanity" for promising to free slaves and indentured servants.

Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, a Pennsylvania Lutheran pastor, knew what he was talking about when he wrote that the black population "secretly wished the British army might win, for then all Negro slaves will gain their freedom. It is said that this sentiment is universal among all the Negroes in America." And every so often truth broke through the armor of Patriot casuistry. In December 1775, Lund

$40
Sunset Beach
BEAU TIES LTD. *of Vermont*
Handcrafted silk bow ties,
neckties and many accessories.
For a free catalog: **800-488-8437, ext. 611**
See our eCatalog at: www.beautiesltd.com/ad611.

JOIN US IN ENGLAND
UNIVERSITY *of* VIRGINIA
TRAVEL & LEARN PROGRAMS FOR ADULTS
The 19th Seminar at Oxford, England
Shakespeare's England
August 13–19, 2006
(800) 346-3882

www.UVaInOxford.org

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE/KAYAK ISN'T.
A canoe/kayak is tippy. A Poke Boat isn't. It's remarkably stable.
A canoe/kayak is hard to turn and difficult to keep in a straight line. A Poke Boat isn't. It stays in a straight line, yet is easy to maneuver.
A canoe/kayak is heavy. A Poke Boat isn't.

It **weighs only 22 pounds** - built with aircraft strength.
You can buy more than a canoe/kayak.
For more information, give us a call.
606-965-2803


Watertech
Whirlpool Bath
Factory Direct
800-289-8827
watertechtn.com

McBooks Press delivers the Masters of Naval Fiction—
Kent • Pope • Lambdin • Forester
O'Brian • Woodman • Reeman *and more*
Free catalog: **1-888-266-5711** toll-free,
or **www.mcbooks.com**
Great selection of new, rare, & hard-to-find titles, plus free shipping on orders over $50!

COUNTRY WALKERS®
Walk the World
Small group walking tours and active itineraries
FREE catalog · 800.464.9255 · www.countrywalkers.com
A GRAND EXPEDITIONS COMPANY

Swim At Home™

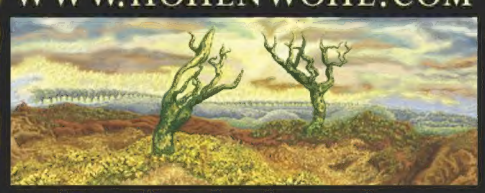
The Treadmill for Swimmers!

Swim against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for exercise, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. Just 8' x 15', an **Endless Pool®** is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or out.

Already own a pool? Ask about the FASTLANE by Endless Pools, Inc.

For Free DVD or Video Call
(800) 233-0741, Ext. 4527
Visit www.endlesspools.com/4527

WWW.HOHENWOHL.COM



win interactive animation on cd-rom mac

Maine made furniture of highest quality.

CHILTON

Call for a FREE catalog:
866-883-3366 • www.chiltons.com

SOUTH PACIFIC
Meteor Showers
ABOARD THE 128-PASSENGER *CLIPPER ODYSSEY*®
Sail the paradise-islands of the South Pacific during the peak-viewing period of the 2006 Leonid meteor showers.
800-964-0500
www.clippercruise.com/smic
CLIPPER
The Beauty of Small-Ship Adventure Travel®

Collector's Paperweights

www.TheGlassGallery.com
1-800-538-0766

If you are moving soon, please send an address label from a recent issue along with your new address to:

Smithsonian Membership Data-Center
P.O. Box 420312
Palm Coast, FL 32142-0312
or call: 1-800-766-2149

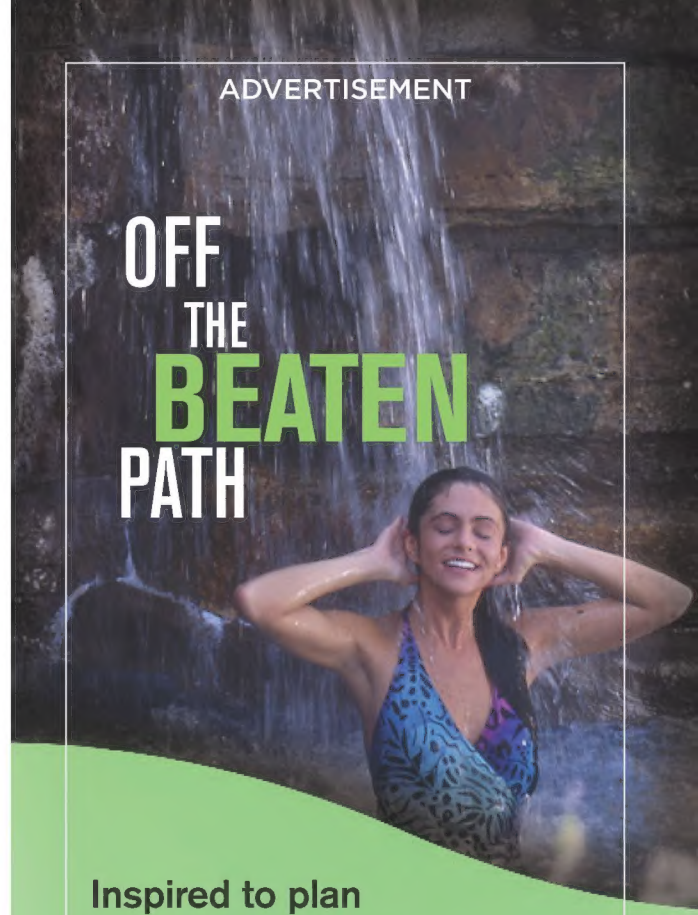
Washington wrote to his cousin George of both blacks and indentured servants, who were departing from the Washington properties at speed, that "there is not a man of them but would leave us if they believ'd they could make there [sic] escape. . . . Liberty is sweet."

The founding fathers were themselves candid about the extent of the disappearance of their slaves, not least because so many of them experienced serious personal losses. Thomas Jefferson, who had seen his own attempt to incorporate a paragraph attacking slavery in the Declaration of Independence stricken out by Congress, lost 30 of his own during the few weeks in the spring of 1781, when Lord Cornwallis' troops were not far from his home, Monticello. He believed—and the judgment of most modern historians concurs—that at least 30,000 slaves had escaped from Virginia plantations in attempts to reach the British lines. The same went for the rest of the South.

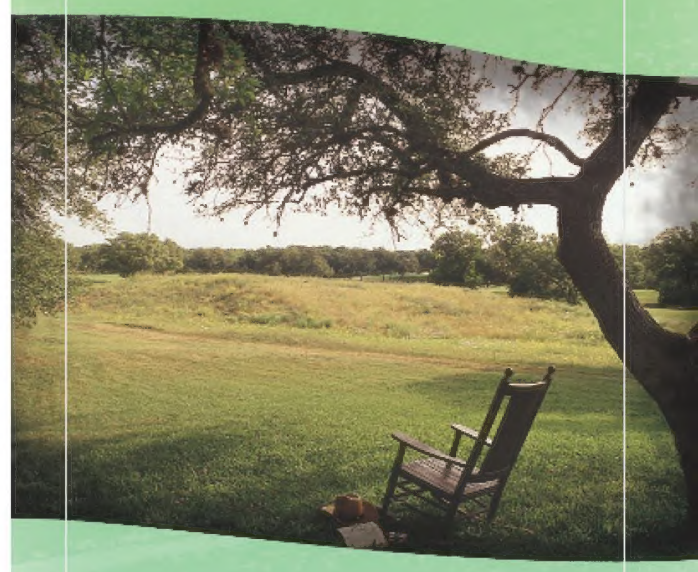
The story of this mass flight, aptly characterized by historian Gary Nash as the Revolutionary War's "dirty little secret," is shocking in the best sense, in that it forces an honest and overdue rethinking of the war as involving, at its core, a third party. This third party of African-Americans, moreover, accounted for 20 percent of the entire population of 2.5 million Colonists, rising in Virginia to as much as 40 percent. When it came to the blacks caught up in their struggle, neither side, British nor American, behaved very well. But in the end, as British Freedom and multitudes like him appreciated, it was the royal, rather than the republican, road that seemed to offer a surer chance of liberty. Although the history that unfolded from the entanglement between black desperation and British paternalism would often prove to be bitterly tragic, it was, nonetheless, a formative moment in the history of African-American freedom.

It was among the Loyalist Africans that some of the earliest free Baptist and Methodist churches were created in and near Shelburne, Nova Scotia; there too that the first whites to be

ADVERTISEMENT



Inspired to plan
your next getaway?
Escape to the beautiful hill
country of Texas and relax,
recharge and rejuvenate.



The Hyatt Regency Hill Country Resort and Spa sits on 200-acres of live oaks and wildflower meadows. This 500-room resort features luxurious guestrooms with Hyatt's signature Grand Bed, 27-holes of Arthur Hills-designed championship golf, tennis, nature trails, health club and Windflower-The Hill Country Spa, four restaurants, two pools and a 950 foot Ramblin' River. This secluded resort is 20-minutes, and a million miles away from downtown San Antonio.
www.hillcountry.hyatt.com

This travel idea brought to you by:

MasterCard

converted by a black preacher were baptized in those red rivers by the charismatic minister David George. The first schools expressly for free black children were opened in the Loyalist diaspora of Nova Scotia, where they were taught by black teachers like Catherine Abernathy in Preston and Stephen Blucke in Birchtown. In Sierra Leone, where more than a thousand of the "Nova Scotians" ended up after journeying back across the Atlantic, this time as persons not property, the American blacks experienced for the first time (and all too ephemerally) a meaningful degree of local law and self-government. It was another first when an elected black constable, the ex-slave Simon Proof, administered a flogging to a white sailor found guilty of dereliction of duty.

The history of black loyalism, however, is much more than a catalog of "firsts." The story also gives the lie to the stereotype of the Africans as passive, credulous pawns of American or British strategy. Whether they opted for the Patriot or for the Loyalist side, many of the blacks, illiterate or not, knew exactly what they were doing, even if they could never have anticipated the magnitude of the perils, misfortunes and deceits that would result from their decision. Often, their choice was determined by a judgment of whether, sooner or later, a free America would be forced to honor the Declaration of Independence's principle that the birthright of *all* men was liberty and equality; or whether (in the South especially), with the spectacle of runaways being hunted down and sent to labor in lead mines or saltpeter works, fine-sounding promises were likely to be indefinitely deferred. It was not a good sign when enlistment incentives offered to white recruits in Georgia and South Carolina included a bounty of a free slave at the end of the war.

Throughout 1773 and 1774 the tempo of reported runaways gathered ominous momentum from New York to Georgia. Escapes were now imagined to be the prelude to a concerted rising. In New York concern about illicit "assem-

JOHN CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN

ORDER BY MAY 10TH MOTHER'S DAY DELIVERY!
Anniversary Date
IN ROMAN NUMERALS!
December 11, 1998 = XII XI MCMXCVIII
Convert Your Date Online!

Mother's Wheel
Names & Birthstones
3 DAY RUSH AVAILABLE! 14K GOLD: ANNIVERSARY $790, ETERNITY $3900, WHEEL $650 - PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE
RINGBOX.COM 1-888-646-6466

GREATEST WILDLIFE JOURNEYS ON EARTH
Amazon
Galapagos
Pantanal
Africa
...more!

CALL US TODAY FOR A FREE CATALOG
800.633.4734
INTERNATIONAL EXPEDITIONS
WWW.IETRAVEL.COM

TL THOMAS LEE
The finest bed linens in the world.

100% cotton
Genuine 500 thread count
We guarantee to exceed your highest expectations
www.thomasleeltd.com
or call
1-877-866-5331
Available in queen and king size sets
Free Shipping

The Perfect Father's Day Gift
The World's Finest Hand-Carved & Hand-Painted Mahogany Replicas.

Choose from OVER 500 models in stock, ready for immediate delivery.
• Aircraft • Ships
• NASA • Plaques
• Art Prints
• Personalized Models
Call or visit us on the web for a FREE full color catalog!
800.950.9944
WARPLANES.COM
PACIFIC AIRCRAFT
15820 North 84th Street • Scottsdale AZ, 85260

MEN'S WIDE SHOES
EEE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-15
FREE catalog
200 styles

HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 21E Hingham, MA 02043
1-800-992-WIDE www.wideshoes.com

Sail Maine

14 Tall Ships.
3-6 day cruises from $395.
800-807-WIND www.sailmainecoast.com

KIAWAH ISLAND
GREAT BEACH & GOLF ESCAPES
Check Availability & Book On-line
800.803.5153
KiawahStays.com
ResortQuest • Near Historic Charleston • Free Guide

AUTHORS WANTED
Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, juvenile, religious, etc. New authors welcomed. For free 32-page illustrated guide-book TD-72 call 1-800-821-3990 or write to Vantage Press, 419 Park Ave S., New York, NY 10016

For our members with disabilities:
An audio version of SMITHSONIAN is now available on tape as part of your basic membership fee.
For more information, please call:
888-783-0001

blies" of Negroes was so serious that instructions were issued to apprehend any blacks appearing in any sort of numbers after dark. To the jumpier Americans it did not bear contemplating what might happen should the slaves, especially in the Southern plantation Colonies, take it into their head that the vaunted liberties of Old England somehow applied to *them*. In the *Virginia Gazette*, one of many advertisements offering rewards for the recapture of runaways mentioned a Gabriel Jones and his wife, said to be on their way to the coast to board a ship for England, "where they imagine they will be free (a Notion now prevalent among the Negroes greatly to the vexation and prejudice of their Masters)."

Now where could slaves get such absurd ideas? Another advertisement supplies the answer. One Bacchus, it seems, in Augusta County, Georgia, ran away, leading his master to believe that he too might head for a port, there "to board a vessel for Great Britain from the knowledge he has of the late determination of the Somerset case."

What was this? Did slaves read law reports? How could it be that a judgment rendered in June 1772 by Lord Chief Justice Mansfield in the court of the King's Bench in the case of a runaway African, James Somerset, recaptured by his master, could light a fire in the plantations?

Mansfield had set Somerset free, but had taken pains *not* to make a general ruling on the legality of slavery in England. However, the "Negro frolicks" in London celebrating the court decision had swept legal niceties aside. Across the Atlantic word spread, and spread quickly, that slavery had been outlawed in Britain. In 1774 a pamphlet written under the name "Freeman," published in Philadelphia, told American slaves that they could have liberty merely by "setting foot on that happy Territory where slavery is forbidden to perch." Before the Patriots knew it, the birds had already begun to fly the coop.

SIMON SCHAMA is university professor of art history and history at Columbia.

Bargain Books

America's *biggest* catalog selection

- **Choose from** thousands of titles, hundreds of new arrivals in each catalog. Hardcover books starting at $2.95.
- **67 Subject Areas**—Science, Nature, Archaeology, History, Biography, Travel. Something for every booklover.
- **Save up to 80%!** Bargains galore on your 'must-read' list.

Free Catalog: 800-677-3483

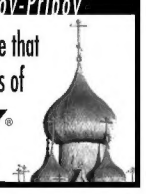
Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller
2065 Oak, Falls Village CT 06031-5005
www.erhbooks.com/gft

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY

3 Puppy Pin-Sterling silver $65 14K gold $495
1-800-477-1856
actual size: 2.5"w dallaspridgenjewelry.com

Journey of the Czars
Aboard the Exclusively Chartered *Novikov-Priboy*

Join a fantastic river cruise through the Russian countryside that begins and ends with three nights each in the cultural gems of St. Petersburg and Moscow. INTRAV



800-964-0500 www.intrav.com/smic

THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles

Since 1974, crafting the finest handcut wooden jigsaw puzzles. $95 - $4000. *Free catalog.*

www.stave.com 802-295-5200
Stave Puzzles, Norwich, Vermont

Treasure trove for PIRATES!

Arrgh, matey! World's best selection of pirate flags, coins, toys, games, clothing, books. Adding mermaid items. **Free catalog.**

800-770-9807
DeadMenTellNoTales.com

Smithsonian (ISSN 0037-7333) is published monthly by Smithsonian Business Ventures, P.O. Box 37012, MRC 951, Washington, D.C. 20013. © Smithsonian Institution 2006. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. Editorial offices are at MRC 951, Washington, D.C. 20013 (202-275-2000). Advertising and circulation offices are at 420 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10170 (212-916-1300). **MEMBERSHIP DUES/ SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** All subscribers to Smithsonian are members of the Smithsonian Institution. United States and possessions: $36 a year payable in U.S. funds. Canada add $13 (U.S. funds) for each year. Foreign add $26 (U.S. funds) for each year. Ninety five percent of dues is designated for magazine subscriptions. Current issue price is $4 (U.S. funds). Back issue price is $5 (U.S. funds). Periodical postage paid at Washington, D.C. and additional mailing offices. **MAILING LISTS:** From time to time we make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive this information, please send your current mailing label, or an exact copy, to: Smithsonian, Mail Preference Service, P.O. Box 420311, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0311. **SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE:** Should you wish to change your address, or order new subscriptions, you can do so by writing Smithsonian, P.O. Box 420311, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0311, or by calling 1-800-766-2149 (outside of U.S., call 1-386-447-2721). Postmaster: Send address changes to Smithsonian, P.O. Box 420312, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0312. Printed in the USA. Canadian Publication Agreement No. 40043911. Canadian return address: 7496 Bath Road, Unit 2, Mississauga, ON L4T 1L2.

NCV EXPEDITION VOYAGES

Antarctica

Up close and personal.

Discover the stunning natural beauty and wildlife of "The White Continent" and the spectacular landscape of Chile.

Our 19-day voyages start at $5,495, including airfare. Call **1-800-205-3005** for a brochure, **1-800-323-7436** for reservations.

Rates are per person, double occupancy, based on departure date and cabin category. Some departure taxes, security and airport fees not included.

LAN
Excellence in flight

Norwegian Coastal Voyage Inc.
www.norwegiancoastalvoyage.us

Reason #14 to own a ThermoSpas Hot Tub

Self-Contained

There's only one hot tub that seats 5 adults, has 20 water jets, and includes filtration and heating systems, plus plugs into a 110 volt outlet and requires no connection to your home's plumbing.

Call now to learn all the reasons and receive a FREE DVD & Brochure.

800-758-7272

ThermoSpas®
Luxurious Hot Tubs Made Affordable

Call Now to Receive a FREE $1,000 OFFER

Which includes:
- Free Delivery a $450 Value
- Free Chemicals a $150 Value
- And a $400 Cash Coupon

No Obligation to Buy. Good For 1 Year

THE FAREWELL STATE

IT'S TIME TO REVISIT RHODE ISLAND

BY DONALD DALE JACKSON

When Donald Dale Jackson died at age 70 on February 23, SMITHSONIAN *lost a remarkably gifted contributor who had written more than 100 pieces for the magazine since 1980. None of them evoked a greater response than this essay from 2000, which we reprint here in fond tribute to his wit and talent.*

RHODE ISLAND should be eliminated. I know it sounds harsh, but Rhode Island is too small to be a state, and it occupies space nature intended to be part of Connecticut. The millennium is the time for bold initiatives, and so, my friends, I say abolish Rhode Island now.

People from Rhode Island will no doubt fuss and whine about this, but we must ignore them. If God or George Washington really wanted a Rhode Island, He (or he) would have made it bigger and more important. Even its name is meaningless: Who was Rhode, and where is the island?

It will be necessary, of course, to clear out all the old Rhode Island artifacts: the state government, laws, buildings, officeholders, license plates, fax machines, stationery and the like. The official flatware, ashtrays and such will probably appeal to antiques dealers. If there is anything we want to save, we can just overprint Connecticut's name on it. The case for the elimination of Rhode Island is based on geographic integrity. If you have any doubts, you need only look at the map. New England, as you can see, is a top-heavy protrusion squared off at the bottom that juts out from the nation's northeast corner. Maine of course takes up all the uneven, misshapen space at the top right, which is fine for Maine, because nobody pays attention to Maine anyway.

New Hampshire and Vermont, by contrast, fit together in a perfectly tidy and orderly Yankee way, one bulging a bit in the north and the other doing the same in the south. They couldn't be a better match. Beneath them, Massachusetts occupies a sensible, rectangular slab of territory with a somewhat untidy slop-over at Cape Cod. But everything about Cape Cod is so totally endemic to Massachusetts that there is no point quibbling about it. Rhode Island, I'm afraid, is something else. Rhode Island does not compute.

Look at the way it cringes there, occupying a sliver of land so inconsequential that the names of its cities and towns have to be entered vertically on the map. It is foolish for something so microscopic to go around posing as a state. Anyone who has ever been there knows what I mean. You drive into Rhode Island, nod off for 10 or 20 minutes or embark on an interesting conversation and—*zap*—you're in Massachusetts. You're out of the place before you can settle into it. Flying over Little Rhody is absurdity itself; you can traverse it in the middle of a sentence.

I bear no rancor toward Rhode Island, you understand, and I want to make it clear that this is my idea and mine alone, and I am attached to no organized political party. The credit or blame should rest with me, not Republicans or Democrats or whatever it is Ross Perot and Donald Trump are this year. The idea came to me as I studied a topographic map of New England one day while looking for excuses to avoid raking the leaves. I know some people will think it's significant that I come from Connecticut, and they'll see this as some sort of Nutmeg State power play, but it's not. I'm not even sure Connecticut wants the extra territory. It's just common sense.

I don't know what the next step should be if this idea is going to go anywhere. We'll probably need a committee, somebody to handle public relations, maybe a lawyer. I'm for minimizing public input, and doing our work as bloodlessly as possible. Rhode Islanders will just whimper and carry on if we let them in on this. Some will probably take it hard, but I think that in time they'll adjust. They'll need strength and maturity. If you want to join me in this campaign, I'll be launching a mailing that will let you know where to send money. We're going to need a bundle of cash to remove one star from every American flag in the country. It's a big job, yes, but not an impossible one. And if anyone from Rhode Island wants to write and discuss this, I'll be letting you know the address just as soon as I set up an unlisted, untraceable mail drop.

RICHARD THOMPSON

We welcome Last Page submissions, but due to the volume received, we cannot acknowledge receipt. Send to: Last Page, MRC 951-B, PO Box 37012, Washington, DC 20013-7012.